VOGUE

$1
JUNE

SPECIAL ISSUE

THE LIFE AND LOOKS OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN 1970...

HER FAMILY TODAY...
THE LIBERATED WOMAN...
HOW A FRENCHMAN TRAINS AN AMERICAN WIFE...
HOW TO SHAPE UP YOUR HUSBAND...
AND THE FASHION AMERICAN WOMEN LOVE TO WEAR

HOW TO STAY 10 LBS. THINNER



Jack Winter.



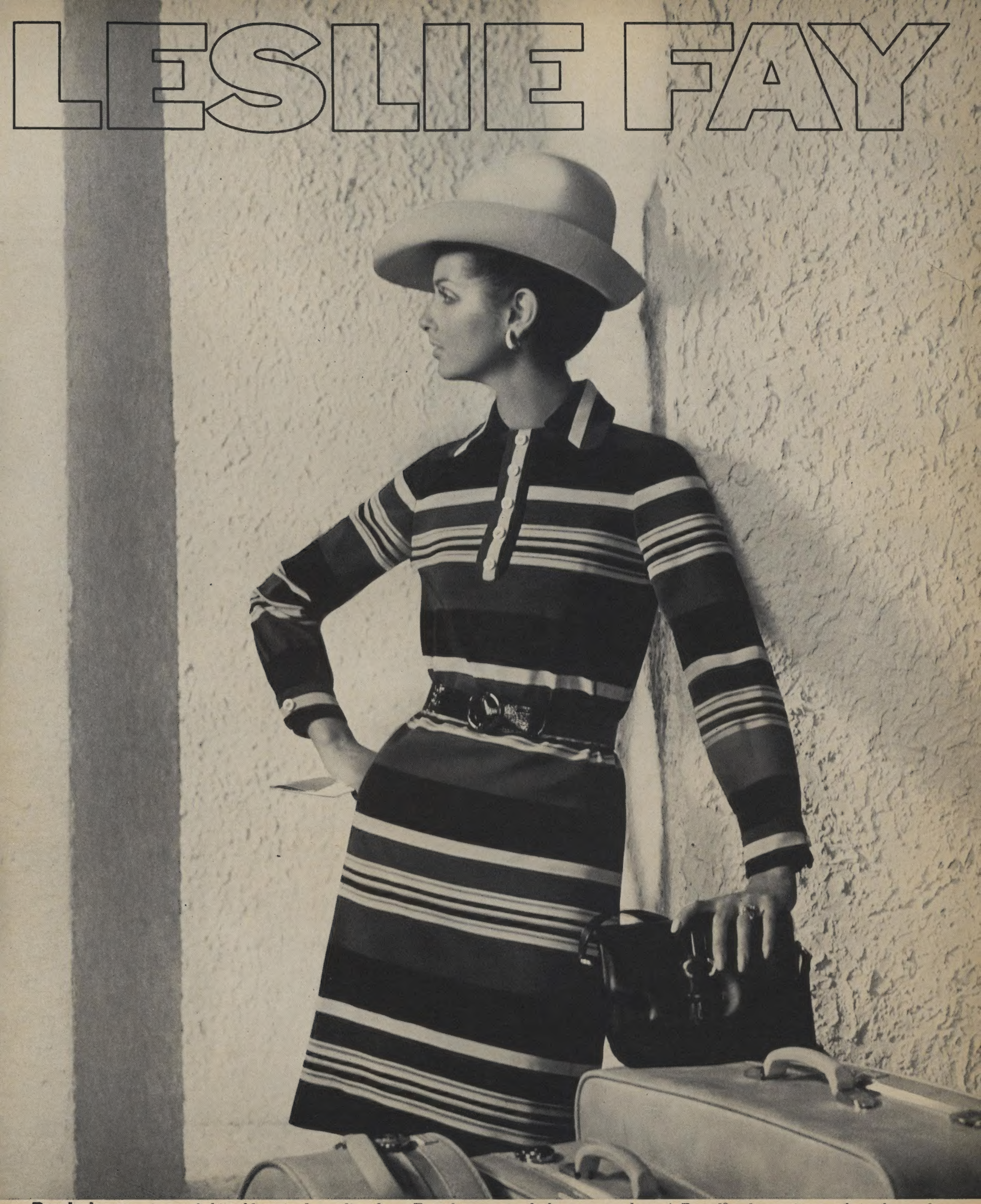
He started at the bottom.



First he made pants a great fashion experience. Then turned to higher thoughts. The pants: straight and contrast patched, about $25. The higher thoughts: the giant turtle tunic, about $20; the midi coat with peaceful epaulets, about $40. Rust/camel or purple/red doubleknits of 100% **DACRON**® polyester. At B. Altman, New York, and branches. Jack Winter, Inc. 1407 Broadway, New York, New York.

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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

JUNE, 1970

AMERICAN
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INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

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BERT STERN

COVER: American women love smashing shirts like this one—vivid Japanese-printed cotton with leg-o'-mutton sleeves. By Gregory. John Wolf fabric. About $20. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. . . . More American good looks—a healthy glow, a gleamy mouth. Slicked on here with Translucent Color Base in Tawny #5 and Barely There lipstick from John Robert Powers. Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon coif.

AMERICAN VOGUE
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

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Andrea lashes out at the eye makeup removal ritual

Try this new slick trick with a quick stick

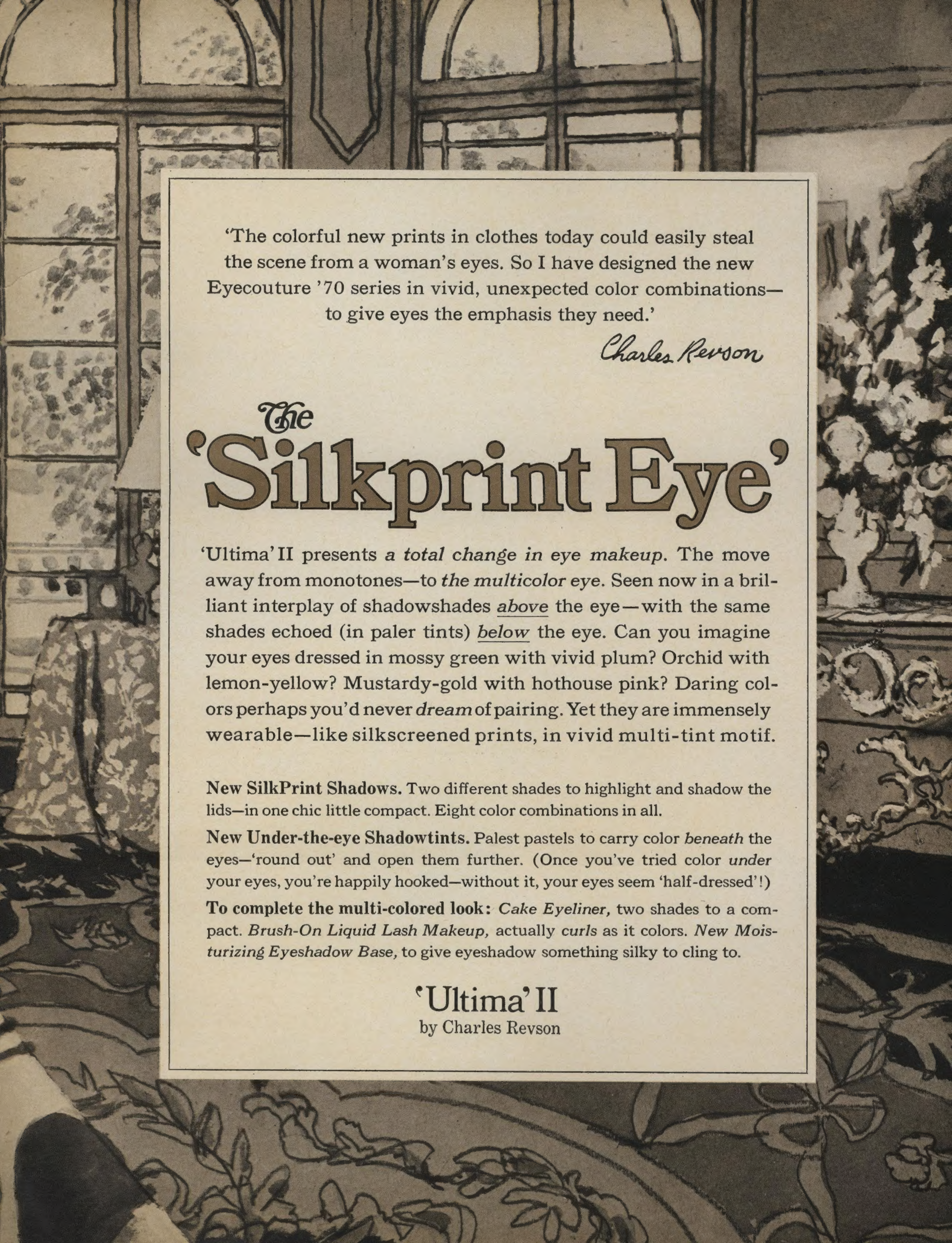




Andrea
EYE Q MAKE-UP REMOVER STICK

Glide it on . . . slide eye makeup off.
Magic skin emolient conditions
as it erases . . . makes taking off makeup
as painless as putting on lipstick.
No mess, no fuss . . . no rub, no burn.
At better cosmetics counters . . .
3-month supply in purse size, $1.50


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'The colorful new prints in clothes today could easily steal the scene from a woman's eyes. So I have designed the new Eyecouture '70 series in vivid, unexpected color combinations—to give eyes the emphasis they need.'

Charles Revson

The 'Silkprint Eye'

'Ultima' II presents *a total change in eye makeup.* The move away from monotones—to *the multicolor eye.* Seen now in a brilliant interplay of shadowshades *above* the eye—with the same shades echoed (in paler tints) *below* the eye. Can you imagine your eyes dressed in mossy green with vivid plum? Orchid with lemon-yellow? Mustardy-gold with hothouse pink? Daring colors perhaps you'd never *dream* of pairing. Yet they are immensely wearable—like silkscreened prints, in vivid multi-tint motif.

New SilkPrint Shadows. Two different shades to highlight and shadow the lids—in one chic little compact. Eight color combinations in all.

New Under-the-eye Shadowtints. Palest pastels to carry color *beneath* the eyes—'round out' and open them further. (Once you've tried color *under* your eyes, you're happily hooked—without it, your eyes seem 'half-dressed'!)

To complete the multi-colored look: *Cake Eyeliner,* two shades to a compact. *Brush-On Liquid Lash Makeup,* actually *curls* as it colors. *New Moisturizing Eyeshadow Base,* to give eyeshadow something silky to cling to.

'Ultima' II
by Charles Revson

AUDEMARS
PIGUET

designed these watches
for Neiman-Marcus and their world of
perceptive women of elegant taste and generous mates.
Brilliantly conceived one-of-a-kind
masterpieces, and a few in very limited editions.
All with the meticulous hand-finished quality of
Switzerland's greatest craftsmen.
Watches illustrated $2,000 to $30,000.
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VERY Saks Fifth Avenue
Woman's prerogative. A change of mood in black and white, banded around with brown. $135.
Coiffure by our very own Pierre Henri.



Revlon creates
(out of thin air)
the world's first air-conditioned makeup.

(So *microfine* it's like a silky, sexy 'second skin'.)

Soft Spun Makeup. Billions of bursty little bubbles-of-creme come on cool and clean and light-as-a-cloud. (Every fluffy finger-full pouffs out from its own elegant aerosol 'blender'.) You get a new kind of soft-matte finish. And the evenest spread-of-color—*plus the smoothest cover*—ever slipped over your skin. How does it happen—this 'micro-refinement' in makeup? Nobody knows. But Revlon. (And we're not airing *all* our secrets.)



New 'Moon Drops'
Soft Spun Airfoam Demi Makeup

REVLON

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De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd

Cook up something.
A feast for the eyes.
Peppered in diamonds.
Definitely not mother's recipe.
Whoever said the way to man's heart is through his stomach?
A diamond is for now.

Shell in pin is Rose chalcedony. Your jeweler can show you many exciting pieces starting as low as $200.



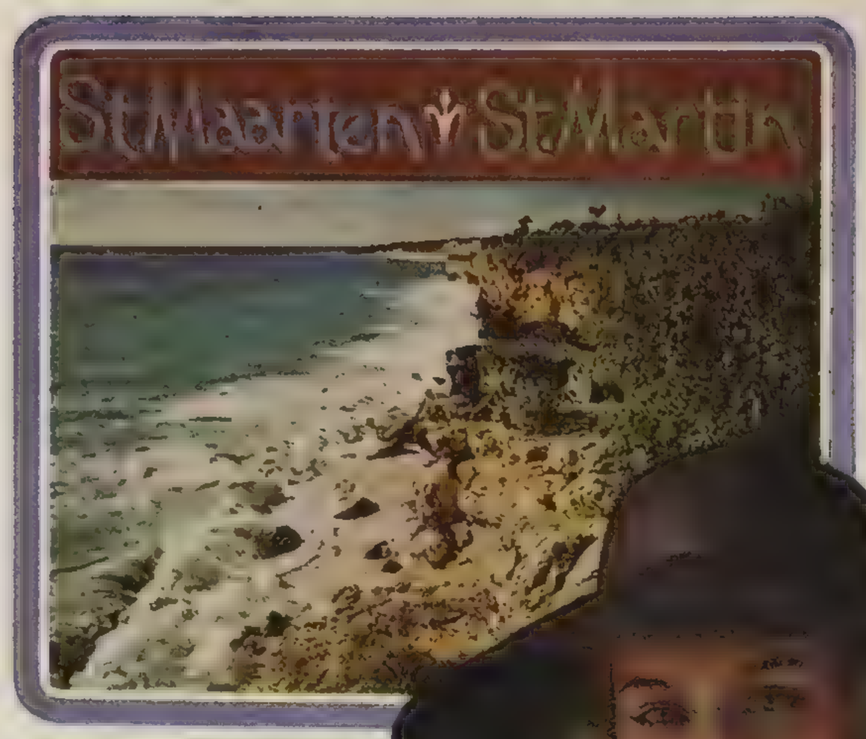
Miss Magnin is a Continental flier. Loves the high life on The Proud Bird
With The Golden Tail where everyone, Captain to Chef, takes pride in service.
Loves jetting about in Dalani's soft bodydress of cool, carefree Enkalure® nylon.
A marvelous melange of colours on white. From the exciting Dalani Collection
designed by Ilse Smith for Miss Magnin. 6 to 16 sizes. 50.00

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I. MAGNIN



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Imagine uncrowded swimming beaches by day (at night it's moonlit surf and starry heavens).

Imagine music almost all day—the informality of dancing in whatever you're wearing whenever it starts.

Welcome to Dutch Sint Maarten and French Saint Martin!

Take Sacony with you. Sacony performs like a born native of wherever you go. Calm, confident, won't be ruffled. Washes to no-ironing fresh, unpacks the same way. Our own Ciella® here, is kind of a flirty shirt with an easy 'A.' Go walking, driving, stand still and be looked at.

And when you hear the first ping of the steel drum, start dancing! Brown or Black with white print and belt. 8 to 18. $30.

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Sacony, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. The serious travel gear for Pack Age People®.

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Arpege Foaming Milk Bath, a thick creamy froth of Arpege scented bubbles that leave your skin soft and delicately perfumed.

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And as a finishing touch, Bath and Body Perfume Mist, classic Arpege in a long-lasting spray. ARPEGE by Lanvin



$5.00 each. Also available in MY SIN. ©1970 Lanvin Parfums.

Build a Wig Wardrobe



Time was when a woman bought one wig that looked like her own hair. Easy. Convenient. Unexciting. That was then. Now, thanks to Kanekalon's miraculous new modacrylic fiber, a whole new wig world has opened up. Today you change hair color, hair style to match your clothes or your mood. Be one kind of woman today, another tomorrow. Easy. Convenient. But exciting.

No upkeep. No setting. An occasional rinse-out, a run-through with a comb, and you're ready for anything. Carry them in your handbag, whip them out at a whim. It's the new you. A sometime blonde, a brunette when you fancy. And red when you dare. The new you, with a whole new world waiting. Just be sure you find Kanekalon on the label, at fine stores everywhere.

Keep-easy hair by

Kanekalon®

Osaka, Japan



Coty Originates Sheer Puffery Foam Bronzer.

**Now all other bronzers can disappear.
Foam is here. To bronze you like two glorious
weeks by the beautiful sea.**

In lieu of a little trek to the Mediterranean, Coty announces Sheer Puffery Foam Bronzer. With the emphasis on foam.

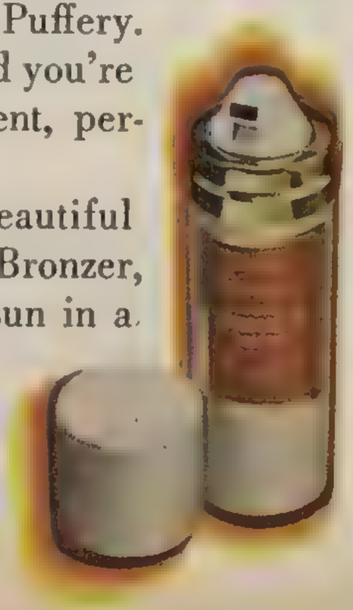
We say that because only Sheer Puffery Foam can bronze you for real. Transparently, deeply, evenly. Without greasy streaking. Or staining. Or turning—ugh—yellow.

It's almost as if we whipped up the sun and let you blend it onto your skin.

And not just one shade. Three shades. Three soft bare-faced bronzers to use instead of a tan. Or to golden your own natural tan. And help keep it longer.

Just smooth on a little Sheer Puffery. And suddenly it's high noon. And you're radiant. And bronze. Transparent, perfect, no-fooling bronze.

So. If you can't run to the beautiful sea, run for Sheer Puffery Foam Bronzer, instead. It's like two weeks of sun in a two-ounce can.



Coty Originals

© COTY, NEW YORK 1970



Feel free to act on impulse in full fashioned Dacron* polyester bouclé knit separates from Talbott's own Travler® collection. A mock turtle pullover with zippered back and striped vest are together over a slip-on straight leg pant. Machine washable and dryable all. Pullover, sizes 34-40, about $14.† Vest, sizes 34-40, about $17.† Pant, sizes 8-18, about $16.† In the most uninhibited colorings. At outgoing stores everywhere or write Talbott Knitting Mills, a division of U. S. Industries, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018.

Ever do your own thing?
Well, *Talbott's like that.*

DACRON® BOUCLÉ.

*DUPONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK. †PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST. JEWELRY BY K. J. L.

COTY ORIGINATES

THE CHANGELESS COLORS



Suddenly lips are pure and fresh and true. And as unchanging as woman when she's loved.

Now there's a radiance, a lightness, a clarity lips have never seen before.

Now, at last, in its own opulent tortoise case, there's Changeless Color Lipstick.

12 enduring frosteds. 12 enduring creams. And all you need to get them is two lips that say COTY ORIGINALS

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Stainless so beautiful...we also make it in Sterling

Oneida creates a pierced pattern so opulent, so richly carved you'll want to use it every night. Go ahead! Michelangelo comes in carefree stainless as well as luxurious sterling. So set a tempting table for everyday dinners with Michelangelo in *stainless*. Then bring out Michelangelo in *sterling* for those special candlelight-and-wine occasions. For super-size parties you can stretch out your service by using both sterling and stainless side by side. Michelangelo is available in sterling . . . or stainless . . . or both at fine jewelry and department stores.

Michelangelo is a Matchmakers® pattern made in both sterling and stainless. There are two others, Dover and Will 'O' Wisp. ©1970 Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y. 13421

The Mark of a Man.



A Gentleman's Cologne 4 oz. 5.00, 8 oz. 8.00, Spray Cologne 5.00, After Shave Lotion 4 oz. 3.50, 8 oz. 6.00.

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THE SMOOTH NATURALS...HERBERT LEVY FASHIONS



TO SEE: The lean languid line of today's fashion, interpreted in an easy-moving ensemble of 100% wool knit. Stuart Blue or Paris Taupe. Sizes 12½-24½; 16-44. $165*.

TO SIP: The full rich flavor of George Dickel Tennessee Sippin' Whisky, mellowed through 10 feet of charcoal for finer, smoother taste. It's where you go from bourbon.

CAIN-SLOAN Co.
the greatest store of the Central South
DOWNTOWN AND GREEN HILLS VILLAGE

*Slightly higher in the West.

Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky. 90 proof. Tullahoma, Tennesssee

Also available at: J. P. Allen, Atlanta • The Denver, Denver • Nordstrom Best, Portland • Joske's, San Antonio • Jelleff's, Washington, D.C.

AND GEORGE DICKEL TENNESSEE SOUR MASH WHISKY



GEORGE
Dickel



TENNESSEE
Sour Mash
WHISKY

SCENE: The Country Store, a poignant reminder of the days, nearly a century ago, when George Dickel first developed the finest Tennessee Whisky that ever came out of a still. And still does...for today's elegant tastes.

SEEN: The lithe coatdress, in soft heathery checks that blend beautifully into country or city backgrounds. 100% imported polyester knit in Heather Mauve or Heather Violet. Sizes 12½-24½; 16-44. $110*.

*Slightly higher in the West.

m
maison blanche

Also available at : Hutzler's, Baltimore · Burger-Phillips, Birmingham · Marshall Field, Chicago · Goldwater's, Phoenix · Frederick & Nelson, Seattle

THE SMOOTH NATURALS...HERBERT LEVY FASHIONS



WHERE: The burning ricks, aflame to produce the superb aged maple charcoal that gentles George Dickel Whisky to its full rich perfection. Just one more way the George Dickel people take extra pains to make the best sippin' whisky there is.

WEAR: Diamonds in the smooth...a handsome pairing of contrasting leather diamonds set into softest 100% wool knit. The perfect three-piece suit, suited to any town or travel plans. Rich Florentine Green or Monaco Brown. 12½-24½; 16-44. $145*. *Slightly higher in the West.

B Altman & Co

Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky. 90 proof. Tullahoma, Tennesssee

Also available at: Thalheimers, Greensboro • Harzfeld's, Kansas City • Stewart Dry Goods, Louisville • John A. Brown, Oklahoma City • Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City

AND GEORGE DICKEL TENNESSEE SOUR MASH WHISKY



GEORGE Dickel



TENNESSEE
Sour Mash
WHISKY

THE COSTUME: Imported jacquard knit, its sleek lines softened by exquisite detailing and delicate colourings. The dress can go it alone in style, or pair with the subtly shaped jacket to go almost anywhere. Autumn Mauve or Almond Green, in sizes 12½-24½; 16-44. $145*.

*Slightly higher in the West.

THE CUSTOM: Sip, and savour the superb bouquet of George Dickel Whisky slowly...very slowly. Here, the specially charred barrels in which long aging and mellowing bring out the full richness of its extraordinary flavour.

Draper's of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Also available at: F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus • L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis • Miller & Paine, Lincoln • M. M. Cohn, Little Rock • Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh

There's a Jerome Alexander for every single woman. Married or not.

What a beautiful arrangement.
He's created a whole collection of exciting wigs to complement today's fashion kaleidoscope.
And the women who wear them. How you interpret them is up to you.

Best of all, Jerome Alexander's hair gives you more wear with less care. Because each wig is made of miracle modacrylic.
So it's washable. Stretchable. And permanently beautiful.
Every woman deserves at least one Jerome Alexander.
Run your fingers through Jerome Alexander's hair.



Wigs shown (clockwise): Malibu, Shaggy, Mini's Midi, Comfy, Permastyle, and Beau Geste.
Look for them at finer department stores, salons, and at the new Jerome Alexander Boutiques.

Jerrax Imports, Inc./Division of Plaza Group, Inc.
New York/Chicago/Los Angeles/Dallas/Montreal

Coty Originates Ultra Legs Foam Makeup

It lets your legs go beautifully bare. Without looking totally naked.

Naked legs are nice. But Ultra Legs are unforgettable. Ultra Legs. Coty Originals fabulous new foam makeup that's as easy to slip into as a silky pair of stockings. Because it's a light-as-air foam, it simply glides over your legs, leaving them feeling sleek and smooth. And looking absolutely marvelous.

What's more, because it's foam, it never streaks, or drips, or rubs off. Or runs. (And you can't say that about stockings.)

One extra beautiful thing. Ultra Legs really covers up all those unfriendly, unfeminine blemishes (like freckles and veins and un-beauty marks). Which means with or without stockings your legs will run around looking absolutely flawless.

Ultra Legs. In four devastating shades. Because the more your legs are on show, the more you should make them a sight to remember.

Coty Originals

© COTY, NEW YORK 1970

GEMINESSE BEAUTY REPORT:

BODY FITNESS

The shape of things to come: sleek and supple from head to toe. Because Geminesse has a beautiful new scheme to keep you in great form. Body Fitness—a two-part plan to keep you physically fit as well as visibly fit.

The Geminesse Body Belle
—a unique exercise device that helps make the Body Fitness workout work! To help stabilize you and pinpoint the muscles to contract. The exercises—ingenious kinesthetics created by Geminesse to tone every important muscle in your body in just six minutes a day! A nearly effortless workout (with no visible movement at all) to do whenever and wherever you like.

Body Fitness Collection
For the outer woman, all you need to keep you visibly fit. To introduce you to the joys of Body Fitness, the complete get-acquainted assortment of Geminesse Body Treatments.



MRS. GEORGE PLIMPTON

What really gives impetus to the Geminesse Body Fitness plan is that it takes only 6 minutes a day.

Activating Body Cleanser
Gentle yet with just enough gusto to deep clean without drying out your skin. The exuberant bonus built into the formula—abundant minerals to help purge impurities and a very special ingredient to help slough off dry, scaly skin as it moisturizes.



Geminesse Activating Body Cleanser
Soothing, smoothing bath necessity. Every body needs a little pampering.

Body Massage Cream
Laden with rich emollients, conditioners and moisturizers, it tackles the business of smoothing away rough, dry, flaky skin with great dispatch. And it doubles as a deep massage cream to tone up flabby skin.

Geminesse Body Massage Cream
A super-rich cream for dry, less-than-flawless skin.



The first body treatment plan that's more than skin deep! Energetic conditioners for your skin...effortless exercises for your figure. What more could a body ask?

Leg Conditioning Stick
Chapped, rough legs rejoice! A unique and highly specialized treatment to turn dry legs to satin-smooth in a matter of seconds. Great way to soften up heels. And a beautiful gambit before you don your stockings.



Geminesse Leg Conditioning Stick
A moisturizing treatment for the sleekest legs in town.







Geminesse Moisturizing Body Balm
Fluffy poufs of moisturizing cream with the over-all effect of baby-soft skin reborn.

Moisturizing Body Balm
A fragrant, frothy whipped cream lotion steeped in moisturizers and precious concentrates. It slips on like a glorious second skin. To keep every inch of you as sleek as velvet. And to protect you with tender loving care from the devastating ravages of sun and surf.

As an added incentive to our shape-up program, we even have a double gift for you. First, the Geminesse Body Belle, the remarkable new plastic exercise device that is ours alone. Plus, the Geminesse Body Fitness Exercise Book. No body should be without them.

GEMINESSE
MAX FACTOR

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the Skin Personality Test

Every skin has its own personality traits. Check yours below. Could be, you'll find out that Neutrogena soap is your skin's most compatible friend.

☐ 1. My skin is highly sensitive. Anything harsh makes it irritable, tight and flaky.

☐ 2. My skin is outgoing. Very. Anything oily or greasy makes it break out all over.

☐ 3. My skin loves the outdoors. But the outdoors doesn't feel the same about my skin.

☐ 4. My skin is strictly "citified." (Grimy, sooty, polluted and tired.)

☐ 5. My skin is young and immature. And I have acne.

☐ 6. My skin is beginning to show its age. And wants to be young again.

☐ 7. My skin is nice and normal, thank you.

If you checked #1, 3, 4 or 6, Neutrogena soap sympathizes with your sensitivity. And soothes your delicate skin without drying it out.

If you checked #2 or 5, your skin may be upset by excessive oils. Pure, natural Neutrogena can control the oiliness. Gently but firmly. Without harsh alkalis, detergents or medications.

If you checked #7, congratulations, you carefree creature. You might not think you need us now. After all, no problems, no Neutrogena, right? Wrong! Because Neutrogena is different. Its clear patented glycerine formula contains no harmful additives, just the purest, most natural ingredients to keep your complexion carefree. And that's nice.

Neutrogena®

The soap that loves your skin (no matter what its personality is).

If you'll send us a dime, we'll send you a trial size bar of Neutrogena soap. Write Neutrogena Corporation, Dept. V-6, P.O. Box 6008, Inglewood, California 90301.

MAE WEST TELLS HER SECRETS ON STAYING YOUNG

Mae West, whose minimum admitted age is seventy-eight, stars in the film *Myra Breckinridge.*

For decades Mae West has pursued her disciplined, exacting regimen, changing and adding new routines; trusting her own rules of health and beauty —rules that are shrewd, curious, and not necessarily accepted by medical authorities. With the suggestion that no one should adopt Miss West's precepts without checking with a reliable physician, we present Miss West's one-way interview with Vogue editors in her apartment in California. (More by Cecil Beaton on *Unconquerable Mae,* page 130.)

Mae West entered the room taking tiny mincing steps, looking very tall in a long white silk-jersey tea gown with Grecian lines. We sensed she was wearing platform-soled shoes, but during the entire meeting, her feet did not show. She sat gracefully, head held high, made higher with a pyramid of blond coiled curls on top of long straightish hair. Her brows were very pale, the eyes very dark, ringed with mascara-ed lashes and pencil lines that did not meet at the outer corners. Her coral-lipsticked mouth looked young and well-shaped, her teeth gleamed straight and white.

"I'd always wondered why I had more strength and energy than other people," Mae West began. "I can stay up for two nights in a row without sleeping and not feel very tired. I believe in eight hours of sleep for health. One day I had an X-ray of my chest for a slight virus. The doctor discovered that I had two thyroids, and I was told this is why I have all the extra energy.

"Of course I don't drink or smoke, and I drink masses of mineral water and use it for cooking, washing my face, everything. I feel alcohol destroys the vitamins in your food. I never touch coffee, and I just colour hot water with tea.

"I prefer chicken and fish to meat and always have a salad. At the health-food store I found a marvellous soap to use on my face made of all the marvellous things like honey and oatmeal that you eat.

"For exercising I have a new bicycle exerciser that I use in the apartment. In the summertime I walk on the sand at my Santa Monica beach house. I discovered that I felt so well living at the beach that I decided I wanted to buy a house.

"I look and feel exactly as I used to when I was young." She called attention to her breasts, her left hand cupped the left breast, her right hand cupping the right.

"You see my breasts are real. This is all me. Look at my arms. See how firm they are." She simultaneously snapped the muscles in her upper arms. The skin was smooth, white, plumpish, and firm, the hands unbelievably young looking with inch-long nails. She used them in a graceful, self-conscious manner.

"Several years ago in Phoenix I came upon a small booklet on diet and health by a doctor. He was from Wickenburg, Arizona, and I asked to have him come to see me. He had stressed the importance of keeping your system cleansed with enemas, with additional cleansing from fruit juices and vegetable juices for building tissue. I was fascinated to find his ideas on health were exactly the same as mine."

The interview was ended. As the Vogue editors left, Mae West added a tip for men who feel they are losing virility: She recommended grating ginger right into food—and eating as many avocados as possible. "I frequently add grated ginger right to my tea and find it very stimulating," she said, stealing her own scene.

As the Vogue editors headed for the elevator, a powerfully built young man walked in, both arms equally balanced with overstuffed shopping bags bursting with organic vegetables.

KIMINETTA

fashions are available at these fine stores:

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Dramatic pants-suit with a strong feeling of flamenco... all in black double-knit wool by Lebanon. Faux fur gives depth to the vest and collar of the hacking jacket, a white satin ascot completes the look. Sizes 6-16. About $185.

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Estée Lauder gives you a new mid-golden beauty with makeup that turns on the sunny glow of the Côte d'Azur.

Estée Lauder sees the new summer face, touched with just enough golden glow to make you look like a radiant outdoor beauty. Lips are glossed and polished with New Tender Lip Tints, Estée Lauder's sleek lipstick formula in six new summer-frosted shades. Skin is gently tanned with Go-Bronze, Estée Lauder's famous suntan-in-a-gel. And cheeks are blushed and buffed with new Tender Cheek Tints.

For summer, six new frost-shimmered shades of Tender Lip Tints:

Pink Lights	Cinnamon Ice	Strawberry Shimmer
Golden Coral	Polished Beige	Sunny Melon

Estée Lauder

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Non-stop eyelashes!

Get them with 'Fabulash,' Revlon's Lash-Lengthening Mascara.

Now thin, timid lashes can go to fantastic new lengths, and still be beautifully natural. With '*Fabulash*,' Revlon's fabulous lash-lengthening mascara. It won't cake, flake or look 'gloppy'. Comes in *super* natural shades. Makes lashes thicker. Fuller. Curlier. Visibly longer. You can see them 'grow,' right before your eyes!



'Fabulash' invented by Revlon

©Revlon, 1970

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Tart answer

Warm weather has a perfidious way of lulling even the paper-skinned into a false sense of dewiness. Bear in mind that the moisture on your face and body is nothing more than heat—salty, sun-baked heat, and that your complexion is more than ever needful of cosseting. Revlon has just bobbed up with a delicious way to keep you creamed and refreshed simultaneously via a brace of skin-care sparklers drenched with the golden, stinging sweetness of ripe lemons. Lemon Cleansing Lotion is a light but energetic delicacy that sops up your makeup and rinses off with water, while Lemon Moisture Lotion is made to silken all of you with its fragrant, sunny smoothness. And, just because it feels and smells unimaginably tempting, there's Lemon Cologne for prodigal post-bath sloshing. Everything is plastic-bottled, with a view to easy packing.

The milky way

All things considered, a Beautiful Person is in a better position to stay beautiful today than she would have been in say, Poppaea's time. Imagine standing around waiting for all those handmaidens to fetch enough milk for a proper bath —and even then it didn't exactly smell of Arpège. What does, however, waft winningly of Arpège (or, equally deliciously, of My Sin) is Lanvin's triumphant new triumvirate of bathing delights: Foaming Milk Bath, which explodes a mass of scented, rich-with-milk bubbles as it hits running water; the incomparably soothing Emollient Bath Salts, saturated with body-silkening oils; and After Bath Lotion, to put the final fragrant gloss on your skin. All three are in the charmingly curved bottles that could come from no one else but Lanvin.

Garden variety

Even the most enviable face has dispirited times of the day when a sort of plaintive pallor prevails. Take early morning—if you can bear to—or late in the afternoon. Isn't your skin pining for something delicious to coax the colour back? Of course it is, and Princess Marcella Borghese has a brand-new basketful of garden-bright refreshments called Moisturizing Facial Soufflés, coloured and scented with the natural essences of strawberry, mint, honey and almond, avocado, cucumber, and peach. Pick the one that speaks to your condition, dollop it on, rinse it off with clear water, and follow up with its matching colour, flavour, and scent in Stimulating Facial Astringent. The word from Borghese is to keep everything neatly chilled in order to get the most tingle possible.

(More Ready Beauty, page 54)

Supima®

WORLD'S FINEST COTTONS





"I chose Supima for this because besides being a silkier, richer looking and softer feeling cotton, it's also versatile.

Versatile enough for me to have both a sumptuous body rib knit and to print the Pima Jazz motif beautifully.

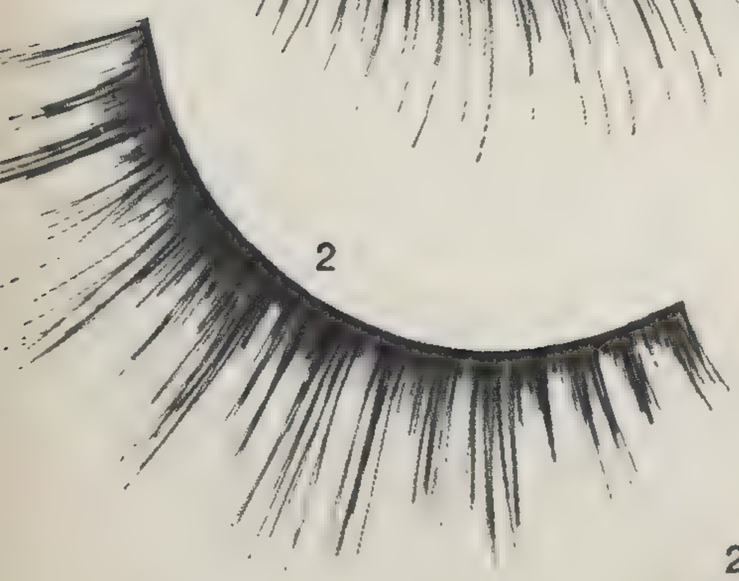
As a designer, I think that Supima has put us in an era of luxury cottons."

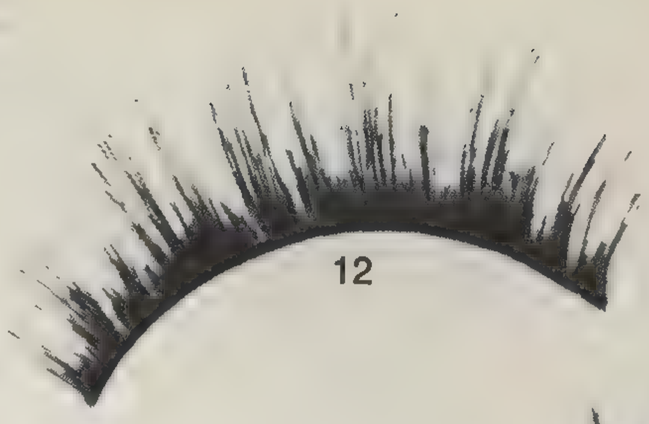
—Anne Klein

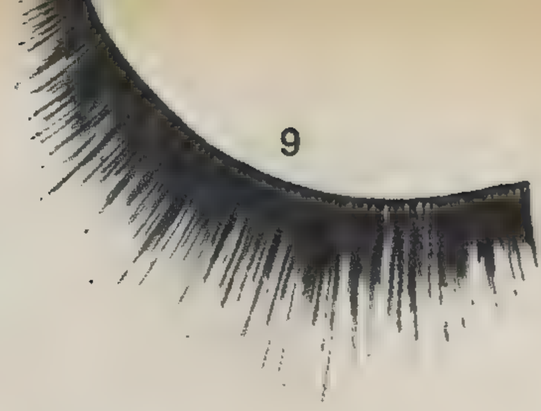
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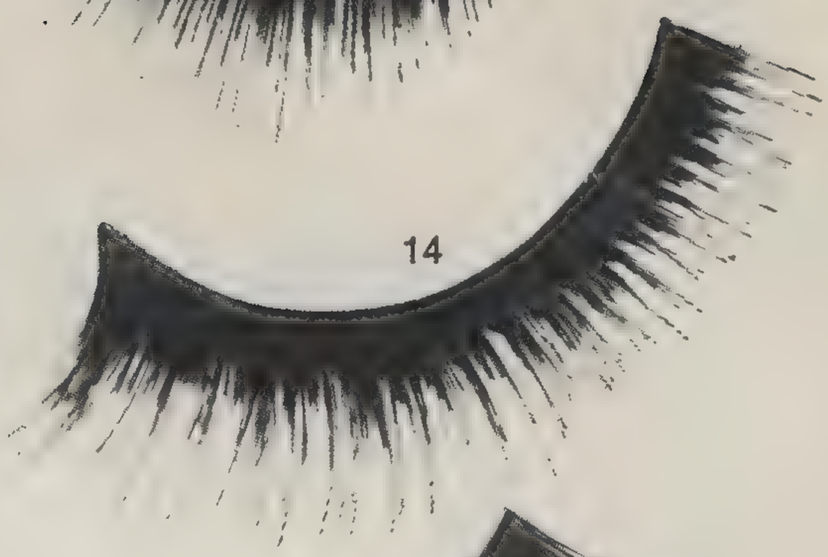
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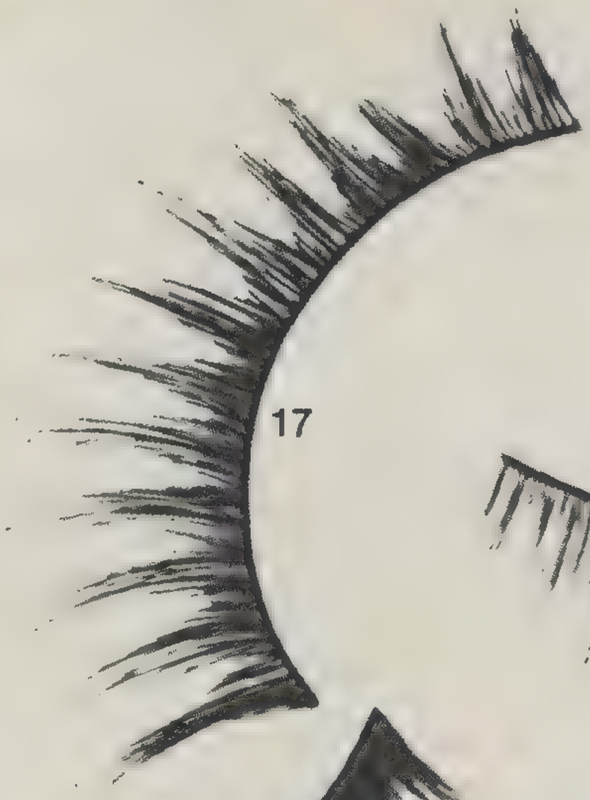

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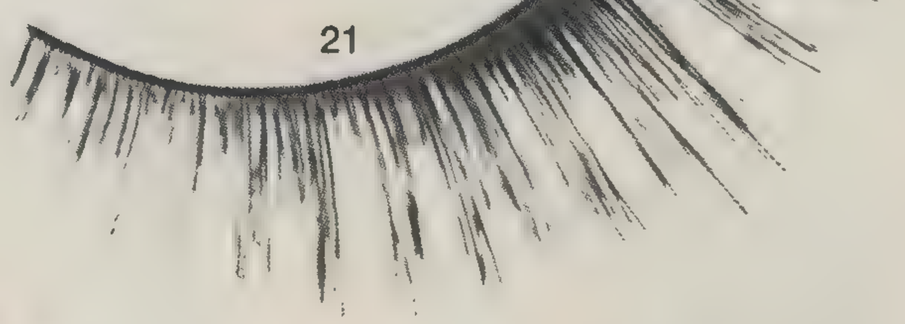

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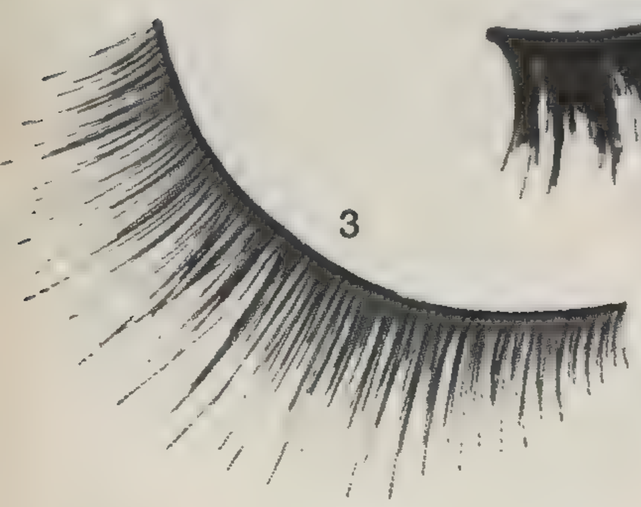

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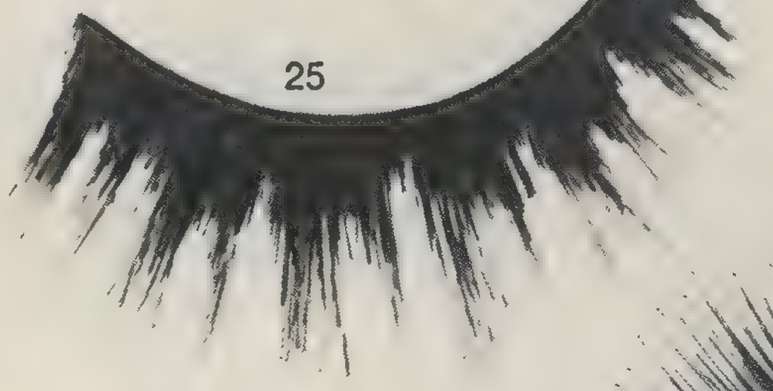

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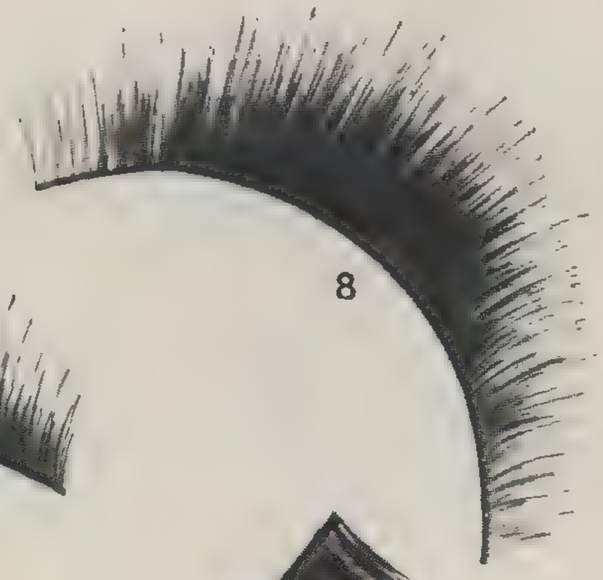

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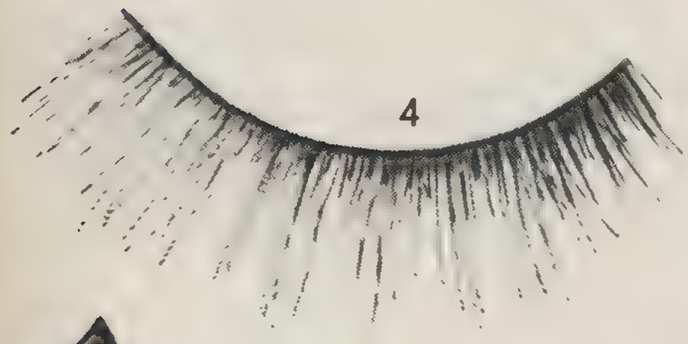

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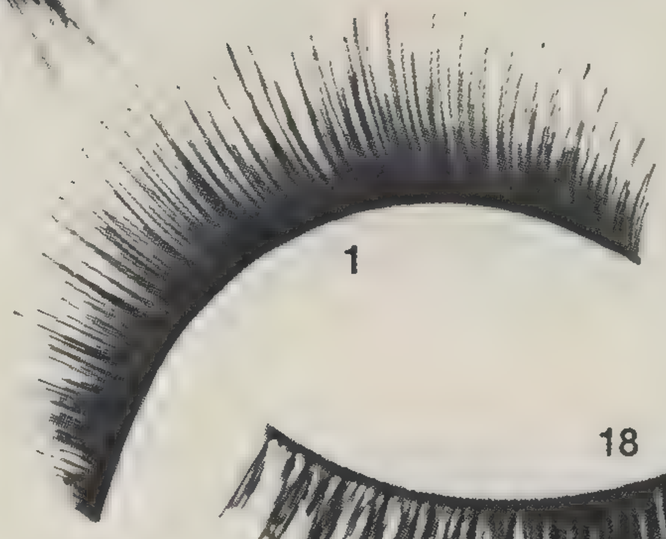

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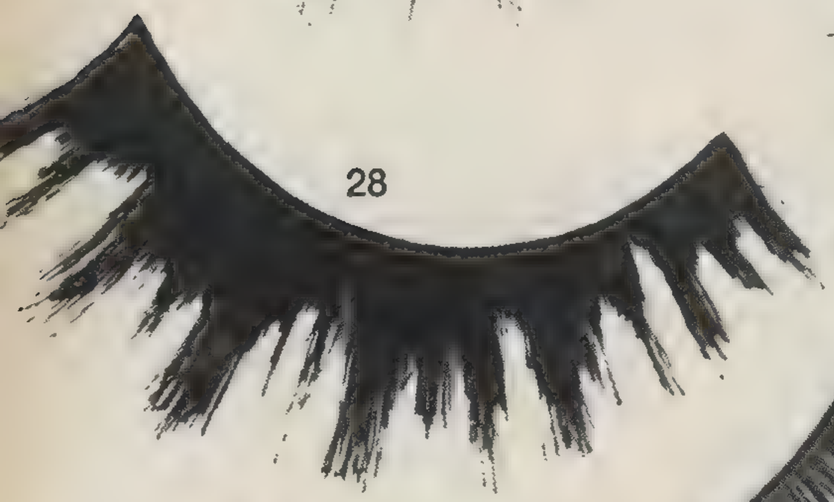

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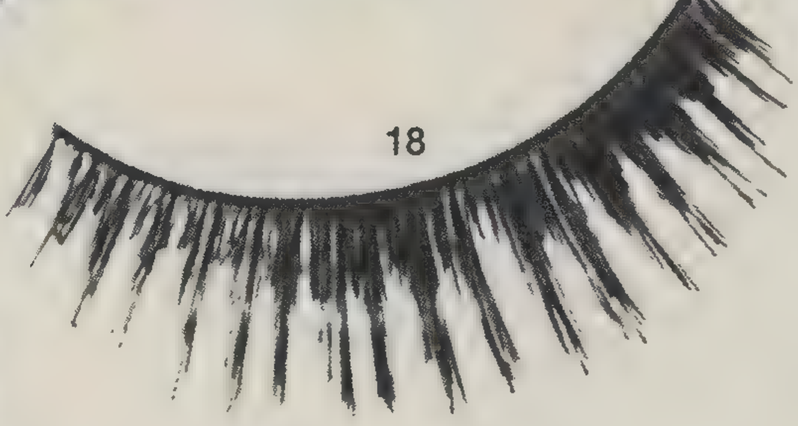

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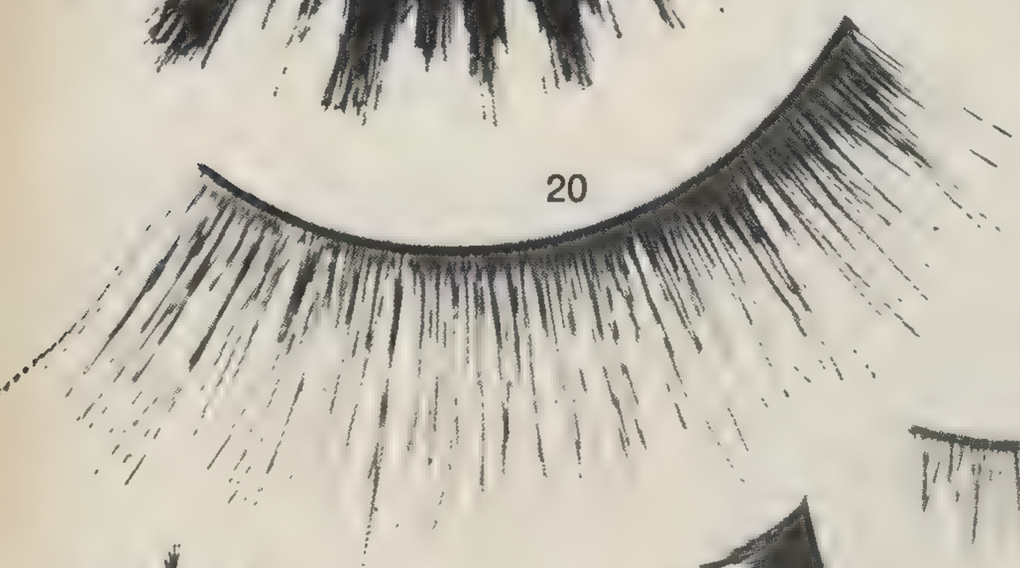

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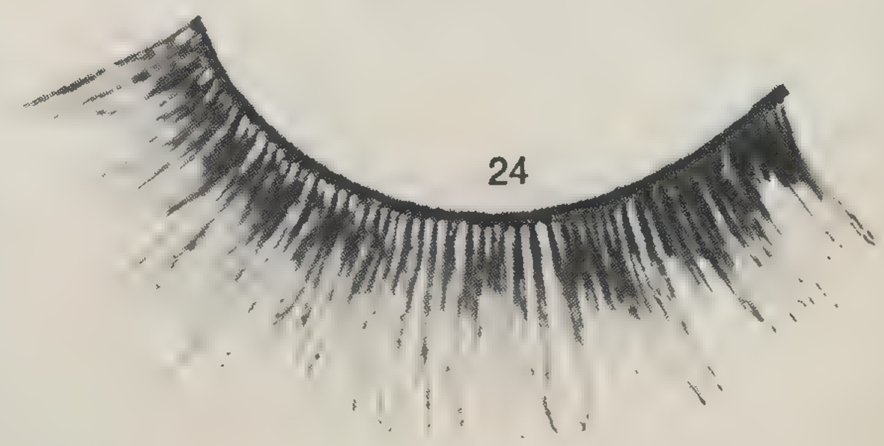

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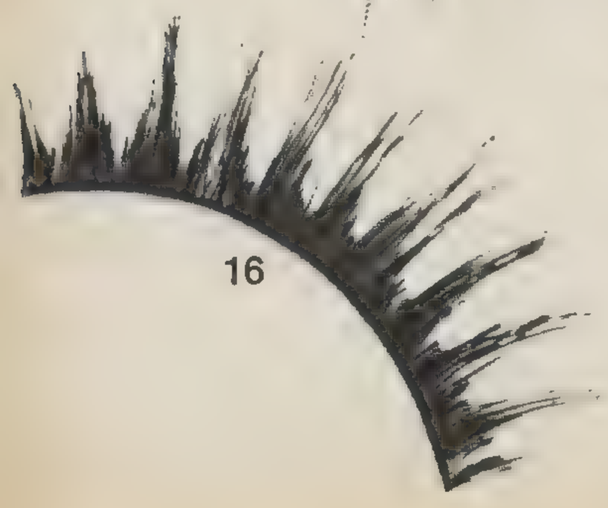

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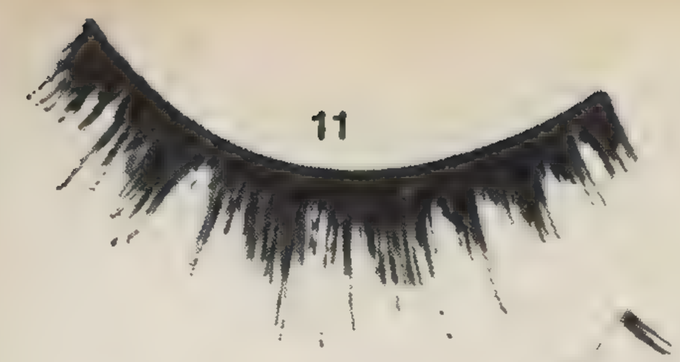

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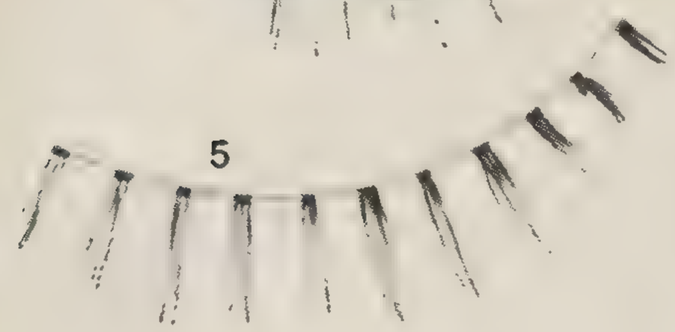

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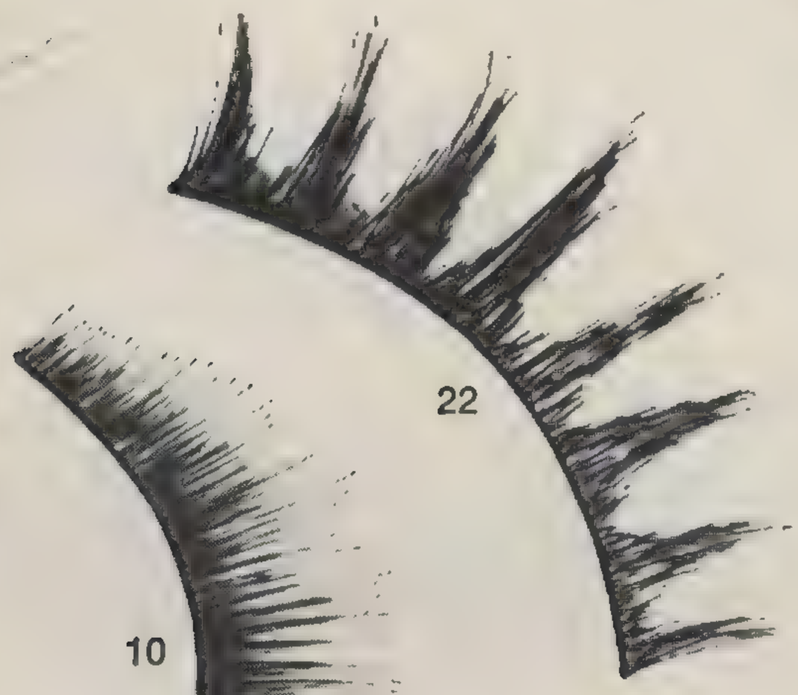

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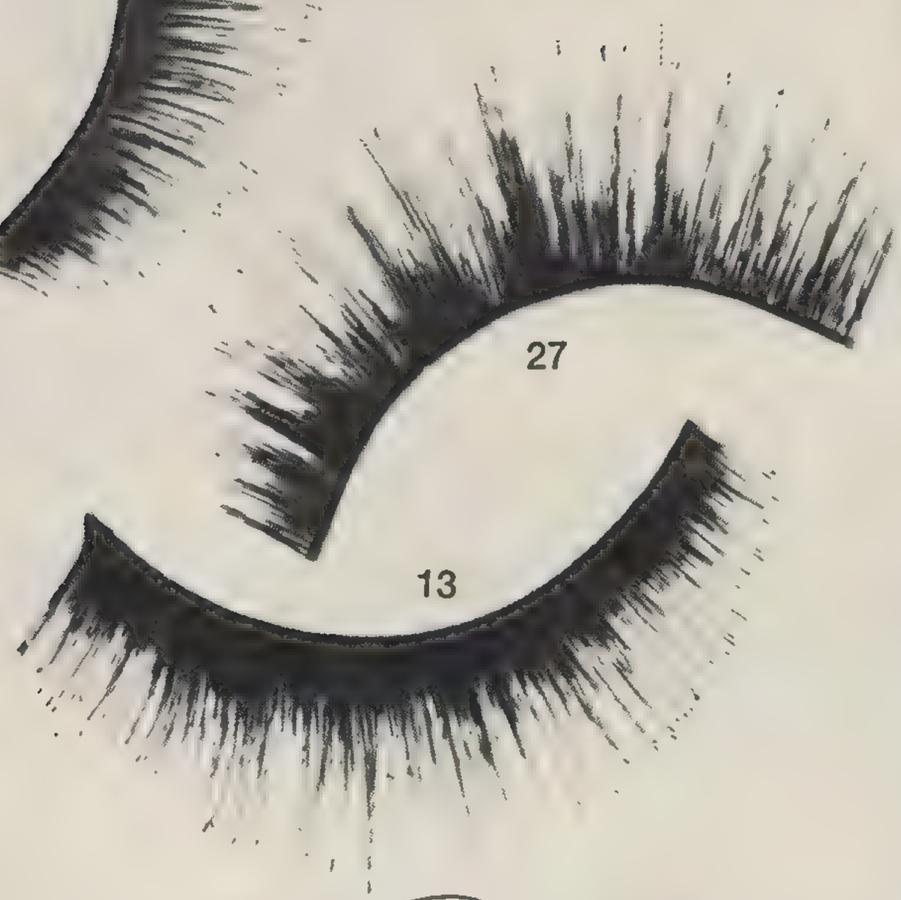

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So that you'll see as well as you look.

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A step-by-step approach to a daring new kind of tan.

Deeper, creamier, more golden. This is the kind of tan that inspires a woman to show more of herself.

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Almay's tan-plan: a glorious new way to face the sun boldly.

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World's leading authority in hypo-allergenic cosmetics.

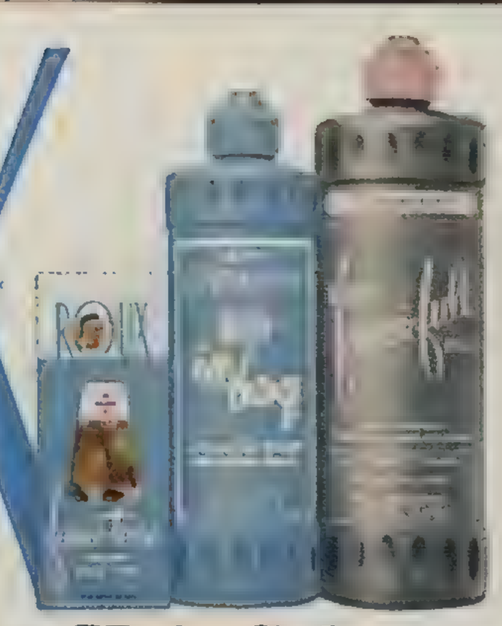
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Professional Cosmetics for Lovelier Hair Color

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi-permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs.

*REG. TRADE MARK

BEAUTY & THE BEASTS

Some years ago there lived a hidetanner who spent his days changing the coarse hides of the beasts into soft, supple pieces of leather.

And as he grew older, he also grew wiser.

For, one day, he made a discovery that changed his life. And his skin. He found that some of the ingredients used in his craft could be applied to living, human skin–to make it softer, smoother, younger.

The hidetanner is gone now. But not his discovery–it's alive and working wonders.

It's called the Mary Kay Beauty Plan. It's distributed only by our own professionally trained "Miracle Workers"–the Mary Kay Beauty Consultants.

Would you like to talk to one? Then call this toll-free number; 800-527-6270, or write; P.O. Box 47033, Dallas, Texas 75247; it could set your face back ten years.

And that's the beauty of it.

MARY KAY COSMETICS, INC.

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If you take your grains of
sand and garlic with a grain of salt,
you probably know about Tampax tampons.
They take a lot of bother out of those
difficult days each month.
Internally worn Tampax tampons outsell all other
tampons combined for a lot of good reasons.
Sound medical reasons.
But in plain terms, they'll keep you cool, calm
and comfortable.
Even while you're playing hostess to the
romper room set.

World's most widely used tampons...

TAMPAX®
tampons

MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

MOTHER'S CLOTHES BY CAPEZIO



The Whimsey of Fashion...

Foiled by Boyle

Fashion. It's a capricious sprite that may conjure warm 'n wet colors. Or pull skirts sky high. Or drop coat lengths out of sight.

And will fashion's whimsey make this year's luggage tomorrow's closet case? Not if it is by Boyle, the whimsey foiler.

Boyle endows its luggage with a rare blend of ultra-contemporary color and neo-classic design. The result? A total flair that complements every fashion nuance, every pulse of new style. Boyle rides high on the crest of every yesterday and every tomorrow.

Boyle. Uncommonly adaptable. Yet always ahead of fashion's latest whimsey. Where? At better stores. Boyle.

BOYLE LUGGAGE
a division of
AIRWAY INDUSTRIES INC.

Love your hair



New! Wella Care Do.

At last you don't have to put your hair up every night.

Now from Wella: Care Do, the first hair set with memory. Actually makes your hair remember the set from shampoo to shampoo. Set your hair with Care Do and it stays set. All silky and shining and clean. Wella Care Do texturizes and adds body, too. So if the wind blows, let it. Your Care Do set bounces back every time.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care.
Ask your hairdresser.

WELLA



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New name . . . new designs
. . . same Emmons' quality known
for twenty-one years.
When you are invited to a
Caroline Emmons Fashion Show, accept
without hesitation.
It's the only way you can see and
buy the quality
costume jewelry that really
"does something" for you.

21st ANNIVERSARY

CAROLINE EMMONS DIVISION, C. H. Stuart & Co., Inc., Newark, New York 14513

French women
have been accused of
using bath mist
to unfair advantage.

French men agree.

An unfair advantage can be something quite simple.

Like what you put on your body after the bath.

French women know that the right little something can make all the difference in the world.

Vive Le Bain knows that too.

That's why we've created Body Cologne Mist.

Something light, with just a bit of flower, to spray over your whole body.

It does precisely what you want it to.

Which is a little unfair.

But then, remember. All's fair in love and war.

Vive Le Bain™
Fragrances for the bath
Blended in U.S.A.



DURING THE BATH: Fragrance Oil, Milk Foam Bath, Foam Bath Lotion, Body Shampoo Gelee.
AFTER THE BATH: Body Cologne, Fragrance Veil, Body Cologne Mist, Body Cologne Powder.
From $2.50 to $4.00.

New Cosmetic Face Lift

Originated in Europe

Gives Face

Younger Smoothness

The principle of the cosmetic face lift is rational and simple. It offers the advantages of result—certainty without risk—no suffering, no heavy expense, no sagging later on. Your lift can be as permanent as you want it to be.

How To Get It For Yourself

A small amount of *2nd Debut* over your face and neck after cleansing, and your lift begins. There is no cutting—no stretching the skin—no peeling—nothing more than just a delightful few minutes each night before retiring. Instead of "lifting" your face in the usual sense, you will accomplish a similar effect by actually lifting the harsh surface signs. These areas include the dreaded, worrisome lines. Supply these surface areas with water-moisture as done by the CEF ingredient in *2nd Debut* and those areas are first softened, then smoothed. Only *2nd Debut* has CEF (Cellular Expansion Factor).

CEF is available in the U.S.A. in the form of a non-greasy, lightly scented emulsion labeled *2nd Debut*. You can get it in two potencies; *2nd Debut* with double potency CEF 1200 for any age in a hurry, like important engagements within the next week. This is the pink *2nd Debut*. This CEF 1200 is also the favorite of women over thirty-five with really serious age signs. The ivory colored CEF 600 *2nd Debut* is the original *2nd Debut* and is for the woman under thirty-five. Either will keep any woman looking younger than her years. A new instant acting cleanser and non-alcoholic skin freshener complete the *2nd Debut* treatment. Look for these and other fine *2nd Debut* products at better department and drug stores.

2nd Début
WITH CEF

ARRIVALS LTD., Chicago, Ill. 60601, U.S.A.

(Advertisement)

BEAUTY CHECKOUT



For whom the belle tones

It's her muscles she's toning—neck, back, and tummy: the smart belle with the dumbbell *above*. It's her total body complexion she's working on, via a disarmingly easy get-up-and-glow program that Geminesse is unleashing right in the nick of summertime. . . . We've already encountered, extolled the innovations of the Geminesse Facial Fitness Plan by Max Factor. Now with equal thoroughness and another staunch crew of smoothers and doers, Geminesse tackles the polishing of the body. A body massage cream, thick with thoughtful conditioners and emollients, zeroes in on rough spots. . . . Activating Body Cleanser, a gel-like lotion, tenderly substitutes for soap, cleans you deep in bath or shower. . . . For the smooth leg detail, Leg Conditioning Stick slides on both giddy glister and a very serious shield against weather wither. . . . With all these ingredients for visible fitness come gratis some makings of physical fitness: the bright pink inflatable Body Belle, shown in action above, and the Geminesse Body Fitness Exercise Book. The idea is that in less than six minutes a day you can work out every important muscle of the body. It's a new exercise system, Kinesthetics, which Geminesse developed, with the help of a noted physical medicine man. Requiring no special place or dress, Kinesthetics are so temptingly effortless and steamless that the body they tone might be your very lazy own. . . .

Judy Carne: Unchilly Beauty

She's as warm and full of unexpected deliciousness as an old-fashioned English Christmas pudding. We remembered Judy Carne, the "Sock-it-to-Me" girl of television's "Laugh-In," as a kooky little bird with closely cropped locks, clad in bikinis and body paint. But Judy, who left beautiful downtown Burbank for Broadway as the star of the latest revival of *The Boyfriend*, is something else. Her hair is sensationally shaggy in a new cut by Alan Purver who coifs almost exclusively for fashion photography; her makeup subtle and sepia with her own version of the 1920's Vamp eye; and her wardrobe full of mid-calf skirt lengths like the skinniest, slinkiest black crêpe dress she wore with a leg-of-mutton-sleeved, red-and-white plaid coat on the day we talked to her. "I really feel my looks are just beginning to bloom," she said. "When I was younger I was too busy working to care much about what I looked like. Being young seemed enough. Now," she added, "I take care of me like little children." Her (Continued on page 50)

The healer vs. The Sun.

Ah, those golden rays of sunshine. How they can hurt you, and your skin.
They dry it out, and can even bake in lines.
But no matter how parched and dried-out your skin gets from the sun, Jergens Extra Dry Skin Formula is guaranteed to help heal it. Or your money back.
Instantly soothes, even makes your tan last longer by putting back moisture the sun has taken away.
Take your sun-dried skin to the golden drops of the healer.





Reach for Moonstars...Glamour-Fluffs.



Leave it to Maybelline to come up with an original design. Unique star cut features five intriguing points for five times more lash beauty. When he looks into your eyes, let him see... Moonstars!

Only $2.75

From the Designer Lash Collection



Extra-long, extra-bewitching for extra eye-catching power! The delicate criss-cross design gives them extra fluffiness found only on lashes selling for more than twice as much... Glamour-Fluffs!

Only $3.00

Maybelline

The finest in eye make-up, yet sensibly priced.



The new silhouette to create a summer sensation... the cool, knowing midi gaucho, created for the best years of your life, which are now. Spend them visiting some of the great places in the United States... Hawaii, San Francisco and New York. United Air Lines will get you there... you and your look-at-me Paraphernalia clothes. The shiny-look gaucho suit by **Eros** in Dacron polyester knit by **Blue Ridge-Winkler.** Sizes 5-11. White only. About $60.

"It's like having
A SMOOTHER, YOUNGER-LOOKING BODY IN 4 DAYS!"

IRMA SHORELL
BODYBRāSE/35


IRMA SHORELL

BODYBRāSE/35 is one of the great break-throughs in the care of the body. It truly stimulates the circulation . . . clarifies, brings fresh purifying blood to the surface – does for the body what a mask does for the face. Helps to unclog pores – removes all dry flaky, 'parchy' skin – any roughness or coarseness departs like magic!

Non-irritating
*BANISHES BLEMISHES

BODYBRāSE/35, with its own Patented Applicator, when used as directed–has lightened, often has helped banish age-revealing sun-caused 'brown spots' on the hands, back, chest (a certain giveaway of a lady's age).

Your skin takes on a glow – as BODYBRāSE/35 helps to firm and tone – maintain the skin elasticity of the body.

REMARKABLE RESULTS

A fresher, smoother, more glorious body complexion was experienced by women in their 20's,30's,40's,50's. BODYBRāSE/35 is the new way to softer, flawless skin all over . . . even legs were smoothed to a porcelain finish after shaving.

Your skin becomes virtually dry-skin resistant, blemish-free and silky smooth. Start today–and see for yourself!



Irma Shorell

Write or phone
HENRI BENDEL, New York
J. GARFINCKEL, Washington
REGENSTEIN'S, Atlanta
JORDAN MARSH, Florida
HIMELHOCH'S, Detroit
HARZFELD'S, Kansas City
FROST BROS., San Antonio
ROBINSON'S, California
LIVINGSTON'S, San Francisco
NORDSTROM BEST, All Stores

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

(Continued from page 46) too busy working to care much about what I looked like. Being young seemed enough. Now," she added, "I take care of me like little children." Her deep-chestnut, never-set hair, tacking down her head onto her neck and cheekbones, has a supersheen. "I get it with olive oil," she told us. "Before shampooing about twice each week, I soak it in oil warmed in a saucer with a hand dryer. I rub in and through, with a plastic scalp massager, then do two thorough soapings to get it all out." For her face she employs a recipe from her granny. A mixture of raw egg, lemon juice, and olive oil, fork-whipped, then spread on the face and allowed to set for about ten minutes to tighten pores. "I wipe it off with cotton and warm milk and never use soap and water." Her makeup base is hypoallergenic and is sepia-toned instead of pink, and her eye makeup consists of $2.95 lashes purchased from a 57th Street drugstore. Judy also exercises daily in the bathtub. "The warm water helps relax my muscles," she said. To keep her vitamin count high, she steams vegetables instead of boiling them, and makes great use of a juicer dial on her electric blender. "I mix orange juice, wheat germ, raw eggs, and honey for an energy-filled breakfast each morning." What makes a woman beautiful? "Joy," she responded. "Feeling good, active, and satisfied." . . .

The 900th musketeer

Because his finger's always in the wind, we gave the engaging young cinematographer in the brownstone next door the go-ahead on checking out Aramis 900. It, we should tell you, isn't a space project but a new "programmed system for achieving men's maximum grooming potential through science." In Basic English, the treatment works for men. It's been done for women, but it's the first time men's individual skin and hair care problems have been fed into a sort of computer which automatically provides the answers from a dermatological point of view —and the men are lining up for it at Bloomingdale's and other stores throughout the land. Our musketeer joined the huddle at the Aramis 900 counter where he was given a card with statements and a series of responses to be punched. Sample: "You would describe your hair and/or scalp as . . .". He punched *normal to oily*. Ditto for the skin. "When you perspire it is . . .". He punched *minimal*. And so on through four categories. . . . Hair and Scalp, Face, Shave, Body. On the reverse side of the card, the punch-outs reveal recommendations for specific products—there are 18 in the line. "Aramis 900 calls the categories 'systems' and the whole thing evolves from the Hair and Scalp system—that's their 'scientific premise'—that the condition of your scalp is the key to the health of your hair and skin. The Aramis man at the counter said my scalp is normal and the card said I need only four basics—Daily Shampoo 1, the hair conditioner, Absolute Comfort Shave Foam, and the All Over Body Deodorant. The shave foam is terrific. It's got a tingler that's sort of surprising at first but I got the cleanest shave since I was fifteen and didn't need one anyway. I didn't dig the idea of an all-over body deodorant until I tried it and then I couldn't stop. It's a *warm* spray. Sensational. So's the whole Aramis 900 bag. That's my thinking." . . .

Seven-day shed-ule

An inveterate improviser we know faced up to skin shedding with a neat—albeit spartan—7-day blitz. Her goal: to discard the flawed outer layer of facial skin and lay bare the fresh, new layer just waiting to be discovered. Her campaign went something like this. "Used one of those grainy little facial scrubs each day for 7 days. No makeup at all—except for lip gloss and moisturizer to help the new layer gleam. Some improvement even by the second day. By week's end—a rosy glow—smoother, more alive-looking skin." Now, to bank that glow, she keeps to her skin-shedding routine once a week. At least, so she shed. . . .



"The new uplift is a quiet sort—as in my double tricot bra that gives a more gentle, pear-shaped slope to the bosom (gone is yesterday's up-high, apple-round look). To fit your clothes without flattening you—that's the idea behind this new Olga."

behind every OLGA® there really is an Olga



Olga's natural Open Feature™ bra, soft-cup style, 5.50; shell-cup, 6.00. At stores with fashion spirit. For store nearest you, write Olga, Dept. V, 7900 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91409.

PANTENE® TOTAL HAIR CARE.
FOR DYE-HARDS.



You know it. Sooner or later most color-treated hair starts doing funny things. Like breaking. Or splitting. Or drying up. (Along with the *color* of September hay, you just may find you're acquiring the *texture*.)

Now, we're not suggesting you go back to brown. Or grey. Or mouse. Or whatever you've escaped from.

We are suggesting that if you use color, your hair needs a special kind of help. A consistent program of hair care.

Total Hair Care from Pantene. Five precious products made to work together. Each made here with our unique Swiss Conditioners. Everything you need to get your hair in condition. And keep it there.

Take THE TREATMENT DE PANTENE. Rich with special proteins and emollients to make your hair start looking (and acting) healthy.

But Pantene doesn't believe conditioning stops there. So we've put our Swiss Conditioners in SHAMPOO DE PANTENE, in our after-shampoo rinse PRE-FORMING DE PANTENE, in our body-building setting lotion FORMING DE PANTENE, and in our very special conditioning HAIR SPRAY.

That's Total Hair Care from Pantene. To make your hair look more than merely natural. To make it look naturally *beautiful*.



HAIR DE PANTENE: TOTALLY BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Only at the best stores and finest salons.



Monsieur Houbigant



HOUBIGANT, PERFUMERS SINCE 1775.

VOGUE'S READY VIGOUR

Men's lib(ido)

Free at last. Nearly the entire male population has dispensed with manly inhibitions, now openly admits that it would like to join the girls in looking young, smooth, sexy, healthy. Great. Love that equality. Let's keep on keeping them supplied with the necessaries and we'll all enjoy the good life together. Starting at the top with hair first. . . . Recognizing that men need more of it than ever and the precious stuff is very, very vulnerable, Charles Revson, whose Braggi Man Plan has been making mighty contributions to man's emancipation, has just opened the Braggi Haircare Center. Five new Braggi do-gooders work together to cleanse, condition, groom, deter scalp flaking, and, yes, *feed his crowning glory.* Since hair has a big appetite for protein, needs it to lead a full and healthy life, this is free lunch for his locks. Every single item is loaded with proteinizers. No wonder Braggi can make hair be good. Braggi bribes it. . . . Now, on to the skin game. *To comfort his newly-mown face,* Fabergé West has conjured up After Shave Soother. A moisturizing balm with a fresh, morning's-at-seven scent, it does just what its name promises. . . . *How's the liberated male playing the game prudently on land and sea?* Most recently with Speidel's new-under-the-sun collection, Bravura del Sol. Made to screen out sun trouble scientifically—with 2-Ethoxyethyl-P-Methoxy-cinnamate, if you must know—according to the amount of pigment in his skin. . . . *Another form of sun-salt-wind insurance,* to pep up his hair after exposure to same: Pantene Conditioner for Men, made with a secret something from the Swiss. Called a one-minute wonder, it's one of Pantene's several kicky new ideas for fellows on a healthy hair kick. . . . *Great Big Shavers* will be fascinated with a new approach by (this will floor you) Johnson Wax. Named Edge, it sprays on a gel, then amazingly turns to lather right on his face. These antics are not meant to amuse. The plot is that the gel lubricates before lathering up for the final coup. . . . While we're on surprises, you can stick him, but good, with one of John Robert Powers's new groomers. *For instants:* Bronzer Stick endows instant tan; After Shave Stick, immediate coolth; Deodorant Stick, fast put-on plus lasting effects. . . . Now that he's emancipated he might feel equal to *a little nighttime skin care,* Irma Shorell's Contour/35 for Men, which is a splendid skin blandisher (and hopefully a wrinkle-banisher) for Men of a Certain Age. He's not concerned about wrinkles? Only women fuss about *them?* That's not the liberated man we know. . . . But never mind, he'll get there yet. With a little help from his friends.

Cologne together

Now that men have learned about the lures of wonderful scents, it could be a new concern in this matter of togetherness—"Heavens, Horace, our colognes clash!"—that requires some study on the part of us women. Might be smart if we'd probe this idea a bit, to learn more about what's available in the realm of men's colognes, figure what's likely to appeal to whom, then gear ourselves and possibly scent ourselves accordingly. Shall we step into this dashing men's boutique and do a little cologne-browsing? . . . Here, for starters, *one surely high on the charts*—A Gentleman's Spray Cologne, by Chanel. The essence of good taste, this, vibrant and not sweet at all, packaged in a grey case with a chrome band. . . . *Transmitting a bolder image,* Monsieur Rochas—a cologne that tells you, through some cypress and cedar, that it goes with a wow of a man. . . . *For the outdoorser,* Eau de Sport, by Patou, apt to be whiffed where there are fairways, tillers, trophies—crisp, cool, with a Lacoste crocodile on the silvery spray-bottle. . . . *Subtly Spanish* is Agua Lavanda Puig, made from the lavender of the Costa Brava, unique for its dry distinction. In award-winning pinch bottles. . . . *Where the Danes are,* all bright and healthy, there are great ideas from Kanøn. Things like Sauna Soak, Body Rub, as well as a tall blond cologne. . . . *Outfoxer* for hunting types, Habit Rouge by Guerlain, named for the classic hunting coat. Brilliant, spirited, for a man who discriminates with dash. . . . *Light, brisk,* with bergamot and a lot of freshness, the cologne called Canoe, by Dana. For a man with a precise kind of breeziness. . . . *A little mystery* for someone with a variety of moods—Arden for Men, based on the oil of sandalwood from mountains of India. Woodsy, leafy, some elusiveness here. . . . *Pour the wine,* start the music—if that's his scene, there's Bacchus, jubilant and uninhibited, made by Rallet. . . . *Gung-ho for inscrutables,* Jade East cologne, orientally spicy in a Buddha-shaped bottle. . . . *Properly dashing,* two with British ancestry—English Leather Regular and its partner, English Leather Lime, this laced with a spot of citrus. Both by Mem. . . . *A rugged, maybe pipe-smoking audience* digs Old Spice Burley by Shulton, named for the tobacco-leaf from Kentucky that goes into the best blends. . . . *Cool cosmopolites* like the atmosphere of Monsieur Houbigant, a sophisticated spray scent, leathery and mossy, in a bottle of brown-and-white checks. . . . *For lovers of the classics,* 4711—made in Cologne where it all started. Delicate, refreshing, a favourite for a couple of centuries. And in all this time of inflation, it hasn't even gone to 4712.



People Are Talking About...

PEOPLE AND THINGS IN VOGUE



VOGUE is renowned as a fashion magazine, but to those in the know, it is also a showcase for what is classic as well as avant-garde among the world's creative forces.

247 pages / over 70 illustrations

People Are Talking About... People and Things in VOGUE

– A magnificent collection of the People and Things that have built and are building the exciting world of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Skillfully edited by Allene Talmey, **Vogue's** Associate Editor, who has guided **Vogue's** features for over two decades, *this is a book you'll want to own!*

Here are the best of VOGUE's articles and illustrations—each one with the creative impact people are talking about!

You'll meet people with unique talents . . . You'll discover the ideas, the places, the objects of beauty that have delighted *Vogue's* readers over the years . . . You'll read articles covering a wide range of interests from art, music, and literature, to the theatre and cinema, medicine, anthropology—even tulips!

. . . And you'll treasure the magnificent full-color reproductions of great paintings and performances, together with extraordinary portraits by such photographers as Cecil Beaton, Irving Penn, Richard Avedon, Lord Snowdon, Henri Cartier-Bresson.

The table of contents reads like a who's - who in the arts. Dag Hammarskjöld . . . Marianne Moore . . . Robert Motherwell, a superb artist in his own right, discussing *David Smith, A Major American Sculptor* . . . *Notes On Leningrad* by Pauline de Rothschild . . . *The Unique Ross* by Janet Flanner . . . Léopold Sédar Senghor, President of Senegal, on *Black African Art* . . . revealing commentaries on William Faulkner, Andrew Wyeth, Barbra Streisand, Ed Murrow, Eunice Kennedy Shriver . . . selections by Penelope Gilliatt, Anthony Powell, Harold Rosenberg, Frank O'Connor, Truman Capote, Boris Pasternak . . . over 40 articles in all!

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Solarcaine stops sunburn pain

End sunburn misery. Spray on Solarcaine. Solarcaine has Benzocaine, the skin anesthetic used in prescriptions. It stops pain fast. Solarcaine soothes and cools sunburned skin. And more: Solarcaine moisturizes—helps guard against peeling. It's antiseptic, helps prevent infection. Aids healing, too. Stop sunburn pain with Solarcaine . . . and enjoy yourself.

America's No. 1 Sunburn Medication



Also use Solarcaine to stop pain of minor skin irritations, kitchen burns, cuts, scrapes. For sore, sun-scorched lips, use Solarcaine Lip Balm.

Products of Plough, Inc.

It took a gynecologist to invent Carefree Tampons

If you've always thought a tampon is a tampon and they're all pretty much alike, think again.

Think about a tampon that is so absorbent, a regular size absorbs more than the leading brand's super size.

Think how you are made internally. Then consider that a Carefree* Tampon works the way you are made. It expands in width only, not in length like ordinary tampons. It doesn't stretch out, flatten out, thin out inside you. Instead it fluffs up, plumps up to prevent seeping. And spotting. Or anything unpleasant.

Now think about the way you insert a tampon. With an awkward cardboard or plastic applicator. A problem to dispose of. And a fairly hit or miss affair when it comes to proper placement.

Not with Carefree. This tampon was made so that it doesn't need an applicator. A Carefree Tampon goes where it should go because you're in complete control of insertion. No guesswork. No need to fool with an insertion mechanism. And there's nothing to dispose of except the tampon itself.

Now, these are a lot of the reasons why you should start to use Carefree the very first day of your next period. Can you think of any reasons why you should not?

A gynecologist studied the tampon problem and came up with Carefree. You don't have to be a gynecologist to see why.



Carefree TAMPONS

Ask your gynecologist.

Carefree Tampons

Free Sample Offer: For a trial box of 10 Carefree Tampons, send 10c to cover mailing and handling costs to: Personal Products Company, P.O. Box 67-11, Milltown, N.J. 08850. Specify Regular or Super. Offer limited to one per family.

*Carefree is a Registered Trademark of Personal Products Company.

Now Brand New *The Incredible New*

SAUNA BELT™ HIP AND THIGH SLIMMER

GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS - 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

The amazing Sauna Belt waistline reducer has been producing fantastic results in reducing the waistline... now the new Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is introduced to give equally sensational and rapid results in trimming, firming and shaping the hips and thighs. Actual records from users report results like these:

Pat McNulty : *"I used your wonderful hip and thigh slimmers for just one 30 minute period — lost 2 inches from my hips and 2 inches from my thighs. My 'too tight' skirts now fit me perfectly."*

Loretta Burrows : *"I had always had heavy thighs and was embarrassed to be seen in a bathing suit or shorts. Then I used your hip and thigh slimmers a few minutes a day for 3 days and took 3 inches off each thigh. My thighs are now trim and shapely and I feel great in all my clothes. Thanks a million."*

Louise A. Urick : *"I used your Sauna Belt waistline reducer for just one week and took over 3 inches off my waist. I also used your hip and thigh slimmers which trimmed my hips 3 inches and took 2½ inches off each thigh. My figure has never looked better.*



WHAT IS THE SAUNA BELT HIP AND THIGH SLIMMER? Both the Sauna Belt waistline reducer and the Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer with the special copyrighted programs that accompany them are absolutely unique — completely different from anything else on the market and are available only from Sauna Belt, Inc. Like the Sauna Belt waistline reducer, this new Sauna Belt hip and thigh slimmer is made from a special non-porous plastic material. The slimmers are placed around your thighs and hips, directly against the body, and then by use of the special tube provided, they are inflated — just like blowing up a balloon. As the slimmers inflate they will tighten and you will notice a snug, comfortable feeling of warmth and support through your thighs and hip line. After the slimmers are inflated, you will perform the two simple 'magic' hip and thigh slimming movements specially adapted to promote the ultimate reducing effect with this remarkable product. This will take just a few pleasant minutes and then you will relax, while leaving the slimmers in place on your body for another 20 minutes or so. That is all there is to it. These fabulous slimmers are designed to provide heat and massage to every area of your thighs and hips that need reducing **and when you remove them—tighter, firmer hips and thighs from which the excess inches are already beginning to disappear.** If your special problem is only in your thighs and not your hips, the hip section of the slimmer is detachable, thus allowing the program to affect your thighs alone.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

THE FIRST BEST CENTENARY PARTY FOR NEW YORK'S METROPOLITAN MUSEUM


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Exuberant, over two thousand guests celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in four halls of the museum turned into ballrooms decorated in the styles of 1870, 1910, 1930, and 1970.

1. Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, Mrs. Edwin I. Hilson, Mrs. George F. Baker, junior. 2. Mr. C. Douglas Dillon, president of the museum; Mrs. Vincent Astor; Mr. Arthur A. Houghton, junior, chairman of the museum's board of trustees; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Stephane Groueff. 4. The Blumenthal Patio done up as a 1910 ballroom. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Carter Burden. 6. Mr. Thomas P. F. Hoving, Mrs. Lytle Hull, Mr. Walter Hoving. 7. Mr. J. Carter Brown, Mrs. Edmund R. T. Kelley, and a small Italian sixteenth-century bronze horse. 8. Mrs. Albert D. Lasker, Mrs. William McCormick Blair, junior. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and a French fifteenth-century Virgin and Child.

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Philadelphia .....Diamond & Co.
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VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

BACHELOR'S BALL IN LOS ANGELES

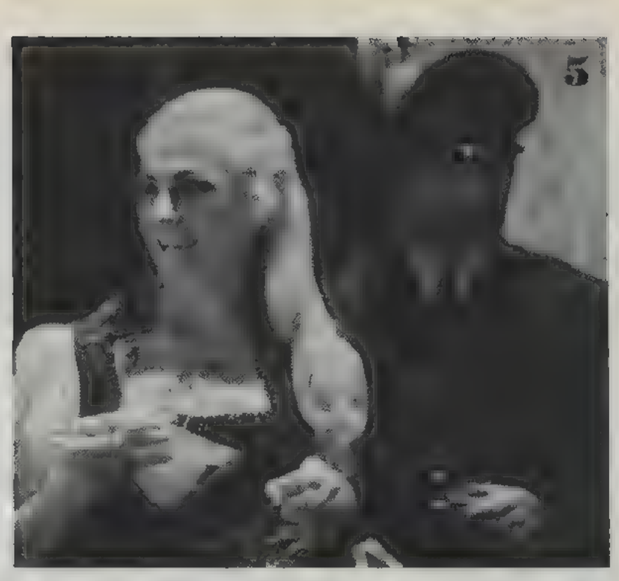






From oversized blowups of Beardsley drawings to guests on roller skates and one with a real black eye, the Noir et Blanc party in Los Angeles, California, took some surprising turns. Celebrating their sixty-fifth anniversary as a club, The Bachelor's mixed seven-hundred-fifty guests in costume, two bands, and mounds of black-and-white balloons in a splendid, funny chiaroscuro collage.

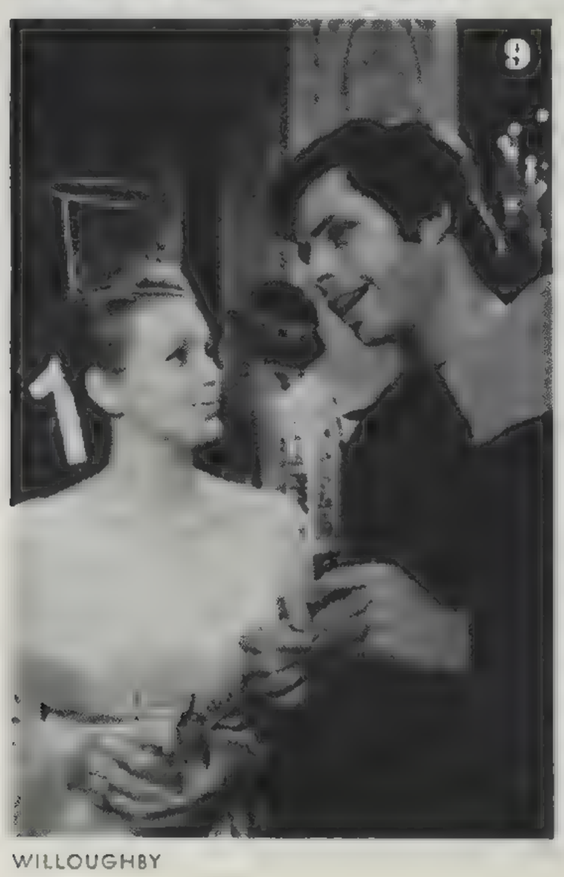

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WILLOUGHBY

1. Mrs. Bartlett Burnap in the ballroom. 2. Mr. Gary Perkins, Miss Sherri Patterson. 3. Mr. John Haughran Hadley, junior; Mrs. Stephen Joseph Malkmus. 4. Mrs. James Allen Barnett. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Howser. 6. Miss Diane Sherman. 7. Mrs. W. Clark Smith. 8. Mr. Peter Paanakker, Miss Marilyn Charlebois, Mr. Fritz Patrick Burns. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Chew, junior. 10. Miss Tamara Asaev, Mr. Fredric Theodore E. Von der Ahe.

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VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

SUNDAYS, NEW YORK, AND THE AGUILERAS









One of the freshest twists of the season has been the young, casual parties in New York discothèques hired on otherwise dark Sunday nights. For their party, Mr. and Mrs. Guillermo Aguilera chose Escadrille, spinning with propellers and a dance floor one flight up, for their friends who came taking it easy in midis and pants.





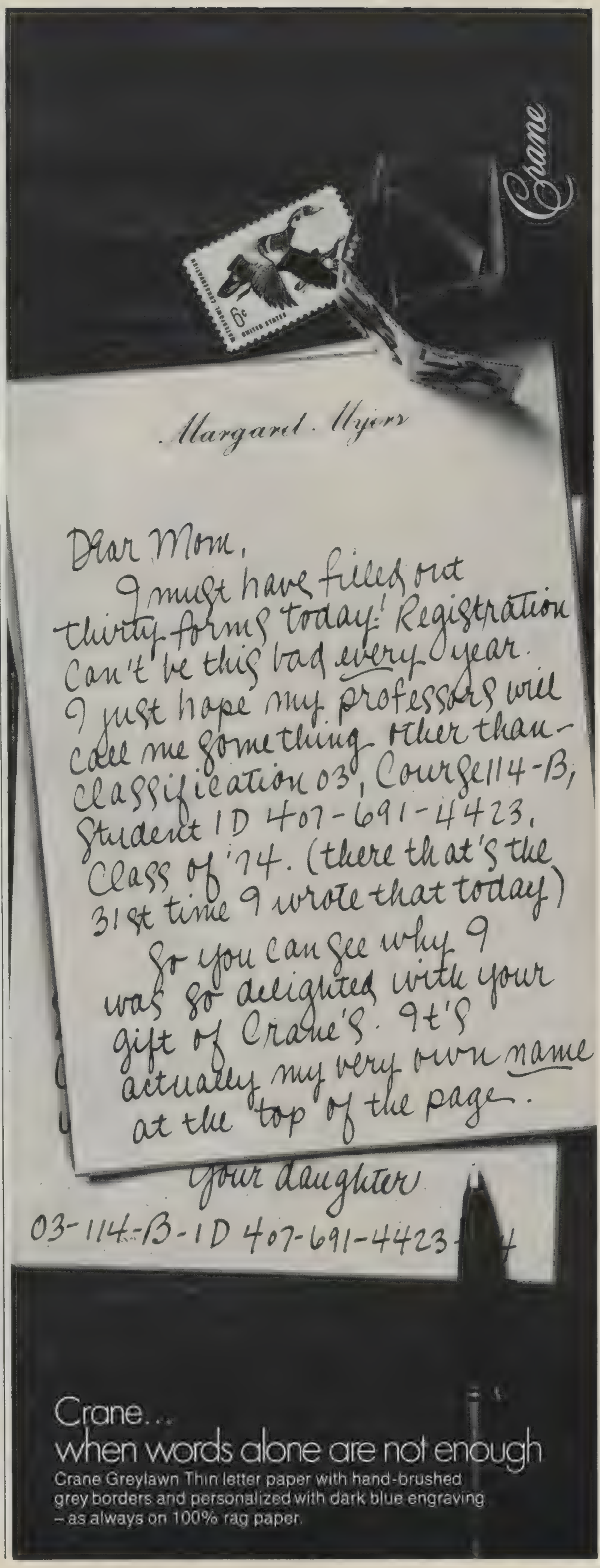








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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

Getting Straight, "*straw men*"

Not that I have any brief for The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, which certainly has its share of third-rate and seedy types, but if *Getting Straight* were really any fair indication of the opposition, the whole subject of student rebellion would be due for a stiff exam. As it is, what this movie reminds me of more than anything else is reading a story in the newspapers on a subject I happen to know something about. An unnerving experience: They *always* get it wrong.

On the surface, *Getting Straight* would seem to be a very sophisticated "intellectual" comedy, a perfect vehicle for Hollywood's answer to Barbra Streisand: Elliott Gould, here playing Harry Bailey, former cop-out who now wants to cop-in and is trying to get his master's degree at a large university that can't be anyplace but in California. The reason Harry wants to get his master's is not to learn anything but to teach—interesting thought—to earn his academic *carte de visite,* so to speak. So far so good, and Gould is often pretty funny in a nice fuzzy kind of way, kinky-haired, popeyed, seeking the truth in the supposedly traditional intellectual's uniform of corduroy jacket and baggy pants, and more often looking like Philip Roth of *Letting Go* than himself in *Getting Straight.* In fact, if the movies are looking for a Portnoy, Gould is the boy to play him. He has the gift for simulating intellectual bewilderment, for letting loose passion hitherto restrained. Again so far so good, as is the fact of his co-ed girl friend, Candice Bergen, not much of an actress but as usual so beautiful—with or without makeup, damn her—that who remembers she's supposed to act. And then there are occasional witty spoofs of the current scene, such as a gorgeous student from Harry's class in "dumbbell English"—naked, in bed, saying to her instructor, ". . . the most marvellous thing that could happen to those people in the Appalachian regions is. . . ."

There is also, however, the problem of Robert Rush's fancy, fancy direction: backgrounds blurring as foregrounds sharpen, and vice versa; scenes shot through the undersides of glass cocktail tables and from inside the bowels of a typewriter. Also, a kind of Busby Berkeley chorus of young student rebels, so much more reminiscent of Jack Oakie than Mark Rudd that one almost expects them to tap-dance away with cans of Mace, rhythmically pausing to bean a bunch of understandably bewildered cops. There is also a Black (!) student with whom Gould has honest (!) confrontations. In the end Harry flunks his master's oral (I thought they only gave them for Ph.D.'s) in an examination of the works of F. Scott Fitzgerald that must surely be one of the oddest literary events of its kind, offscreen or on. During that oral Harry is forced to defend his admiration of *The Great Gatsby* as opposed to the more highly regarded *Tender Is the Nighi* —who told them that one?—but won't knuckle under to the hysterical hypothesis of one of his examiners that poor old Scott was a latent homosexual. Harry has previously had similar confrontations with other strange and oily professors, also a smoothie who, even in this day when such jobs go begging, did seem too much of an imbecile to be a college president. Behind me, an overweight young woman in a sweat shirt, presumably a student, applauded like mad at each encounter. But I don't think you get to be a rebel by knocking over straw men.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Factory Art vs. Studio Art

Painter, sculptor, designer, photographer, filmmaker—Hungarian-born László Moholy-Nagy has exerted an important influence on a number of fields. Because of his pioneer experiments with new materials, kinetic art, industrial fabrication (he was the first artist to order a work of art on the telephone), and intermedia, Moholy-Nagy is a particularly fascinating figure today, when so much activity is taking place now in these areas. This re-awakened interest in machine aesthetics, which cooled notably during the heyday of Abstract Expressionism, may have led The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York to organize their recent Moholy-Nagy retrospective.

The exhibition was largely focused on Moholy-Nagy's paintings, perhaps because they were easiest to borrow and handle —the expediency syndrome being one main characteristic of museum policy these days. Unfortunately, the paintings of this multifaceted artist are hardly his strongest works. Derived from the vocabulary of geometric forms of Russian Constructivism, Moholy-Nagy's paintings are cerebral to the point of aridity, precise to the point of mechanical and predictable formalism. On top of that, they are not very well painted—which is not surprising since Moholy-Nagy exalted the mind over the hand in his influential writings.

Constantly experimenting with new media and techniques, Moholy-Nagy anticipated many current directions. Especially indebted to him is kinetic-and-light art, which appears hardly to have progressed beyond his 1921-30 "Light-Space Modulator," a moving sculpture that projects light images—inexplicably exhibited at the Guggenheim standing still. All the possibilities as well as all the obvious limitations of kinetic-and-light sculpture are apparent in this complex work.

Intuition and feeling are the provenance of the colour abstractions of Edward Avedisian exhibited recently at the Robert Elkon Gallery in New York. One of the few artists who may survive the inevitable washing out of second-generation stain painting, Avedisian has always been the oddball in the lot—with his quirky fried-egg and beach-ball images and his outré palette, often seemingly inspired by visits to the local dimestore china and textile departments. Although this element of "tastelessness" and cultivated vulgarity is Avedisian's signature, he may prove the most consistent and strongest of the younger colour painters in his development.

Looking at the brilliant purity of the Morris Louis "unfurl" paintings exhibited at André Emmerich Gallery, New York, I was struck once again by what a hard act those paintings are to follow. By striking out in the direction not of technical or even formal innovation but, first, of original images and, second, of increasingly original colour, Avedisian has become these days one of the most durable Abstractionists.

The *Wunderkind* whose scatological *matière* paintings created a certain scandal in the 'fifties, Avedisian has matured into a technically proficient painter of great sophistication. In his new works, he gains strength and assurance by recognizing the limitations of painting rather than by pushing for any form of novelty. From the irregularity of the image, it is obvious these works were made in the studio and not in the factory. That is a much better place to make paintings, it turns out.

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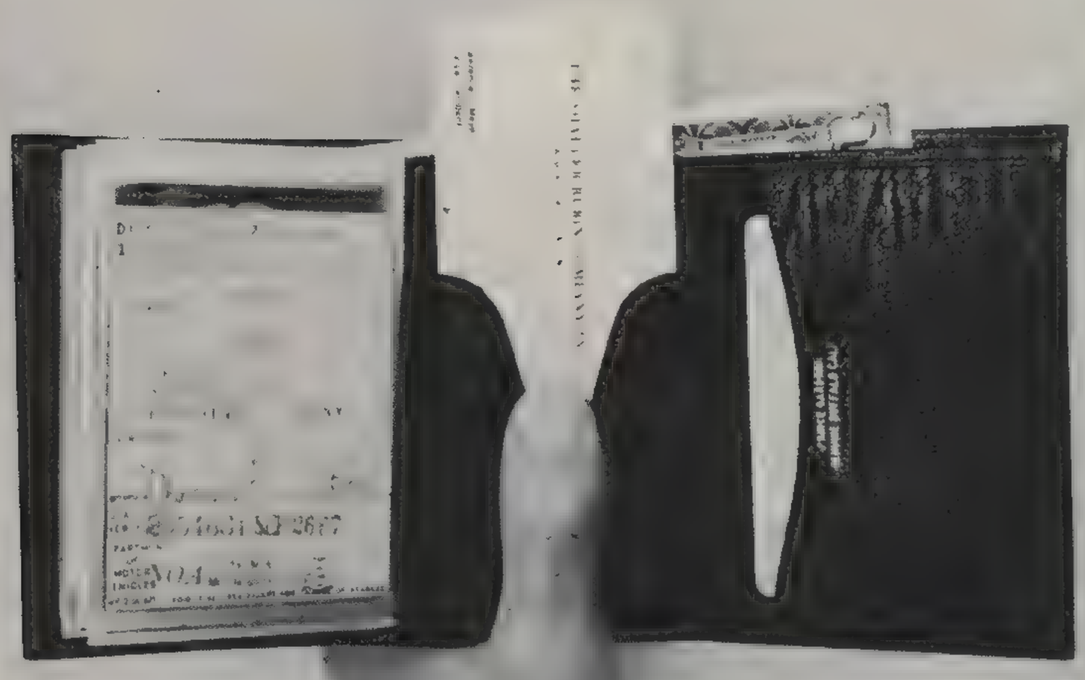
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Deliverance, "*best American thriller*"

It is a little hard to know what James Dickey, the poet, is aiming at in *Deliverance* (Houghton Mifflin Company), his first novel. But it is clear enough what he has achieved. He has written, if nothing more, the best American thriller in a number of years.

Four men in a Southern town embark on a careless autumn excursion. They are all commonplace enough, living humdrum lives, but one of them is a survival bug. He is obsessed with building his physical strength and skill because he is sure that, in the end, "the whole thing is going to be reduced to the human body, once and for all. . . . The machines are going to fail, the political systems are going to fail, and a few men are going to take to the hills and start over." So he lifts weights and practises archery and shames his three companions into taking a weekend canoe trip down an unknown mountain river.

On the first day, the excitement of the river, the beauty of the wilderness, the intimacy of the campfire fill the men with euphoria. But on the second day, temporarily separated from their companions, two of them encounter a couple of gun-toting mountaineers. The red-necks assault one of the city folk and prepare to assault the other. Their companions rescue them, but innocence is abolished, and the nightmare has begun. It continues, violently and appallingly, for the rest of the book.

James Dickey is a distinguished poet. He began this book in 1962 and therefore has been writing it, off and on, for eight years. It is safe to conclude that he meant it to be something more than the season's thriller. He is consciously writing in an American tradition. The river has been a tremendous image in our literature, and Dickey comes at times within striking distance of Mark Twain or Ernest Hemingway in evoking the loveliness and terror of rushing water and in reproducing, with exquisite precision and force, the texture of physical action when man combats the river. Americans have always felt equivocal about the river, at once destroyer and saviour. Dickey takes our folk memory and shows how, even today, perhaps more than ever today, the skin between civilization and chaos remains thin and fragile.

Yet *Deliverance* exploits more than it enriches the tradition. Deliverance from what? At first, from the "long, declining routines" of the men's lives; then, from death; then, presumably, from illusion. Lewis, the survival bug, had sought immortality; he wanted to "rise above time." Ed, the narrator, is Lewis's foil, the tolerant skeptic, who, when Lewis is injured, must do what Lewis would have done and does it better. Lewis learns, Dickey tells us, that he can die now, that dying is better than immortality. Ed has found reality in the centre of terror.

The end is anticlimax. In spite of the marvellous prose, the extraordinary combination of lyricism and menace, the sinister sense of the duplicity of the natural, *Deliverance* obviously does not deliver as much as Dickey must have intended. There is no catharsis. What Dickey the poet effortlessly achieves, Dickey the novelist misses. Where Mark Twain or Hemingway conveyed larger meanings in their journeys into the American wilderness, the whole of *Deliverance* is less than the sum of its parts. Still, it *is* an exceptional adventure story, and no one who likes adventure stories should miss it.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

The Bay of Noon, "*intelligent eye*"

Shirley Hazzard has such a treasury of style that she can economize or splurge, and, because her taste is unerring, every expenditure is right. To set off an emerald-and-diamond necklace of inestimable value, she could put it with a dress bought off the rack in a department store and the choice of the latter would seem to have been an obligatory homage to the jewels. It would not be through luck that she came by the dress; she would have been directed by instinct.

Here, in speaking of Gioconda, the glamorous Neapolitan of her novel, *The Bay of Noon* (Atlantic-Little, Brown & Co.), she is thrifty: "The cups were veined, like my finds in Via Constantinópoli, but heavy with Victorian roses. Along Gioconda's cheek, as she leant to fill them, a single escaped hair lay, itself like a fine fracture in porcelain." And here she displays a larger marvel: "Whereas the excavations of Gioconda's past brought to light temples, palaces and tombs, with ornate interiors worthy of grand gestures and heroic renunciations, my own archaeology seemed by comparison like a mere scouring of some minor site —a hilltop encampment of the Hittites, say, or some beehive village of the Picts—yielding nothing more than a heap of domestic utensils and a handful of weapons, few intact and none beautiful." Larger, this metaphor is not more striking than the other: They are specimens of different sorts of *vertu* and each is superb in its own terms.

The story is a simple one of a quadrangular love affair, and the four principals, while they are attractive and engage our interest, are not remarkably complex: Jenny, an English girl, is attached to a British mission in Naples; Justin is a marine biologist, to whom Jenny is "lent"; Gioconda is a writer and her lover is Gianni, a Roman who produces films.

The theorem is elementary. And Shirley Hazzard has chosen as her setting one of the most platitudinous scenes on earth: Naples. Naples with that everlasting Vesuvius and that everlasting Bay. But she has wiped out all the obvious impressions on all the earlier canvases; and, on a new ground prepared according to a formula known to herself alone, she has created an entirely new and immediate picture: She finds exactly the right places to accommodate all the old lumber of the temperamental water and its nautical furniture, of the squalid and energetic streets, of the volcano both in inertia and in eruption. In her description of an interior, she wrote: "Two small sofas were ranged by an immense cold fireplace that, like a dormant Vesuvius, presided over everything." It is upon the intricate tessellations of Everyman's biography, of every pilgrim's pilgrimage that she trains her intelligent eye: The tale may be twice and thrice and a hundredfold told, but, each time, for the participants it is newly minted and extreme. It is like classless Naples: "Ordinariness, the affliction and backbone of other cities, was here non-existent. Phrases I had thought universal—the common people, the average family, the typical reaction, ordinary life—had no meaning where people were all uncommon and life extraordinary; where untraceable convulsions of human experience had yielded up such extremes of destitution, of civilisation." Shirley Hazzard writes like a princess schooled from infancy in the wisdom of democracy.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Tiger Morse's Loft, "*fantasy*"

The first impression is that of a mad stage set in which bizarre dramas are enacted. Soon, you realize that the place is a *horror-vacui* collage fabricated by one whose fantasy life is, to say the very least, overwrought. In point of fact, this 3,700-square-foot jungle of objects, furniture, and art is the New York loft of Tiger Morse, a former clothes designer. Overly publicized, remarkably disorganized in business, and devoted to the serendipitous in life and in art, she has been underground for two years.

Tiger Morse is about to re-emerge in a rôle not even she could have fantasized. This June, the entire contents of her dizzying tenth-floor loft at 4 West 16th Street will be shipped to Chicago for exhibition as a single work of art. The reconstructed loft will be there throughout the summer at the Joe Lo Giudice Gallery, 210 East Ohio, and Miss Morse will be on hand as part of the show. It all happened when Lo Giudice, a young art dealer, came to New York last winter to round up artists for his Chicago gallery. During his stay in New York, he saw Tiger Morse's loft and immediately made his offer. Miss Morse accepted. Upon his return to Chicago, Joe Lo Giudice sent five assistants to New York to photograph, catalogue, and pack every item in the loft.

Miss Morse's loft is more or less divided into three areas. The largest of these is the "living room," its ceiling and walls covered with dazzling Oriental materials as well as brightly coloured vinyl. Gaudy, fluorescent, the floor was applied in a Jackson Pollock drip design.

Hanging or leaning against the walls are masses of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Trova, Samaras, Baumeister, Mallory, Warhol, Boghosian, Chamberlain, and Mel Ramos. With them hangs a collection of pale Pre-Raphaelite watercolours as well as a large series of nineteenth-century portrait drawings of Napoleon. In a corner, stacked one on top of the other, are sixteenth-to-eighteenth-century santos from Peru and Spain. Some two dozen carefully arranged Mexican masks form yet another collage. Near a twelfth-century travelling altar stands an eighteenth-century Venetian birdcage with a live canary.

Some furniture is feathered—as are the lamp shades—as is the octagonal mirror above the Récamier couch. A Venetian crystal chandelier hangs nearly to the floor, and one must walk around it. Shimmering out of a gold vitrine are thousands of miniature toys, mad jewels, as well as fifty small chess sets from all over the world. Another glass case contains Tiger Morse's rare pornography collection. Between two eighteenth-century lacquered Chinese chests containing saris and Tibetan brocades stands a ten-panelled eighteenth-century Chinese screen. In front of it, a nineteenth-century calliope lady leans sweetly against a mirrored carousel ticket booth. Two enormous columns near the middle of the room are covered with old postcards.

The largest object in the room is a movie screen attached to the ceiling and permanently lowered to the floor. Upon it are projected five thousand rotating slides, each created by Tiger Morse. These are highly abstract in design and, when projected, drench the room in riotous combinations of colour. Both macabre and dreamlike, the room and its contents seem to move and float. In Chicago, the entire loft will be for sale—but it must be sold intact and then, one hopes, to a single buyer.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Dance

BY LYDIA JOEL

The Dance Theatre of Harlem, "classic"

Countless lives were changed by the shot that stilled the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., among them Arthur Mitchell's. A principal artist of The New York City Ballet, with which he has danced around the world for fifteen years, Mitchell is also its only Black member.

On April 4, 1968, as he boarded a plane to Brazil, he heard of the assassination of Dr. King. It was on that flight that he decided he wanted to bring ballet—noble, classic, disciplined, beautiful—to Harlem, his own neighbourhood, where his mother, four brothers and sisters, and their children live.

Two years later, still a star with George Balanchine's company, Arthur Mitchell is also artistic director of The Dance Theatre of Harlem, the world's first all-Black professional classic ballet company. Most of its dancers have been developed in the company school under a superb faculty that includes associate artistic director Karel Shook, former ballet master of the Netherlands National Ballet; Tanaquil LeClercq, a brilliant ballerina of the 'fifties (who, because of polio paralysis, teaches from a wheelchair); and Mary Hinkson, the leading dancer of the Martha Graham Dance Company.

"Our style is contemporary, but we are rooted in historic tradition," said the handsome thirty-six-year-old director. "Our dancers are Black because we want to make clear that Black people can do pure classical ballet. Once we're fully established, we'll also have white dancers. I'm not hung up on colour. But for now we must show that it's talent, training, and opportunity that determine the artist. . . . Our aim is not novelty, it's quality."

Lincoln Kirstein heads the board of directors of DTH, Inc.; Balanchine is first vice-president. The Ford Foundation has given a very large grant (of which $151,000 must be matched). Assistance is coming from state and individual sources. Harlem offers its youth, dollar bills, homemade chicken soup. Mitchell smiled as he said, "Sometimes when I walk down the street, people make me feel like I'm mayor of Harlem."

Almost every Wednesday afternoon there is open house at the headquarters: The Church of The Master, Morningside Avenue at 122nd Street, where neighbours and possible donors can see the works in rehearsal. The company has already presented eighty lecture-demonstrations and performances up and down the East Coast. But invitations to dance at the Spoleto Festival and to tour Europe are postponed until 1971. A New York gala is planned for the fall.

Like Balanchine, from whom Mitchell said he's learned "everything," Mitchell presents dancers who are long-legged, subtly elegant in manner and technique, refreshing in their clear attack on music and movement. The girls have an attenuated line and a sweet loftiness; the men, the dazzling, unaffected stylishness of their choreographer-director. So far Mitchell is also responsible for the varied repertoire, which again reflects Balanchine—skillful, neo-classic, musical, and inventive. But Mitchell's choreography begins to have its own taut distinction.

Not yet mature, the company is on the verge of becoming what it set out to be—an excellent classic ballet company. Only incidentally, it is Harlem's and its dancers are Black.

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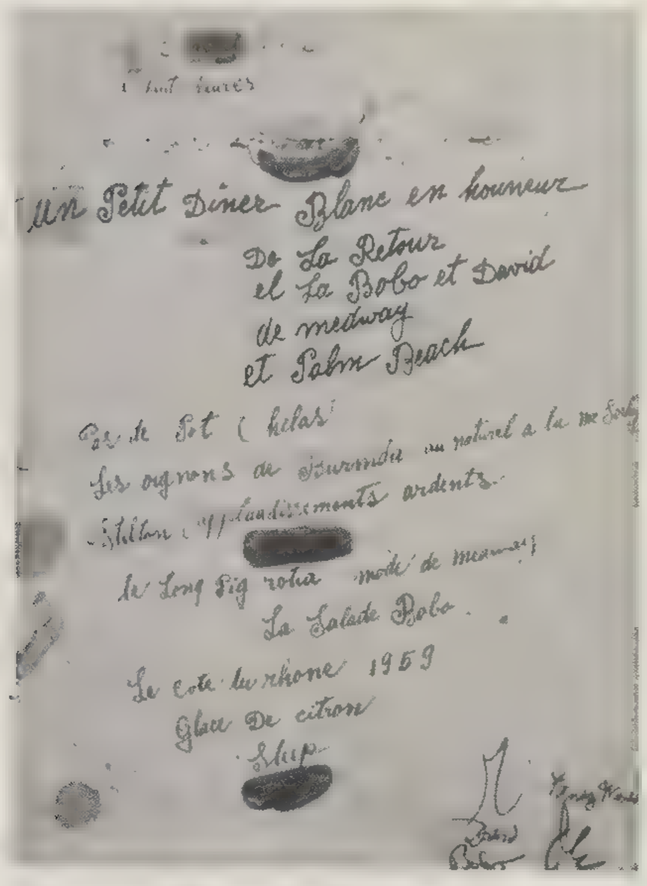
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FOOD IN VOGUE

BOKARA LEGENDRE: SPICE IS A CLIFF-HANGER

When Bokara Legendre, a young American woman who takes the world for her beat, had a talky television show in Palm Beach, Florida, it was called *Bobo in the Celebrity Room*. Now she calls herself Bo and runs off to Mexico with an archaeological hunt or zaps around New York with camera and notebook. Actress as well as reporter, Bo once produced a play in Spoleto, Italy, now does up dinners at her New York apartment with guests as the stars. Bo, who puts vermeil flatware down next to earthenware plates, thinks preplanning a bore, keeps up surprise with last-minute decisions: Which spice for which dish is a cliff-hanger. Sometimes, the same blue-and-white mugs—washed and rewashed by Bo—hold, in this order, drinks, soup, wine, and coffee for one meal. She has an Andy Warhol painting *(below, left)* of the menu for one dinner, with her special salad and "le Long Pig rotia mode de Medway," named for her family's plantation in South Carolina. From Medway, too, come Bo's quail casserole—and plain old Southern charm.



"I think mushrooms are the absolute staff of life; I try to put them in everything." Here, Bokara Legendre slathers mushrooms on her salad.

Menu: Quail dinner

(recipes given here for starred dishes)

With drinks: Slices of fresh mozzarella cheese with black olives, sprigs of dill and basil, freshly ground black pepper.
The wine: Pouilly Fuissé, instead of the traditional red
Cold avocado soup*
Medway quail casserole*
Corn soufflé*
Medway candied orange dessert: fresh orange sections in orange syrup
Coffee, brandy, liqueurs, candies

La Salade Bobo, Warhol dinner

Spinach, Boston lettuce: washed, torn
Lots of fresh mushrooms: washed, sliced
Baby tomatoes: washed, sliced, seeded
Avocado: peeled, seeded, sliced
Cucumbers: peeled, thinly sliced

Amounts depend on the number of guests. Mix vegetables with herb dressing, top with crumbled bacon. *Dressing:* Mix 1 part red wine vinegar with 4 parts olive oil. Add large sprinklings of celery salt, black pepper, dill seed, fennel seed, basil, *fines herbes,* and a tiny bit of garlic.

Cold avocado soup

(six to eight servings)

2 cups peeled, sliced avocado
2 cups chicken consommé
½ teaspoon onion juice
1 cup light cream
1 cup commercial sour cream
Salt, freshly ground pepper
Paprika
Chopped parsley
Finely sliced scallion tops

In electric blender, beat avocado, consommé, onion juice at high speed 5 seconds. In mixing bowl, beat in cream and sour cream, salt, pepper. Chill. Serve garnished with paprika, parsley, scallions.



BERRY BERENSON

Medway quail casserole

16 quail with livers and giblets
½ pound butter
2 onions, 2 carrots, chopped
1 cup white wine
3 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
¼ tsp. each dried rosemary, thyme
1 bay leaf; salt and pepper
Peas, baby carrots, or white onions

Sauté chopped onions and carrots in 3 tablespoons butter until light brown; add livers, giblets, cook 3 minutes. Stir in flour; add wine, 2 cups water, seasonings. Simmer 1 hour; strain. Prepare quail, truss (frozen birds may be used, out of season; thaw and truss). Brown quail in remaining butter in large Dutch oven. Add sauce; simmer about 30 minutes. Add vegetable for garnish—peas, carrots, or onions—15 minutes before serving.

Corn soufflé (six servings)

3 eggs, separated
2 cups grated raw corn with juice
1½ tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper
2 cups scalded milk

Beat egg yolks until lemon coloured. Gradually beat in hot milk, butter, corn and juice, salt, pepper. Mixture should have consistency of thick custard sauce. Beat egg white stiff but not dry; fold gently into corn mixture. Pour in buttered 2-quart soufflé dish; bake at 350° until puffed and firm—50-60 minutes.

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WITH THAT IN MIND

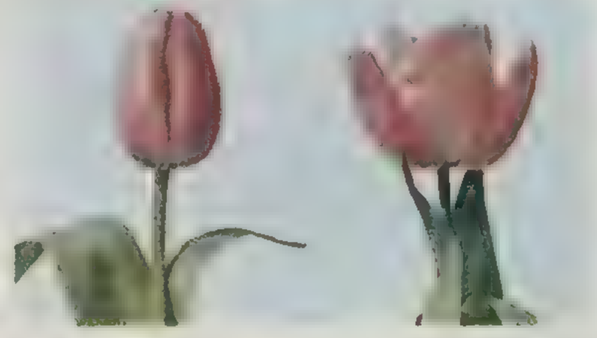
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June 1 through June 30

ARIES, March 21-April 20. On the first three days, organize your program for the month. Move quickly from the new moon on the 4th until the 7th to engage the interest of business partners. On the 8th and 9th there is an unexpected reversal in momentum. Be patient (not characteristic of you) until the 11th when you may resume your interrupted plan. Do not sign papers of importance on the 12th. From the 15th to the full moon on the 19th, the atmosphere seems deceptive and information is confusing. The weekend of the 20th, someone you love offers a surprise; accept the idea on the 21st. From the 25th—when Jupiter's luck goes into action—to the end of the month, the pace is fast and the results fruitful.

TAURUS, April 21-May 20. *With your ruler, loving Venus, in the family sign of Cancer, you are involved with entertaining relatives. After the new moon, the 4th, an old responsibility requires attention. Take care of it on the 5th. You seem to be drawn from business affairs by sentimental activities. From the 8th through the 11th, concentrate on approval for a financial matter. On the 12th, information is not reliable. On the 13th, a broken promise in a monetary arrangement signals the fading of a dream. Late on the 16th, a surprising message starts a trend that grows stronger on the 20th. Relax on the 21st, to prepare for activities that need strict attention for the rest of the month. They end successfully.*

GEMINI, May 21-June 21. Your ruler, Mercury, joined with serious Saturn in Taurus, stimulates your dutiful nature for the first fifteen days: You are determined to fulfill all outstanding obligations. The new moon, on the 4th, accentuates this attitude; and it is to your advantage to pursue that goal now. The 12th is a baffling day. On the 13th, you are threatened with a challenge to express an extravagant opinion. The tension lessens on the 15th; on the 17th you are freed to resume personal endeavours. On the 20th and 21st, it would be best to take a short trip: You will find a new friend. An idea is initiated on the 22nd; make it a fact on the 24th. Accept a proposal on the 28th to end the month optimistically.

CANCER, June 22-July 22. Your retiring nature is stirred from complacency by the presence of active Mars in your sign; you are persuaded into activities that you might try to resist. After the new moon on the 4th, unusual events force you to action on the 8th and 9th, but in the perverse atmosphere firmness is needed to avoid an upsetting result. Wait until the evening of the 10th for final resolution. If a member of the family takes an odd view, wait until the 15th to deal with the matter. At the full moon, the 19th, the scene changes—all goes more smoothly. An older friend may invite you away for the weekend; accept. From the 24th to the 30th, you return to an unfinished task. A truth is revealed on the 29th.

LEO, July 23-August 23. *You begin the month with plans to suit your sunny nature. With Venus (parties) in a Water sign, Cancer, you will want to entertain your family of friends; but Mercury in Taurus (money) may curb extravagance. The new moon on the 4th stresses financial matters. You may spend the 7th balancing books, but on the 8th you promote a financial idea that brings a return by the evening of the 9th. The 12th is not a good day for social success, but Sunday the 14th is fine for a gathering. Late on the 19th, you receive a surprising message that stimulates a new interest; the advantages unfold on the 18th. Do not impose your will on the 26th; persuade others by proving the idea sound.*

VIRGO, August 24-September 22. Of a practical nature, you start the month with a well-organized plan. You will find the first three days best to involve others in your work. On the new moon, the 4th, responsibility is placed entirely on you. The more determined you are, the more you seem to be resisted. On the 12th, mystery mounts until the illusion is broken and you recognize the futility of the situation. The tide turns after the 16th; you will be sought by new business partners. From the 22nd to the 28th, your worth is recognized and you make a rapid recovery. Return to your original plan. Mercury, the planet that rules your sign, is now in its other sign, Gemini, making it important for you to concentrate on communication this month.

LIBRA, September 23-October 23. You are trying to balance Jupiter (judgment) that has returned to your sign against Uranus that rules new friends. Your tendency to inertia needs shaking up. After the new moon on the 4th, your power will be challenged by Mars in Cancer. You are offered a new rôle on the 8th and 9th. Act on the 12th and 13th, when tension eases. Your judgment under pressure is equal to the task. From the 17th, momentum grows and your prestige reaches a peak on the 27th. Do not be dazzled on the 28th—stretching your luck would end in disappointment. Your ruler, Venus, is in Leo for the second half of the month: a good time for accomplishment in a position of authority.

SCORPIO, October 24-November 22. *With your ruler, Mars, in the domestic sign of Cancer on the 2nd, the family may need your counsel to resolve their problems, but it may take time. You fly well in a storm, but wait until the 7th or 8th before coming in to rescue and resolve. Return to your own affairs on the 11th, and deal with a new partner on the 12th. The 15th is a suitable day to spend with someone you love. Early on the morning of the 17th, a secret reward comes to you. From the 20th to the end of the month, Jupiter in the neighbouring sign, Libra, close to your sign, acts as a partner, offering opportunities and introducing ideas that will be useful when Jupiter enters your sign later. Be alert.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 23-December 21. Your ruler, Jupiter, has returned to the social sign of Libra, a star-time (sixty degrees) away from you, bringing new friends and opportunities. The dream-maker, Neptune, is creating visions Jupiter could make come true. Wait until after the dispute between Mars (reality) and Uranus (eccentricity) subsides on the 8th and 9th, then set up your serious program with renewed confidence. Communicate or advertise on the 10th. Avoid the social scene on the 13th—your promises are too extravagant. From the 17th to the 22nd, consolidate your ideas. Your greatest gains come from the 25th to the 28th; everyone is cooperating. Rework ideas that might have been postponed and press for responses.

CAPRICORN, December 22-January 19. You seem to be assuming the responsibility for communications and agreements. If the family seeks your advice, give it precisely on the 5th—then remain neutral. Do not rein in those who need freedom of expression on the 9th, for you might provoke a limitation that would prevent an important disclosure. While your ruler, Saturn, occupies the sign of values, Taurus, with Mercury in conjunction, neither buy nor sell, no matter how you are pressured. Your judgment is off. After full moon, the period from the 20th to the 24th is the best to sum up all that has gone before. After evaluating, go into action early on the 29th, and press for everything left undone.

AQUARIUS, January 20-February 18. *As you move casually into new undertakings, act on the 3rd and 4th to interest those you need for your program. Slow down on the 7th, 8th, and 9th: You run into a test by Mars, the planet of reality, and the sparks could fly. You can not afford to lose your new recruits. Resume your plan late on the 12th. The 17th to the 20th is an ideal period to find those who have talents useful to you. Jupiter, that has been idling, moves on the 25th. Move with it, to secure signatures or legal advice. About noon on the 30th, communicate with those in power to prove that you have won. Uranus, your ruler, in Libra should have brought you a new associate with the clue to success.*

PISCES, February 19-March 20. Neptunian moods have been troublesome, emphasizing your indecision; but hesitating until after the new moon, on the 4th, will serve you well. Both Mars (reality) and Venus (love) are in the Water (emotional) sign of Cancer (the family). On the evening of the 6th, make your first attempt to unravel a family problem. The 12th exposes a truth about one member of the family that requires a legal decision on the 13th. On the 15th, a friend mysteriously brings harmony by expressing an opinion that relieves you of an obligation. Return to an idea you were promoting on the 25th, and keep at it until the 29th. All will fall into place readily and successfully now that your doubts have faded.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

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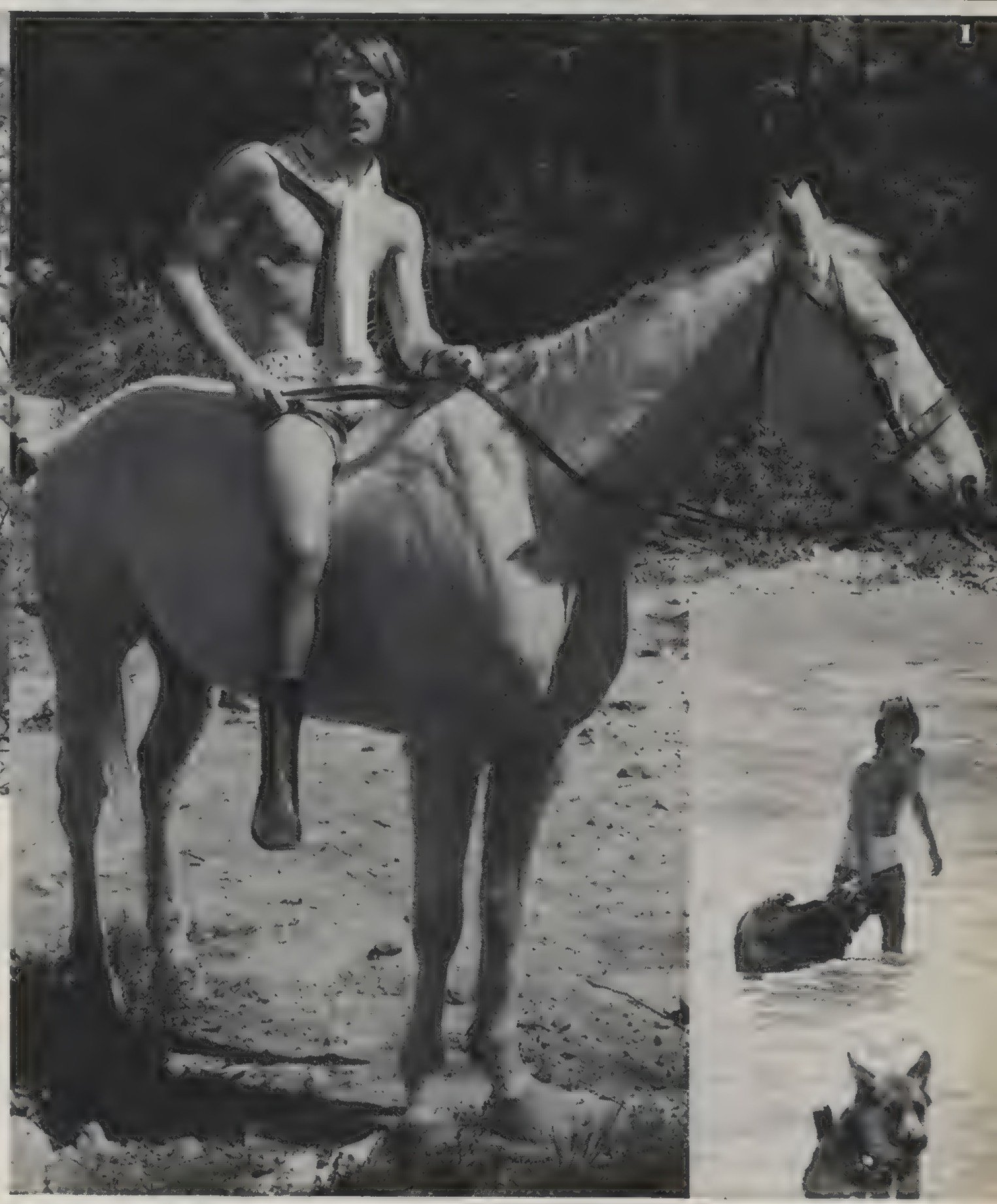
MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Summer!

The joys of it come early to California . . . horses to ride in the wooded hills, dogs to sport with in the surf, and good-looking swim trunks, easy clothes the order of the day. Savouring a California summer here: ***Robert Lipton,*** coming on fast: *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here,* and an Emmy nomination for his TV work. He wears, for bridle path or beach, **1, 3,** swimsuits, straight cut and in the vivid colours and patterns of India silk scarfs aped in synthetics by Hannes B Swimwear. At Paul Stuart, N. Y. **2.** For almost anything, a meld of rich browns in many patterns, fabrics: raisin-and-cream flowered silk shirt, mocha-and-tan patchwork snake vest by Buckroe Country, beige snakeskin belt, henna suède trousers. All from Mike Bain, 8491 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.





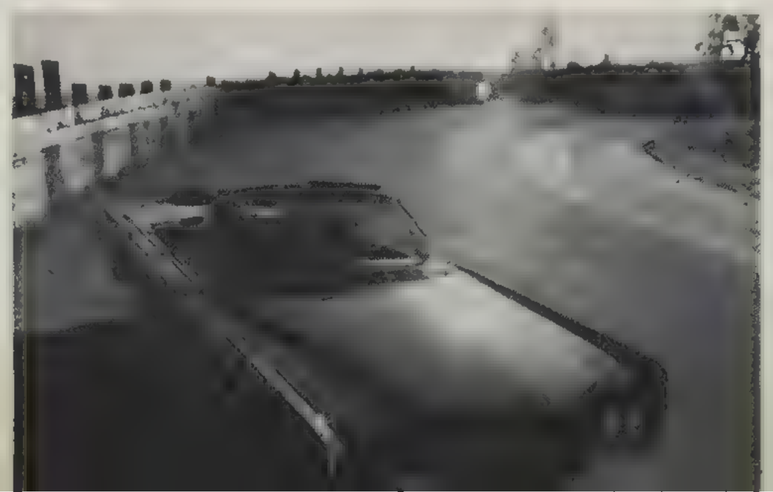


PAUL PAREE

For Fantasy on the Freeways . . . .

There is a man to see in Downtown Burbank. ***Dan Dempski*** has in mind to transform all those look-alike cars that clog the road into lovingly hand-crafted, unique machines such as, **4, *Richard Bowman's*** Baja Desert racer with which Dan is shown. Under mother-of-pearl lacquer splendidly star-emblazoned with multi-hued candy transparencies—a modified Toyota. **5.** A completely rebuilt '61 Lincoln—handmade grille, interior, thirty-five coats of hand-rubbed chestnut lacquer to glitter like a slice of topaz for ***Ray Feldman.*** **6.** For ***Reg Lewis,*** a marriage of '59 Cadillac and '58 Rolls-Royce. Prices for self-expression range from about $8,500 up. Dan Dempski's Kustomotive is at 2511 West Olive Avenue, Burbank, California.







You can't fake it any longer.
This is the year of Honest Skin.



Skin is being exposed everywhere. More leg. More midriff. More bosom. But, face it girl, the skin that better be the prettiest is the skin that the world looks at every day. (And, we hope it's smooth, soft and sexy. Because this year make-ups are really fragile, gossamer and revealing.) If you need help, we have it. Ten-O-Six® Lotion. Use it first thing in the morning, last thing at night. Honestly, results are that pure and simple.

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Bonne Bell®
Lakewood, Ohio 44107

JUNE, 1970

vogue's eye view of Family power

Anyone who can see knows that the single largest power group in the country is the family group. Only the census counts them. The rest of us live in bright fear of sociological statistics. We know about the Generation Gap. We rarely hear when the Gap is closed. We know about the college students demonstrating but we rarely hear about the millions who don't. Four kids with signs are a riot. Four kids with their parents on a beach are a cliché. With so many divorces about, why are so many attractive men stuck with their attractive wives and their bright children? Most of the women in the pages of this issue are married, have children, work as volunteers or in jobs that have great meaning to them and to their families. Whole families are upset by their environment, are working in their communities to get places cleaned up, to stop air pollution, to get water back to freshness, to keep fish alive. One woman in New York City told a political club, yammering about ecology, to sweep up the litter on its sidewalk, offered her children as first-time sweepers. Family power. Behind the ruckus of the women's liberation movement lies a truth: Women should have multiple choices with most of the answers right. None of that true or false business. The times—they are a-changin' and now is the time for women to raise their hopes, their children, and their sights. With men, with husbands, with wit.





The American Family Change-up

BY DR. GRAHAM B. BLAINE, JR.

A number of future-oriented sociologists and psychologists have been speculating recently about the fate of marriage and the family if recent trends toward greater sexual permissiveness and the liberation of women continue. Actually, certain cultural changes have been undermining the foundations of the traditional American family structure for a number of years. One is the movement towards the contraction of the family to what has been termed the "nuclear family" (father, mother, and children) with the exclusion of grandparents particularly, but also of great-uncles, aunts, and other peripheral relatives. This has come about largely as a result of upward social mobility. As children move higher in the economic and social scale, they become alienated from their parents and tend to exclude them from family living. Such exclusion is contributed to also by the geographical mobility so often a part of success in today's business world. Children of today's young parents often see little of their grandparents, and the values of that generation no longer play as great a part in the formation of the conscience and the development of attitudes in children as they did twenty years ago when older relatives, instead of neighbourhood teenagers, were more likely to serve as baby-sitters.

To determine what is most desirable, it is important to have a clear perspective on the reasons for the creation of the institutions of marriage and the family. Both developed as ways of living designed to promote harmony and equity. Man's natural possessiveness led him to wish to continue to be identified with his acquired property and wealth after death. The ability to leave an inheritance to one's own offspring was an important determinant for the creation of the marriage bond—a legal and nominal definition of blood relationship.

Since children, unlike the offspring of other species, need protection for almost a decade after birth, society must determine how this is to be provided. It is obviously most logical for the natural father, as well as the natural mother, to share the responsibility for the care and protection of their children. Therefore, again, for practical reasons primarily, parenthood has carried with it a contractural obligation to support natural children. In addition to the property settlement and survival rationales for marriage and the family, there developed a (Continued on page 195)

American family on the move: The Chapmans

"As a family we move as one," said Mrs. John D. Chapman, rake-y, blond, and buoyant, shown left, against a clean Colorado sky with her three young sons, Steven, David, and John. They live near Denver where Mr. Chapman is vice-president of Welcome Radio, Inc., "but we're constantly going off to ski at Aspen or for pack trips around Clearwater Lake." Crack anglers, the Chapmans like flycasting in Rocky Mountain streams but go after tarpon off the Florida coast. "I still have sand in my shoes," said Mrs. Chapman, an Easterner newly won by the West.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

SARA DI BONAVENTURA

Bringing up people

BY EDITH LOEW GROSS

Mrs. Anthony di Bonaventura, wife of the concert pianist, is not a woman of whom people say, "You'd never guess she had five children, she looks so young and relaxed." She does that. But the enormous pleasure she takes in being a mother is affectingly transparent. As much as the freshness of her skin or the length of her legs or the remarkably vivid blue eyes that regard you with total candour, it is part of her immediate attractiveness. Sara di Bonaventura likes her children, and it shows.



She likes their humour, their openness, and the devil-be-hanged honesty with which they air their perceptions. She treasures the small, daily contacts—the tucking up at night and the fixing of breakfast in the morning; the routine fuss of getting them to school and being with them when they get back. The large, family holidays she spent with her grandparents as a child left her with a high sense of occasion, a terrific urge to make every birthday an event; to make Christmases so joyous that, for years to come, her children will be able to warm themselves in the afterglow; to give meaning to even such ordinary family rituals as having dinner together.

And, in fact, the evening meal—which Mrs. di Bonaventura cooks herself, and for which she often bakes bread or makes pasta—is a very pleasant business indeed, with everyone pulled up to the big round dining table, and the talk sliding from music to football to politics to morals, movies, and what sort of day has everybody had. Light talk. Serious talk. Above all, straight talk—the unself-conscious communication of a family well into the habit of levelling with each other.

(Continued on next page)

A carousel of young di Bonaventuras and Haddads with their mothers, Sara di Bonaventura (this page) and her sister Mrs. William Haddad (opposite)

TONI FRISSELL



BRINGING UP PEOPLE

"So much depends on how you've opened your channels of communication," said Sara di Bonaventura, who has opened hers well. Andrea, fourteen, talks with her mother freely about sex; Christopher, sixteen, is unafraid to trade opinions on pot, and neither parent nor child is afraid to agree. "But if the basic contact isn't there, if your children don't know where they stand with you—or you with them—you can talk abstractly for hours, and it doesn't mean a damn thing." All the di Bonaventura children, seven to sixteen years, know where they stand. There is no question of Mrs. di Bonaventura's surrendering her prerogatives as a parent. Yet, by her unfailing courtesy and attentiveness, and by the long line she extends to them, she makes it plain that she considers her children as people—"bright, interesting, likeable people." Her respect runs as deep as her love.

One of the two children of James Roosevelt, son of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, a daughter of Dr. Harvey Cushing, the most noted neurosurgeon of his time, Sara di Bonaventura has made for her own family an ambience of stability, reasonableness, and spontaneity in which it is easy for a child to be likeable.

In all the lovely, old-fashioned ways and in the most contemporary meaning of the word, she is motherly—a buoyant, compassionate woman, acutely sensitive to the separate, often unexpressed needs of differently-tempered children at different stages of growing up, and quick to respond. She has the words to heal slights, and her touch is untroubling. She is physically good with children: She hugs and holds and enfolds. And she knows when to let go. She knows when to talk and how to listen: ". . . *really* listen, not just for the surface sounds. Children have so many ways of telling you what's wrong, and you can miss them so easily." Sometimes she misses. She makes mistakes.

An endearingly unsaintly person, Mrs. di Bonaventura has ploughed through her share of wits'-end moments. She has spanked and wishes she hadn't: "To swat a kid on the behind is one thing, but actually to turn a child over your knee and spank—that, I think, is horrible. It raises the most tremendous anger and defiance, and your hand aches, and what have you accomplished? After all, you're not trying to inflict pain. You're trying to teach." Abrasive scenes of any kind are not her style. She is not one of those women who lives best at the top of her lungs. But there are times when Sara di Bonaventura's long-fuse temper finally ignites and then, against her grain, she explodes. Over the long haul, she has learned, it is less destructive to voice exasperation and clear the air than to tense up into the introspective knot of her adolescence.

To a very great degree, her sympathies have been shaped by the recollected hurt of those years: She is likely to excuse more, to be more elastic with a teen-aged child—and, by extension, not entirely fair to the younger children. Mrs. di Bonaventura neither denies the charge nor changes course but, instead, weighs the realness of adolescent despair against the unreal concept of total fairness and tries, within the context of family situation, to accustom her children to the idea that fair is relative and often fair enough.

Sara di Bonaventura remembers how it feels to be a child. Vulnerably young when her parents were divorced, she knows how easily a child's security can be shattered. She knows the loneliness of being four years older than an only sister and too shy to make friends of one's own age. And, although she has worn contact lenses for years, she knows that in adolescence, glasses with pretty blue frames are cold comfort to a blue-eyed child if she *has* to wear them. Mrs. di Bonaventura's memory serves her well. Not to salt old wounds, but to give new insights and reaffirm present happiness.

Married in their early twenties—she went to Bryn Mawr; he, to the Curtis Institute of Music—Sara and Anthony di Bonaventura long ago squared up to the sundry perils of family life in the city, decided that life can be dangerous anywhere but more stimulating in the city, and eventually settled into a comfortable, country-flavoured New York house-behind-a-house with enough stretch to sustain individual privacies and a friendly diversity of temperaments, interests, and weekend sleepovers. The children go to the Dalton School (a lifetime of all-girl schools has given Sara di Bonaventura an abiding gratitude for the coeducational system). They come and go by public bus, coping with crowds and traffic . . . just getting along with the everyday challenge of city life and managing very well. It was presumed they would. Mrs. di Bonaventura places high value on the intuitiveness of children about their environment and the ease with which they come to handle themselves in it.

In this affectionate, elastically-structured family, boundaries shift to suit the changing needs of all its members. Limits are set to give measure to reach, and to fall back on when reach exceeds grasp. "It's very scary for children to have unlimited freedom, to go where they want and do what they want. Children don't always want everything they ask for. And until they're old enough and strong enough to know what they really want, and who they really are, they find great comfort in limits."

House rules at the di Bonaventuras are the unremarkable, usually flexible, rules-of-family-survival. There are rules (Continued on page 185)

The di Bonaventuras

Sara and Anthony, *right*.
Above left, at the studio
window that opens on the garden ("it's just a backyard, really")
of their house-behind-a-house in New York, Sara and
the five young di Bonaventuras. Left to right,
Andrea, fourteen; Peter, twelve; Christopher, sixteen;
Betsey, seven; and Sarina, ten.

TONI FRISSELL







JOAN WHITNEY PAYSON

America's sublime amateur—of baseball, racing, art: Saint Joan of the Mets

BY JOSEPH DURSO

Eighty-eight days after men first walked on the moon, the Mets won the World Series and people danced on the sidewalks of New York. Three tons of computer cards cascaded into the canyons of Manhattan. Proclamations were issued, sirens sounded, bells rang. In Shea Stadium, where the deed was done, 57,000 persons swarmed over the field with banners and dismantled the sod where the men of the Mets had marched.

In the middle of the maelstrom, in a front-row box, sat a woman with a round beaming face. The financial and spiritual angel of the team from its start, she, during the bleak seven years when people scoffed, had been the cheerleader, too. Now she is the only woman executive in baseball, the last of a disappearing breed of sportsmen who lavished care and cash on athletes. She is Joan Whitney Payson, and on October 16, 1969, she moved to the centre of a tumultuous stage that had been set for her two generations earlier, in a gentler time before the Mets.

Joan Whitney sat in The Colony Restaurant in New York one afternoon in 1928 having tea with Cathleen Vanderbilt. They had several things in common—like education and money—but they were about to share something else.

"How I envy your house in town," Joan Whitney said.

"Nothing could be lovelier than your co-op," Cathleen Vanderbilt replied.

They looked at each other, smiled, nodded, and reached the only sensible solution in a dead heat. "Let's trade," they said.

And they did, as neatly and joyfully as trading the lemon for the sugar across the tea table. Joan Whitney moved out of her place at 1010 Fifth Avenue and Cathleen Vanderbilt left her house at 11 East Sixty-first Street. The New York *Journal* printed a full page on the swap under the headline: "How the two heiresses solved the house-or-flat dilemma which every bride and husband knows."

All this took place thirty-two years, one depression, and one World War before Joan Whitney just as sensibly bought a baseball team for $3,750,000 and began to trade players instead of houses. But either way, she is the least uptight of persons, with the resources to back up her choices. She also has the casual colourfulness of one of the last of the true aristocrats on the public scene since she bought the baseball team, the New York Mets, the wonder team of the nineteen-sixties.

In fact, she became one of the last of the great entrepreneurs: the people who own sports teams and art galleries for the love of it. As a child, Joan Whitney sat in the family box near the New York Giants' dugout while John McGraw prowled. As an adult, she sat in the Joan Whitney Payson private box near the Mets' dugout while Casey Stengel prowled. She was not the least perturbed by the fact that the former privilege cost several hundred dollars and the latter several million dollars.

Either way, Joan Whitney wanted to follow her heart's desire, whether in collecting art, breeding race horses, financing hospitals and galleries, doting on her four children and eleven grandchildren, or *not* swapping any of the six houses she now keeps. Either way, she became one of those unusual women who has preserved *joie de vivre* and an open spirit in a world that grew more grim as it turned into the 'seventies.

The family trait of involvement reached far back. Her mother was Helen Hay Whitney, the daughter of John Hay, aide to President Abraham Lincoln and Secretary of State for both William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. Her father was Payne (Continued on page 188)

Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, who is Joan to thousands of fans who have never met her, was photographed in full joy with one of her three daughters, Lady Weidenfeld, and that daughter's daughter, Joan Whitney Meyer: three generations linked in their love of art, their stand-tall carriage, their robust senses of humour. Lady Weidenfeld, wife of Sir George Weidenfeld, the British publisher, cuts out her mother's interest in sports, cuts in her own interest in the theatre, especially the Royal Court Theatre in London. One of three children, her daughter Joan, now finishing her first year at the University of Denver where anthropology and skiing caught her, is the only one of eleven grandchildren to have inherited, through Mr. Payson, hair the deep red of shined mahogany. The Paysons' Long Island house holds its generations easily. There, an amusing photograph of Mrs. Payson as a triumphant Statue of Liberty may turn up in a room hung with magnificent paintings; a souvenir plaque "To Mother" given by a son-in-law, below a Rembrandt; or, on a table filled with superb small bronzes, a grandchild's lollipop jar. In this house Mrs. Payson, without self-consciousness, gives her selective sense of art the same houseroom as everything else she loves and en joys. She is, to a European friend, the essence of "the Americanness of the American woman."

ALEXIS WALDECK


AVEDON



YASMIN AGA KHAN

DAUGHTER OF RITA HAYWORTH
AND THE LATE ALY KHAN...

An American college girl, an Ismaili princess — very much in that order. She keeps her own integrity, does her own thing. More about Yasmin on page 196.

YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE, INVOLVED, THE WEYMOUTHS LIVE IN NEW YORK—"WE LIKE IT HERE"—AND GRAPPLE WITH ITS PROBLEMS

The Weymouths are lookers—both tall, handsome, spirited, with dark hair and brown eyes. They're also doers. . . . They belong to the new young breed that thinks the way to tackle ghetto problems is to wade in and help—working with people in the neighbourhood, on the block-and-storefront level. Both have been deeply involved with the program to improve conditions in Brooklyn's problem-wracked Bedford-Stuyvesant section. Yann is an architect with I. M. Pei & Partners, the firm which—working closely with the community—designed and executed the first "superblock" in Bed-Stuy, actually a three-block area of renovated homes with an interior park. Lally has worked in Bed-Stuy on two different projects: helping to set up a community TV program of local news and interviews, on a tiny budget; and helping to organize a triumphal rock concert last May at Brooklyn's Academy of Music. . . . The Weymouths were married when Lally was a senior at Radcliffe and Yann a second-year student at MIT's architectural school. For the first year they lived in Cambridge, and Lally worked as a reporter on the Boston *Globe*, a logical job for her to choose—her father was Philip Graham, the late publisher of the Washington *Post*, and her mother is Katharine Graham, the present publisher. . . . Yann, a Navy officer's son, was born in California and grew up "all over the place—I went to twelve different schools." His ancestry is part Breton, which explains his name: it's the Breton version of John. Lally's real name is Elizabeth. . . . Now they live in a white-white, sun-flooded modern apartment in New York with two rotund, intensely sociable little daughters—Katharine, four, and Pamela, two. . . . A friend on the *Amsterdam News* who worked with Lally on Bed-Stuy projects said of her: "She actually works. If you get a commitment from her, you've got something." . . . Yann said: "Just say Lally's awfully cute and interested in a lot of things."

AVEDON

YANN AND LALLY WEYMOUTH



THE PRESIDENT'S

DAUGHTERS

MISS PATRICIA NIXON AND MRS. DAVID EISENHOWER, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE WHITE HOUSE BY HORST

Disarmers, both. Glistening, crisp, joyous. Mrs. Eisenhower, right, a seeker, quick to laugh, to learn, and to welcome, has the poise and assurance of years she hasn't reached. Miss Nixon, left, almost unreasonably pretty, spreads a manner of contained courtesy, then stabs it with knowledge and surprise. Both daughters of the President and Mrs. Nixon were photographed in the sun-glazed third-floor family room between the Queen's and the Lincoln bedrooms.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS...



MRS. WILLIAM L. HUTTON WITH (LEFT TO RIGHT)
CONSUELO, 19; LINDA, 17; MIMI, 10; CYNTHIA, 13

All blonde, all pretty, Mrs. Hutton and her daughters view the world with the same widely-spaced blue-grey eyes, the same direct, friendly look. Yet no two actually resemble each other strongly, and there's no rubber-stamp impression about the family as a whole: individual differences are respected, enjoyed. . . . Consuelo, the eldest, is a beauty, a straight-A student, brilliant at mathematics, who loves ice-skating—and riding lickety-split on her younger sisters' skate-boards. Linda has a flair for sports—and mimicry. Cynthia is marvellous with animals. Mimi adores horses and all birthday parties. . . . The Huttons spend winters in New York in an apartment overlooking the Park, with a delicious pale-yellow and white drawing room that is generally flooded with sun—and often resounding with one of the girls' rock records. From there, Mr. Hutton commutes daily to a family manufacturing business in New Jersey; Consuelo goes uptown to Barnard; Cynthia and Mimi go off to day school. On holidays, when Linda comes home from Foxcroft, they're all apt to take off for a week's skiing in Vermont. Summers are spent in a low, rambling white house on the dunes at East Hampton, with tennis, golf, riding, the beach. Over all these activities, Virginia Hutton presides with humour, charm, and gentleness. She has the delicate, Dresden-china beauty, the long slender neck, that were famous attributes of her great-aunt, Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan, who as a débutante in Paris was known as *"La belle Mlle. Vanderbilt au long cou."* . . . About the Huttons, a young friend said recently: "They're a wonderful mixture of fun and cool reserve that is very special in 1970."

"WE LOVE BEING TOGETHER"



ALEXIS WALDECK

MRS. LEWIS T. PRESTON WITH (LEFT TO RIGHT):
ELECTRA, 9; COOKY, 18; PANSY, 10; LINDA, 19

"We're all so independent," said Mrs. Preston about her family; "everyone is a very distinct personality, but we all love doing things together." . . . They love swimming and tennis in the summer, riding and skiing in the winter, and "we have laughs on ice skates." They love to cook, to go to the theatre and the ballet, to travel. This passion was sharpened during three years they spent abroad (1965-68) when Mr. Preston, a banker, was stationed in London. They revelled in everything: Shakespeare at Stratford, Christmases in France, skiing in Switzerland, and long, lovely summer holidays in Italy. . . . Now they live in the country, not far from New York, though it seems remote: "You can see for miles, and not a house in sight," said Mrs. Preston. Linda goes to Finch College, where she's concentrating on history and Italian; Cooky is at Foxcroft, will study next year at the University of Grenoble; Pansy ("a sprite") and Electra are at the local country day school. The house is nineteenth century, Italianate, trellised and vine-covered inside and out, and comfortably contains not only the family and friends, but a dog, a cat, a canary, hamsters, guinea pigs, turtles, fish and frogs.

In summer, everyone simply moves outdoors, where there's not only a swimming pool and a tennis court but two less predictable delights—a gazebo and a hermit's cave.

"It's almost like being in a different country," said Patsy Preston; "such serenity, romance, peace. It's really like a haven. . . . We thoroughly enjoy our life."

CONDESA DE
ROMANONES



GREAT AMERICAN EXPORT—A WOMAN OF VIGOUR AND DASH

Her home is Spain and she speaks its language perfectly, in the most marvellous voice—deep and warm—a colourful voice that reflects her amusement and joy in life. Her husband is the Conde de Romanones, possessor of one of Spain's oldest titles, and they have three handsome grown sons, a life that revolves around their several houses and many shared enthusiasms, such as shooting, surfing, tennis. Tall and erect, Aline Romanones sometimes looks very Spanish—especially in riding or shooting clothes—with her dark hair, olive skin, and long-lashed black-olive eyes. Yet she is uniquely American—adaptable, slightly impressionable, adventurous, spirited. A smasher. Left: Aline Romanones wears with great ease and style brown leather pants from Mitzou, shirt and dog collar from the Saint Laurent Boutique in Madrid, Odyssey fringed black shawl. Her boots are from Van Jul. Right: She loves the midi, wore a buttery suède midi coat for a shoot with the King of Morocco not long ago; wears her Pertegaz beige canvas raincoat here, her brown Saint Laurent shooting hat, Mitzou ponyskin bag, beige boots from Pedro Garcia, Madrid.

BERT STERN





BARBRA STREISAND

OUR STAR . . . ALL STYLE . . .
AND ROARING WITH TALENT

America's talent. Starshine. She wears it like skin. Bright, jolly, curious, pretty much a loner, she works with total concentration—then throws the mechanics away, and when her voice pours out across an audience, she makes the night bright and the world glorious. Says she's terrified of audiences. Looks them dead in the eye until she makes contact, then gives and gives. . . . A super entertainer and a marvellous modern-looking girl—suddenly younger, thinner, prettier, girlier, with a soft swing of loose blond hair. Radiates a new warmth and genuine niceness still spiked, happily, with the Good Old Barbra wit. New awareness: "I always felt I had to prove myself," she said. "I'm a person now. I relish my vulnerability, but I don't have this need to work. Like I don't need to please my mother any more. . . . But pain is a part of life or how else can you accept joy?" . . . Joy, quick and pure, is what she gives—on stage, in the movies, and rolling like a good surf through all her records. Latest single: "The Best Thing You've Ever Done." And we'll see her soon as the pussycat-go-go dancer in the movie The Owl and the Pussycat with George Segal. Flamboyant, exacting, exciting, she is possessed by genius.

AVEDON

LIZA MINNELLI
JANE FONDA YOUNG SUCCESSES

KEEPING STAR QUALITY IN THE FAMILY

Liza Longlegs, left. Dark-brown eyes and quick, almost-Judy-Garland smile. Vibrant, supple, her short hair shining, cropped and growing at the same time. Last seen as Pookie, the anguished freshman in The Sterile Cuckoo. On next as Junie Moon in Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon. Sings and dances her brains out with the Bojangles, the rocketing rock-to-banjo group from Texas. What does she do for fun? "Work is my hobby." Liza's dress: brief, pleated black lace by Stanley Herman for Mr. Mort. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Jewelled choker and gold chain by Van Cleef & Arpels. Pappagallo shoes (bows added). Schiaparelli body stocking.

The new Jane Fonda, right, has her light-brown hair cut short, brushed down to eye level, hugged to her small, fragile face. Once the comic-strip cutie of Barbarella, she recently marathon-danced her way through They Shoot Horses, Don't They?, got her head shot out, and won the New York Film Critics Award for the part. Committed all the way—to her work, her daughter Vanessa, to learning more, living simply. Thoughtful, positive, optimistic—she's discovered life's worth and wants everyone to have some. Jane's turnout: green-gold-and-pink chiffon by Jean Bouquin.

BERT STERN





Elinor Kaine, *far right,* a lunatic about sports, a good-looking woman with brown hair, brown eyes, and the only sports column by a woman nationally syndicated in sixty newspapers. That column's official name is "Football and the Single Girl," but it is sometimes called "A Broad's View of Football." Funny, gossipy, frank, and technical, the column has been Elinor Kaine's ticket all over the country, led straight to her informative book, *Pro Football Broadside,* and to her weekly newsletter, *Lineback,* dealing with all sports. (She started writing about sports ten years ago when she quit writing society junk for the *Miami Herald.*) In the summer Elinor Kaine leaves her New York apartment at six in the morning to teach a three-hour course at Belmont Park on how to watch and bet on horse races. She is a full professor.

Paule Marshall, *above,* whose brilliant, packed, passioned novel *The Chosen Place, the Timeless People,* published in 1969, is this year an Ebony Book Club choice; her 1959 novel, *Brown Girl, Brownstones,* this year a paperback. (Her article on Fannie Lou Hamer appears on page 126.) A round-eyed pretty woman who speaks as she writes, picking her way lovingly through words, Mrs. Marshall was born in Brooklyn, got her writing start in New York on the Black publication *Our World,* clanking out "sin and sex stories." Her parents came from Barbados; Mrs. Marshall knows and travels the West Indies (most recently Haiti, with her ten-year-old son), attracted and wise to their cultural and racial complexities—and writing about them. "I'm miserably slow, meticulous, dissatisfied," she said, her hands contributing a spare calligraphy. "But nothing can beat the pleasure of getting a sentence right."

Brenda Patterson, *above right,* pretty, twenty-two, jugsize, from the Arkansas side of the Mississippi, with a big voice that whams home the gospel sound, who crossed the river at seventeen to work the riverfront clubs. At seven, she sang in the church choir and tapped her foot to the hammer rhythm of the hymns. Backed by Redbone—three Aztecs and a Cheyenne—a group that has caught the wah-wah bottom sound of the blues-spiritual, she holds her own with songs like "Ain't No Grave Can Hold My Body Down" in her new album, *Keep On Keepin' On,* sad and strong.

Gelsey Kirkland, *near right,* a soloist ballerina at seventeen, the high-flying new bird of *The Firebird* and the youngest member of the New York City Ballet. A wisp with azure eyes and flamingo legs, she captured critics with her joy-tinged lilt as the Sugar Plum Fairy in *The Nutcracker;* as a soloist in a pas de deux with her sister, Johnna, in *Reveries.* A daughter of the late playwright, Jack Kirkland, who wrote the famous *Tobacco Road,* she began dancing at eight, dropped into the corps de ballet at fifteen and out of school at sixteen. "I had to decide on one or the other," said Gelsey Kirkland, in her charmingly flat Pennsylvania voice. "And I want to dance."



ELINOR KAINE: THOM LAFFERTY
PAULE MARSHALL: JACK ROBINSON; GELSEY KIRKLAND: CLAUDE PICASSO

people are

TALKING about...

Encounter groups:

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jane Howard, a free-wheeling staff writer of* Life, *is the author of* Please Touch, *a new book on encounter groups which are sometimes known as sensitivity-training workshops, human-relations marathons, and by countless other names. According to Jane Howard, "an encounter group is a gathering for a few hours or a few days of ten to twenty personable, responsible, certifiably normal people whose destination is intimacy, trust, and awareness of why they behave as they do in groups; their vehicle is candour. Quite often they have never seen each other before. . . . Some of them shout, seethe, sob, attack, embrace. All of them survive long spells of silence. In fact, they become connoisseurs of different qualities of silence—awkward, peaceful, Quaker, painful, comfortable." She travelled the country, visited about twenty encounter groups, tried many of the methods, and came to some stern and amusing conclusions. This article, a summing up of part of what she learned, is a variant of an excerpt from her extraordinarily perceptive investigations for her book which will be published later this month by McGraw-Hill.*

By Jane Howard

Twelve red oak trees past the creek, just off the big interstate highway, there's a byroad where you turn left and go a mile and three-tenths. Then you take the left fork of that road to a big sign that says "Sinistra." Follow the driveway all the way back past the poppy fields to the main lodge, and ask for Kevin Levin. Don't be startled if whoever is at the desk isn't wearing any clothes; you'll soon feel like disrobing, too. And don't be surprised if Kevin Levin isn't around at all. He is frequently off spreading his ideas in other parts of the country. Whoever meets you is bound to be breathtakingly attractive. Everyone at Sinistra is. The ten males on the staff are exceptionally well formed, the ten young ladies as shapely as they are authoritative, and the kennel of champion Labrador retrievers (some black and some yellow) are amazingly quick to learn. There is also a defrocked swami in residence, oddly enough the only person who habitually wears clothes. He chants, it seems incessantly, in Sanskrit. Occasionally there is a visiting expert in Body Awareness or Political Theory or both.

Unless you've applied months in advance you won't stand much chance of getting into the Creative Nonverbal Interconnection Workshops for which Sinistra is legendary. These workshops, for twenty-four people at a time, are booked well into next year and cancellations are unheard of.

Each group stays for four well-programmed days. Each person pays $250. That might seem a lot, but consider what you get for your money: intensely personal tutelage in Interconnection (first, with only one staff member, then, in groups of three and four and up to twelve). It's really marvellously liberating. Guests usually feel completely relaxed after a couple of hours on the premises. Any residual tension is quickly dispelled by the use of lysergic acid, available on demand, or, for the more wary, the thriving patch of cannabis in the garden behind Kevin Levin's luxuriously rustic "cottage."

Levin shares his "cottage" with Swamba Mbote and Harriet Porterfield Bradshaw. Swamba is that arrestingly elegant Masai girl—she says she's Masai, anyway—and Harriet made her début in Boston a few seasons back, before she gave up that sort of thing. She and Swamba keep house for Kevin, interconnecting creatively with each other when he is out of town. They also keep track of the instructions that come through the underground from North Korea on how most effectively to teach Sensitive Governmental Overthrow at evening workshop sessions.

These sessions are held in a room with no furniture at all. Don't be alarmed if you happen to hear yelps and screams coming from that room. Guests in there are also taught Improved Vocal Reaction to Group Stimuli, and sometimes things do sound as if they're getting a little out of hand. For guests who may feel chilly, scarlet ponchos are available to toss over their shoulders. But as I say, the climate at Sinistra is so reliably clement that hardly anybody bothers with clothes.

Sinistra is of course an absurd fiction, but you wouldn't think so to listen to the enemies of the human potential movement. This loosely organized movement, to which we owe the ubiquity of that curious social form the encounter group, has plenty of well-organized enemies. Encounter groups, a kind of "therapy for the normal," claim not to make sick people well, but to help well people grow. They are also known as behavioural science laboratories, T-groups, and by other names. They try, in short, explosive periods at a time, to make their members more honest and more attentive to their own and each other's feelings. Led by all manner of experts, who use all manner of techniques, they exist everywhere. Churches use them, schools use them, police forces use them, giant business conglomerates use them. It would, in fact, be hard to find any human institution—from families of two on up—for which some version of the encounter group has not been tailored. It would also be hard to find a corner of the world as yet unreached by the tears, shouts, stares, hugs, fantasies, colossal fatigue, and truly religious fervour that encounter groups inspire.

The groups also inspire outbursts of rage, stemming from such vigilant forces as the John Birch Society and the Patriotic Letter Writers of Pasadena. The "comsymp" [Communist sympathizers] human potential movement, these enemies contend, is "spreading like a cancer" as it schemes to "turn people into manipulated zombies" and cajole innocents to "pay for the privilege of being helped to feel like worms." Such objections are paranoid, hysterical, and even funny, but not all criticism of the movement is. Some of it is sobering.

I came across a lot of criticism—mixed reviews—in the year I spent investigating the movement. I investigated it two ways: emotionally (by subjecting my own psyche to the scrutiny of some twenty crazily varying versions of the encounter group), and, as they say in the movement, with my head (by reading as much about the movement and talking to as many of its diverse leaders as time would allow). I covered some 20,000 miles, zigzagging between such dissimilar temples of the movement as the cautious, highly respectable National Training Laboratories Institute for Applied Behavioral Science, in Washington, D. C., and boldly adventurous "growth centres" like Esalen Institute in Big Sur, California. I met a lot of visionaries and a lot of pedants but also a good many thoughtful people who were willing to admit and discuss the human potential movement's frailties as well as its strengths. Here are some of the charges most often levelled at the movement and its groups, each one followed by a summary of the most rational responses I could gather.

1. The groups can be run by charlatans who are corrupt or mediocre or both. True. Let the buyer beware, only not everybody who seeks to "buy" sensitivity is wary enough. The product is too amorphous for those who dispense it to be licensed or certified in any foolproof or

emotional

effective way. Nobody can say for sure precisely what balance of compassion and credentials the ideal group leader ought to possess, or how much training he needs, or where such training can best be gained. Many good ones are connected with the National Training Laboratories Institute, or with university faculties, or with growth centres, but a lot of other good ones aren't. Meanwhile, public bulletin boards and underground newspaper columns abound with notices of "sensory awakening workshops" and "interpersonal relations marathons" led by con artists who have no business meddling with other people's hearts and souls.

2. The groups are a hotbed of junkies and dope addicts. Not so. The group movement flowered along with the hippie drug culture, to be sure, and many curious seekers have experimented with both routes to transcendence. But as Rasa Gustaitis pointed out in her book, *Turning On*, the whole object of the human potential movement is to expand consciousness without using chemicals. Synanon (whose "games" for "tribes" of addicts and others as well are a species of encounter group) was founded expressly to fight drug use. So have been several other group-centred organizations and therapeutic communities.

3. The groups are part of a Communist plot. Sure, and so are the Daughters of the American Revolution.

4. The groups invade privacy. Right on. I never saw anyone in a group forced or coerced into a confession, but some I was in seemed monumental games not of *I've Got a Secret* but "I *Had* a Secret, And Here's What It Was." I am disinclined to serve my secrets up for a roomful of strangers, however congenial and well-wishing the strangers might be. The writer George Steiner left a weekend at Esalen, where he had given a seminar, feeling the same way only more so.

"It seems to me," Steiner later said, "that there is less and less of a zone of reticence around human beings. I'm obsessed with privacy, and I was offended by their technique of embarrassing people into telling publicly about the privacies of the body and the psyche."

5. The groups foster sexual promiscuity. True, partly. Rumours of orgiastic abandon in groups are overblown, but not unfounded. In certain groups, usually those on the West Coast, the vital juices can be set astir with what to some may seem unfamiliar and undue haste. When strangers are asked, the first time they ever congregate, "Who in this room would you most like to go to bed with? " it is no wonder that those who end up retiring alone should feel forlorn. Two or three nights of such forlornness often prompt liaisons that wouldn't have happened elsewhere, sometimes followed by morning-after group discussions along the lines of "Sleep and Tell." A woman in one group I was in confessed that she had had two sexual experiences in her five days there, "one of them fantastic."

"Was either of them with someone in this group?" the leader asked. She nodded yes. "Was that the fantastic one?" No. "Would you like to tell us who in the group it was?" The woman looked at a shy and gentle man across the room.

"Shall we tell them, Norman?" she asked. Poor Norman didn't have much choice.

"I used to think we just illuminated marital strife, not that we created it," one group leader told me. "But now I think maybe we *do* create it." Sometimes such strife arises when people rediscover their long-ignored sexuality. But many people, married and otherwise, regard that rediscovery as the human potential movement's most valuable gift. Who can mourn if a forty-one-year-old virgin suddenly feels seductive?

6. The groups encourage physical violence. Nearly always false. Arm-wrestling is about as far as physical struggles in groups are ever allowed to get. As the leader of my "tribe" at Synanon said, speaking for most of the movement, "the difference between us and Hitler is that he killed people, while we don't even let you *threaten* to hit somebody." The impromptu "virility rite" I heard about at Esalen, during which one man hurled another out of an open window, was an exception.

7. Groups can be fatal. Not that I know of. Of the six million or so Americans said to have taken part in such groups, I have heard of four deaths—one apparent accident and three suicides. I'm not persuaded those people wouldn't have died anyway, had they never come near the movement.

striptease

8. Groups, said a skeptical college professor, turn some people into "absolute wrecks who need radical emotional surgery. Such people ought to be filtered out of the groups in advance." But efforts at such screening—several of which have been tried—don't work, because incipient "wrecks" are clever at feigning wholesome normalcy. Besides, statistical surveys show a very low percentage of "psychotic breaks" in groups. One study set the incidence of "serious stress and mental disturbance" at less than 1 per cent. Another reported two "breaks" out of five hundred people, and another five out of fifty thousand. One man who has been leading groups for fifteen years guesses he has seen "twenty-five or thirty people dramatically, floridly disturbed." But he hastens to advance a theory popular among his colleagues: That if you're going to crack up anyway, an encounter group is the best of all possible places to do it. "The groups," as he said, "have an infinite capacity to heal."

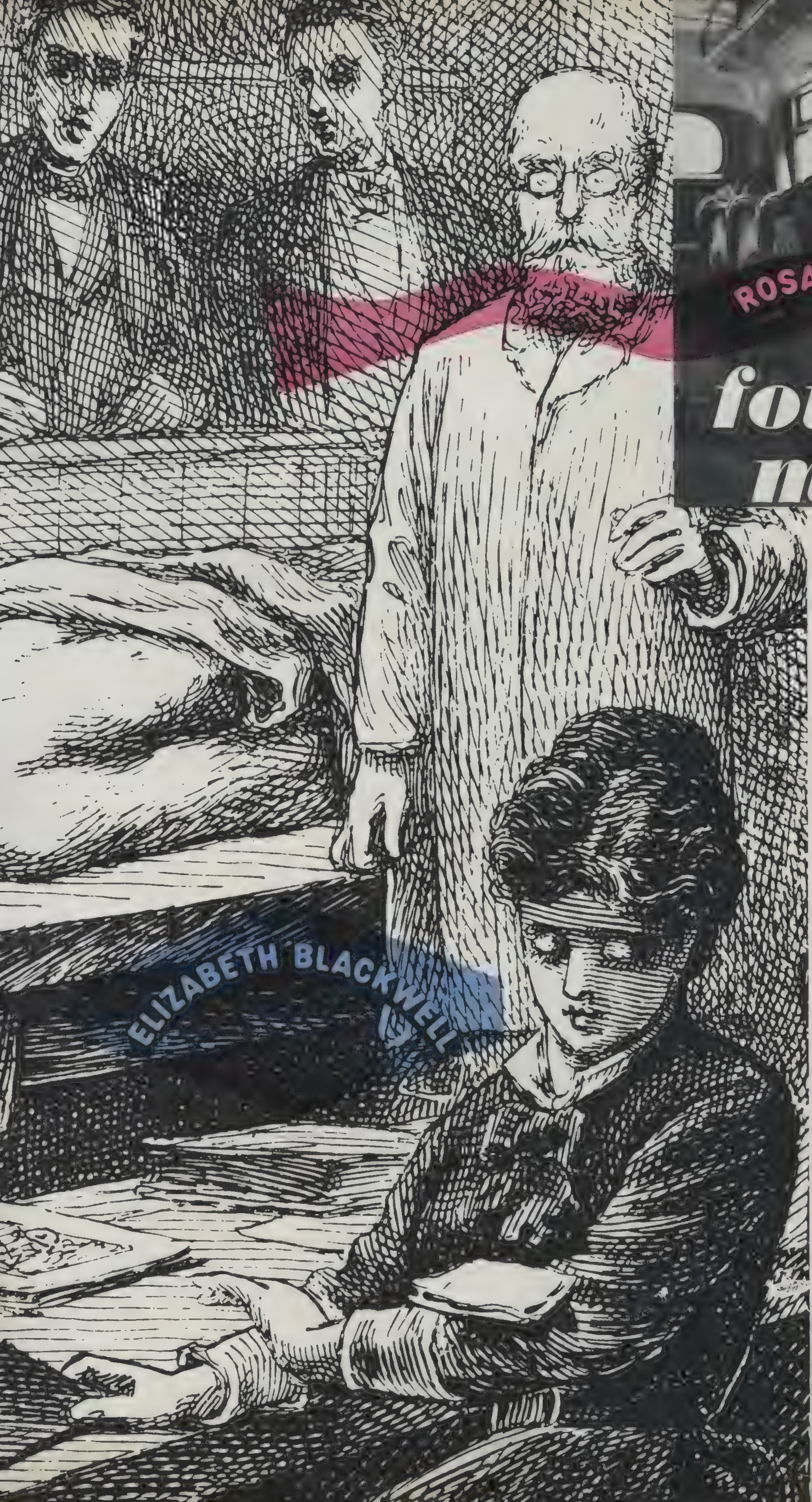
"I know of no laboratory program," said a Yale University professor, "that has, or could, hurt people as much as they are hurt during their everyday work relationships."

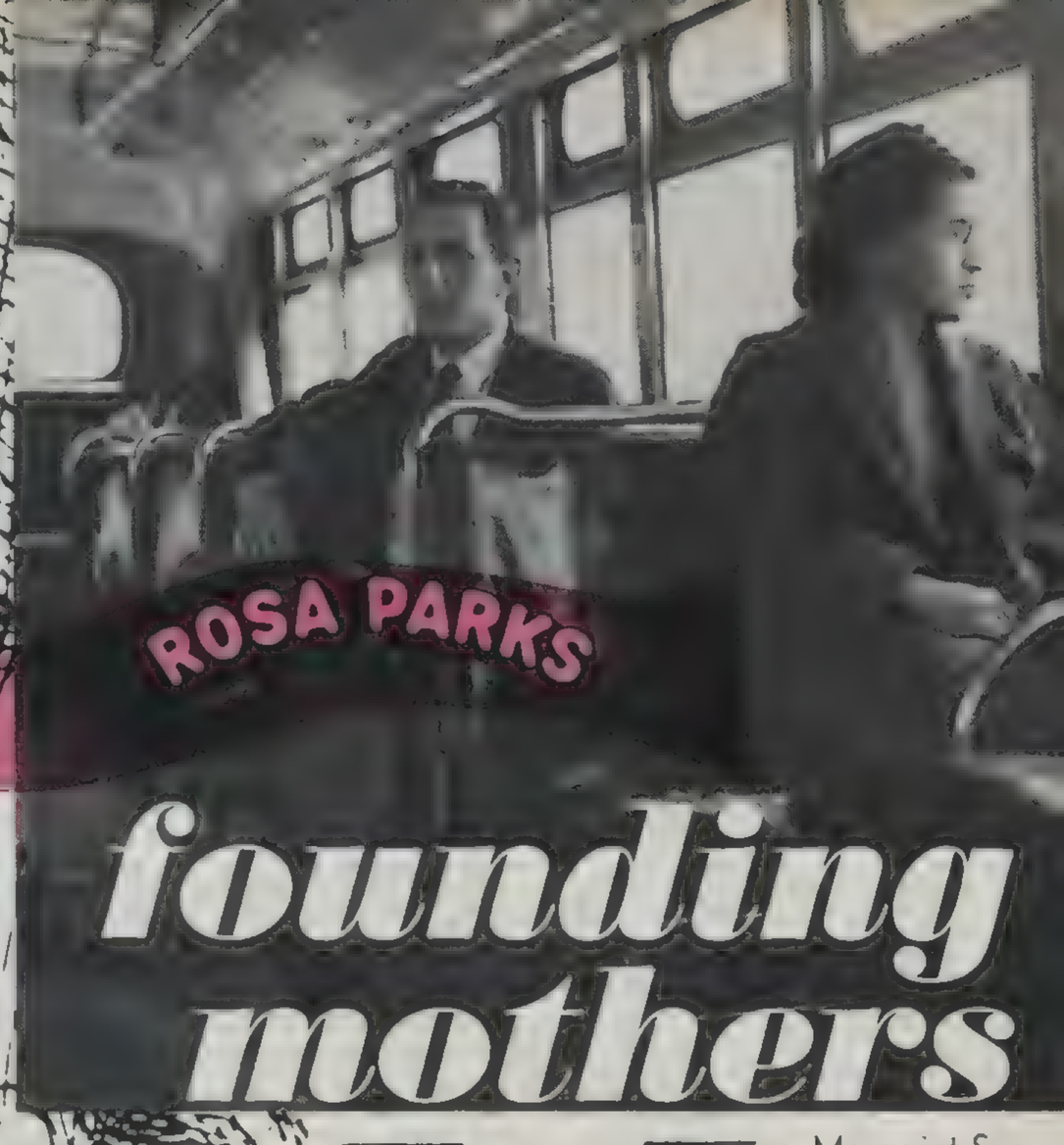
9. Groups hypnotize their members. True, on occasion. I described a "body trip" I had at one growth centre to Dr. Milton Kline, a New York psychiatrist who specializes in hypnotherapy. He said it sounded very much like hypnosis, "susceptibility to (Continued on page 186)

for women?



THESE FOUR WOMEN, ALL TRUE GRIT, ATTRACTIVE, INDOMITABLE, COURAGEOUS, WILY, AND UNSTOPPABLE, HELPED MAKE IT FOR AMERICAN WOMEN WHO ARE THE PRODUCTS OF THEIR DREAMS.





founding mothers

Mrs. Margaret Sanger, a defiant nurse, began giving contraceptive advice—then illegal—to New York City women in 1912, and later included the world. The mother of planned parenthood, she devised the phrase "birth control" in 1914, and was arrested in 1916.

Princess Pocahontas of the Algonkian Indians made the first interracial marriage in America when she married John Rolfe on April 5, 1614, in Jamestown, Virginia. Later she became the unofficial first ambassador from the colonies to the Court of King James I. She died in London about two years later and the parish church at Gravesend recorded her death: "A Virginia Lady borne, was buried in the chauncell."

Elizabeth Blackwell was the first woman doctor of medicine and the first woman to get her medical degree in this country. (Here she is shown at her first surgical operation—about 1853.) Among the objections to her admittance to medical school were that she would see naked cadavers in the presence of men, that she would faint at the sight of blood, and that she would embarrass doctors in the operating theatre.

Rosa Parks, a tired Black seamstress, at 5:30 in the evening on December 1, 1955, refused to move to the back of the bus in Montgomery, Alabama. Without violence, she accepted arrest. To continue her mild protest, the bus boycott started. That began one of the ten greatest moments, according to George R. Metcalf's *Black Profiles*, "in the history of the American Negro since the first slaves were landed in Jamestown in 1607."

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LIBERATED, ALL LIBERATED

RENATA ADLER

Her writings, unforgivable diagnoses

Renata Adler, a writer so logical and balanced that her dicta seem objective, is a passionately concerned woman whose concerns show up in her two recently published books, *A Year in the Dark: Journal of a Film Critic, 1968-69* and *Toward a Radical Middle: Fourteen Pieces of Reporting and Criticism*. Born in Milan, Italy, about thirty years ago, and brought up in Connecticut, she is a slight, dark journalist with her hair usually braided around her head. Since 1962 she has been on the staff of *The New Yorker* except for fourteen months as movie critic for *The New York Times* where she exposed her lack of adjectives of adoration. To the horror of many she *evaluated* films in a powerful daily newspaper. Although it is a pleasure to read her, it is rarely a pleasure to be scrutinized by her. She is unbearably direct and accurate, slicing into a mind like that of Norman Podhoretz as though it were a pound of baloney.

FRANCINE GRAY

To be a crusader takes great discipline

Tall, ibis-legged, with wondrous eyes, Francine du Plessix Gray looks as if she burned commitment like a reckless fuel. A writer, a thinker, a moral militant, she has lavished this commitment on her first book, *Divine Disobedience*, a precise and vivid study of some leaders of the radical Catholic movement in America now. Raised as a Catholic, impressed at fourteen by Kierkegaard, at college a student of comparative religions irresistibly attracted to the "leap of faith into the absurd," Mrs. Gray has considered herself an agnostic. In 1963, President Kennedy's assassination hurled her back toward the Church to find a new group of inspired young dissident priests. She took fire from their fire: revolution *because* of faith rather than *instead* of it. Married to the artist Cleve Gray, with two young sons, she writes by night at their Connecticut farm and organizes by day, especially for Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Viet Nam. Disciplined, rigorous, Mrs. Gray demands of herself as a writer what she expects of a crusader: "Don't be a dilettante."

PENN

JACK ROBINSON

CLAUDE PICASSO

The name babies live by

DR. VIRGINIA APGAR is a woman of commanding presence subverted by her own jokes. Tall, robust, at sixty she travels like a meteor ("I slowed down to 77,000 miles last year"), talks at the same speed—facts sometimes not known to medical students. They use her name as an acronym to learn the five points on the Apgar Score, a rating system for newborn babies she devised eighteen years ago when she was professor of anaesthesiology at New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center: Appearance, Pulse, Grimace (reflex irritability), Activity, and Respiration. Exactly sixty seconds after birth—some score pads include a timer—the baby is rated from 0 to 2 on these bases. The score switches delivery-room attention from the mother's health to the baby's, may bring quick action that saves life. Not an indication of the individual baby's chance of survival, the score is a statistical tool in cutting infant mortality. Today, Dr. Apgar is vice-president for medical affairs of The National Foundation-March of Dimes, where she coordinates research in the prevention of birth defects. She also teaches teratology (abnormal development) at Cornell University Medical College and studies acoustical physics: She's building all the instruments for a string quartet.

DR. JUDIANNE DENSEN-GERBER

"Addicted adolescents are not a legal problem, only a medical one"

Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, the founder and executive director of the fifteen Odyssey Houses for the prevention and treatment of drug addiction by psychiatric means, is a pretty woman of thirty-five who makes up her eyes but forgets her lipstick, who drives an orange-coloured car, and who can not be fazed or intimidated. The mother of three children, the wife of Dr. Michael Baden, Deputy Chief Medical Examiner of New York City, the mistress of a town house, and the possessor of a bachelor of arts degree, *cum laude*, from Bryn Mawr, 1956, she is both a Doctor of Jurisprudence from the Columbia University Law School, and a Doctor of Medicine from the New York University Medical School. Her detractors call her hysterical, some of them summoning her to court because the houses she has had to use for addicts are old and rotten. While the newspapers chronicle the deaths of children from overdoses of heroin, her enemies say that she pays children to act as addicts. Nonsense. For Dr. Densen-Gerber, psychiatrist and lawyer, is a flexible woman, using the funds she can raise, the housing she can get. Her ego is not tied up in being right. At Odyssey Houses, there are addicts but no guards. Each house is a therapeutic community in which half are addicts and half are staff, with the staff busy with guidance and therapy. At an Odyssey House the past is never used to excuse current behaviour. To avoid present responsibility for oneself is discouraged. The addict must lead a structured life, highly organized, for the patient and his way of life were sick. Odyssey House is never a loving, permissive parent. It is a way to a new life without conning, gaming, manipulation. Nothing is done for the patients that they can do for themselves. After treatment in residence, a former addict works out his reentry into the non-addictive world by getting a high school equivalency diploma if the patient is not a high school graduate, by holding a job, and then by approval of his peers and the professional staff for discharge. Balancing this intricate program is Dr. Densen-Gerber, a laughing woman with a taste for the bizarre.

VOGUE, June, 1970

JACK ROBINSON



ALINE SAARINEN

Her life, a show in which she is the act

Aline Saarinen, pretty as a peach, has a mind like a hope chest, stuffed with knowledge, taste, diplomacy, all to be used at will in her job as an NBC-TV news correspondent, as the moderator of her daily television show, For Women Only, and now as the producer of the recent one-hour network program Marvelous! Magnificent! The Metropolitan Museum! She is accustomed to applause but never gets carried away. Born in Manhattan where she received her early education, she was graduated from Vassar College, then earned her master's degree at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, was associate art editor and critic for seven years at The New York Times, wrote a splendid book, The Proud Possessors, of which one chapter was published in Vogue. In 1964 she took one of her career detours, becoming an NBC network correspondent with appearances on the Today Show, Huntley-Brinkley, and many others. At all times she keeps a lively household, for she has three sons, one on leave from The Washington Post, one in business, and one in school. The widow of the great architect Eero Saarinen, she has three grandchildren and two step-grandchildren. A man at NBC News said: "Marvelous! Magnificent! Aline Saarinen!"

JOAN COONEY

An early-learning system

Joan Ganz Cooney's innovative national television show, Sesame Street, preps preschool children by teaching letters and numbers with techniques used to sell products. Mrs. Cooney, who is married to Timothy Cooney, has brains, skill, and a handsome lack of hang-ups, administers a huge staff of experts' experts, and keeps the funders happy even after they've given the money. For National Educational Television's Children's Television Workshop, she put Sesame Street on the air on more than two hundred stations, with the show on six times a day in New York. Now the Workshop is on its own, and Mrs. Cooney is its president. Sesame Street's 1970-71 budget may reach six million dollars, only half Federal funds. A non-profit marvel.

SNOWDON





DR. MINA REES

Problems solved—for fun

This country's largest club in the girl-shy science field—the American Association for the Advancement of Science—found, after 122 years, its first woman president in Dr. Mina Rees. Since no one told her that little girls don't like arithmetic, she followed her love of numbers ("Mathematics is fun—you don't care what it takes you to") to a Ph.D., a post with the Navy during World War II, and university teaching. The wife of a physician, Leopold Brahdy, Dr. Rees is now, at sixty-seven, president of the Graduate Division of the City University of New York, where she directs all Ph.D. work in a complex of schools that includes colleges and professional schools offering doctoral degrees in twenty-three fields. A small, round woman with terrific ankles, Dr. Rees manoeuvres human factors as deftly as numerals, putting together new combinations of activities by erasing outdated academic boundary lines. She seems able to do anything—it's her laugh that finally wins for her.

ELIZABETH KOONTZ

Her first revolution involves 2,000,000 women

A tall strong woman with a girl's gay face and a soft, but not small, voice, Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan Koontz has been director of the Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor since February, 1969, a job she came to from the presidency of the National Education Association with a serene determination not to accept any rôle as token—either as Woman or Black. What she wants for women is the chance to make choices. She is now pitched toward the 2,000,000 women (and probably 1,000,000 uncounted) in domestic service. Married, as militant as a dahlia, Mrs. Koontz thinks that more women should know how to keep house better, understanding machines, products, and efficiencies. But the paid job of housekeeping needs a revolution: As in any industry, workers must have formalized basic training—"and no ceilings other than those they place on themselves." In her cheered-up office with sun-yellow walls is a small sign: "Tell it like it is."

JACK ROBINSON



MAXINE CHESHIRE

Power scooper in Washington

"I give cardboard figures a human dimension," said Maxine Cheshire, photographed here with one of her four children, Sylvia Leigh, three. Two days a week she works in bed (between sheets from the old Franklin D. Roosevelt house at Hyde Park, New York) on her new Sunday television show and her clouty column "VIP"—Very Interesting People—for The Washington Post and three hundred publications here and abroad. "To the Germans I'm a folk hero." To many, she's The Cat, fanged, feared, spilling secrets from "my hundreds of thousands of superspies everywhere." Blue-eyed, auburn-haired, with a voice like Kentucky molasses, she is married to the military journalist Herbert Cheshire. "It's utter chaos being a wife, mother, and career woman. I work eighteen hours a day. My telephone bill is over $25,000 a year." Until Bell strikes, The Cat pounces and VIP's duck.

BRUCE DAVIDSON





A film clip of a day in the life of Mrs. R. Peter Straus illuminates an American phenomenon: the woman of action, concerned, attractive, bright, whose world is the sum of many parts. A whirlwind, with sky-blue eyes and hair like a cloud, Ellen Sulzberger Straus is the wife of R. Peter Straus, president of Straus Broadcasting Group that owns the New York radio station WMCA. The mother of four children, she said, "I'm always at home before they return from school." She is co-chairman of the national Urban Coalition's "Call for Action," a coast-to-coast program of broadcasters (mostly men) and volunteers (mostly women) who direct baffled citizens to public and private agencies for immediate, if temporary, solutions to their pressing complaints.

"It's a marriage of the media, microphone plus telephone, giving power to the people where it belongs," said Ellen Straus, who started the pilot project seven years ago in New York, where "Call for Action" still operates with a corps of sixty-four alternating volunteers in a blue-and-green Paisley-papered office at WMCA. There six young women take over a hundred calls a day. The system: A caller rings Plaza 9-1717; a volunteer answers and supplies the key number to be rung from a list of three-hundred-and-fifty agencies, ranging from addiction to welfare. Callers are urged to report results of their calls to the agencies. If nothing has happened, "Call for Action" strikes again. Hard. Peter Straus prods the agencies publicly by broadcasting spot editorials of case histories. Volunteers needle by telephone. "We rarely get crank calls. To my horror I discovered that 90 per cent of these problems are real," said Mrs. Straus, who often investigates slum-housing complaints. "In nine hundred visits to Harlem, I've had only two bad incidents; and in seven years we've helped almost two hundred thousand people." Her volunteers trained women for reception centres at six New York police precincts to help solve problems.

Now, "Call for Action" acts in twenty-two cities across the country. The national Urban Coalition is funding training programs for leaders of fourteen new groups. In Washington, D.C., when volunteers moved into City Hall offices, President Nixon wrote to Mrs. Straus: "It has been a pleasure to note your leadership in the establishment of a Citizens Complaint Center." For Ellen Straus, persuaded and persuasive, it's just the beginning. "We're doing our damnedest . . . and we dream."

Ellen Straus in action: **1.** *Opposite,* at WMCA's "Call for Action," with Mrs. Carter Smith at the telephone. **2.** *Above,* with her husband (at bat) and children, from left, Katherine, Eric, Diane, Jean. **3.** At a Washington, D.C., "Call for Action" conference with Townsend Hoopes, national co-chairman, R. Alexander Grant, executive director, and John W. Gardner, chairman of Urban Coalition; on the map, "Call for Action" cities flagged. **4.** Investigating Mrs. Dedie May Jest's complaint of no heat or water in her Harlem flat. **5.** With Mr. Straus, broadcasting. **6.** In Washington, D.C., with Mayor Walter E. Washington in his office.

ELLEN STRAUS *The action of "Call for Action"*

BRUCE DAVIDSON



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wmca

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FANNIE LOU HAMER

"Hunger has no colour line"

BY PAULE MARSHALL

A spring sun is drying the last of the winter's rain lying in the stripped cotton fields. The chill air is gradually warming. And although the distant trees, which provide the only relief to the eye in this interminably flat landscape, are still bare—dark lines sketched in charcoal against the horizon—you know they will soon be in leaf. The Mississippi Delta is slowly responding to summer, and, as the first traces of green appear, the small town of Ruleville and its surrounding countryside seem an almost pleasant place—not beautiful certainly, but pleasant, hopeful, humane.

Until you remind yourself that Ruleville is in Sunflower County, which is not only Senator Eastland's seat of power, but the place where fourteen-year-old Emmett Till was murdered in 1955 for allegedly whistling at a white woman; where, until recently, a Federal Registrar did not dare set foot; and where the average income for thousands of Blacks last year was $200.

"White folks are always talking about the Depression of 1929, and I have to ask them about now, what is this we got now? Cause seem like every year is depression around here."

The voice—blunt, direct, telling it like it is—belongs to Fannie Lou Hamer, the fifty-two-year-old Mississippi Black woman who emerged from that troubled and divided land eight years ago to become perhaps the most powerful agent for change ever seen in the Delta and one of the most impressive grass-roots leaders in the country.

To be in her presence, to sense her special force is to know the Black heroines of another time. For she's "Hatt" Tubman with a gun hidden in her basket and a price of $40,000 on her head leading her fellow slaves north on the underground railroad. There's the same short muscular build, in fact, as well as the same daring and determination. And she's the indefatigable nineteenth-century abolitionist Sojourner Truth, travelling the land demanding emancipation and women's rights. She's Zhinga, the great archetypal warrior-queen who repeatedly drove back the Portuguese invader in the 1500's from what is today West African Angola.

Fannie Lou Hamer has taken on an adversary no less formidable in the Southern white power structure, that system which, in her words, has robbed, exploited, and demeaned the Black man of the Delta for the past four hundred years.

"You see those houses over there"—the hand that dramatically underscores everything she says takes in the large comfortable houses in the white section of Ruleville. "We paid for them. Me, my husband, my daddy, and his daddy before him. All the Black people working in these cotton fields for next to nothing all these years paid for them. They belong to us."

That she means to collect on that long-standing debt is not to be questioned. To do so, to put an end to the system that has denied generations of Blacks their birthright, two things must be done, as she sees it. The Black communities of the South must be strengthened economically as a necessary step toward organizing them politically. And a coalition of poor Blacks and poor whites must eventually be brought about. This latter is, she believes, the only truly effective way to topple the structure that has made victims of them both.

Fannie Lou Hamer's major concern, though, at this stage of the Struggle, is for her own: the more than thirty thousand Blacks of Sunflower County and, most especially, those at the very bottom—the grossly underpaid plantation workers, the sharecroppers condemned to their yearly cycle of debt and the ever-increasing number who, according to Mrs. Hamer, "are just sitting indoors with nothing to do" now that many of the plantations have introduced mechanization or have abandoned cotton altogether for crops that require less labour.

All the various programs Mrs. Hamer has initiated over the past eight years have been with an eye to rescuing the Black man of the Delta from this economic dependency and defeat. She wants to see an end to the almost total powerlessness that marks his life. And being Fannie Lou Hamer, she goes about the complicated process of social change in her own down-home but effective style. Calling the food-stamps program an insult ("Who ever heard of having to pass a bill to feed hungry people?") and welfare a system that destroys the Black family, she has set up her own antipoverty program, distributing the large supplies of food and clothing she collects on her frequent fund-raising trips outside the state.

Due in part also to Mrs. Hamer's efforts, Ruleville now has a Head-start program that provides many of the county's children with what are probably their first well-balanced meals and a chance to play and learn in a wholesome setting. Moreover, having read somewhere that pork was of a higher nutritional value for children than most other meats, she started a pig farm two years ago with the financial backing of the National Council of Negro Women, for whom she serves as county coordinator in their program to combat hunger and malnutrition.

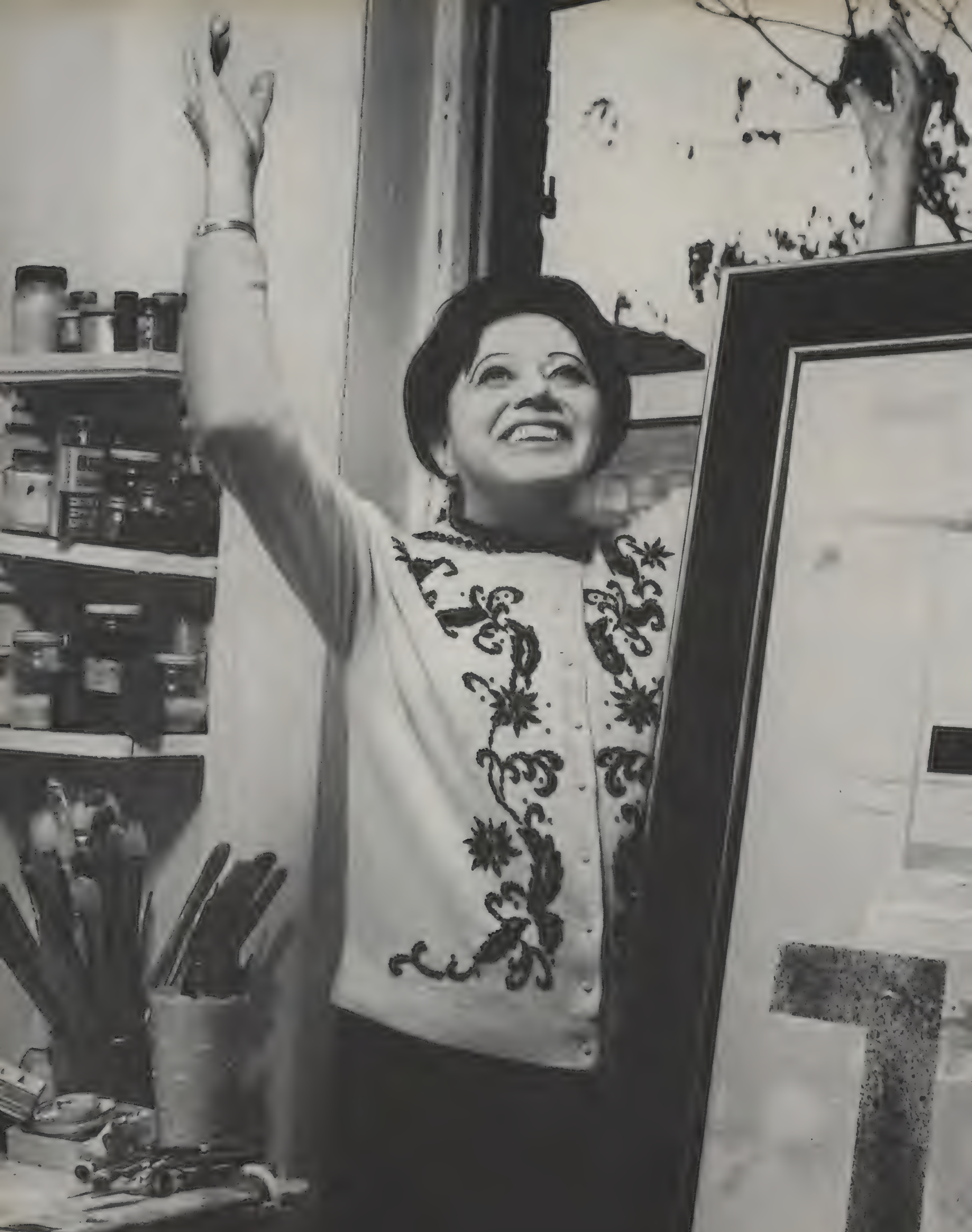
There is, thus, Fannie Lou Hamer, the social engineer whose every act is aimed at easing life, if only a little, for the poor who make up the great mass of her neighbours and, in so doing, she provides them with a measure of self-respect and pride. "She bought me my first usher dress for church," a woman said. "The things she does for you she does with a feeling."

Then there is Fannie Lou Hamer, the tireless, tough-minded political strategist who is determined to sit someday in the U.S. Congress as the first Black woman Representative from the Second Mississippi Congressional District. As vice-chairman of the (Continued on page 191)

Fannie Lou Hamer was photographed, *right*, on the steps of a sharecropper's house near Ruleville, Mississippi, the town where this gentle-mannered, tough-souled woman lives. Mrs. Hamer calls the poor Blacks of her community "my children," rallies them to register to vote, finds them clothes and food. They, in turn, consider her the universal aunt. When word of her arrival at a house gets about, that place begins quietly to fill up with people come to warm themselves on her spirit. At this house, Mrs. Hamer pointed out, the oil drums on the stoop contain the household's entire water supply.

BRUCE DAVIDSON





I. RICE PEREIRA

American Painter-writer with bold solutions to old problems

BY JAMES HARITHAS

I. Rice Pereira, a household word in the American art community in the 'forties and early 'fifties, has already become part of the history of early geometric abstraction in this country. Yet the artist's most important work is being produced today. Not only is she still creating, still perfecting an image, so familiar nearly a generation ago, composed of geometric forms suspended in the non-Euclidean space of an abstract landscape, but, beyond painting, she is analyzing her own creativity in a profoundly poetic way and communicating her discoveries as a cosmological inquiry of astonishing relevance and breadth.

Irene Rice Pereira was born in Boston and grew up in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. A lonely child given to reading—Plato and Aristotle by the time she was twelve—painting, and listening to music, she was strongly encouraged by her family who were passionately interested in the arts. She studied for three years at the Art Students League of New York and later, early in the 'thirties, she went to Europe where she was deeply moved by the paintings of the High Renaissance and then to the Sahara Desert where she had her first great conscious experience of space, an experience that was a great revelation to her. She returned to America to paint bold, well-organized paintings containing representations of ships' decks and gear, particularly anchors and ropes, which became her primary symbols. By 1937, Pereira began exploring totally abstract compositions that consisted of flat, two-dimensional geometrical forms and became the basis of the spatial compositions of her later works. By the middle 1940's, she was considered a major American artist, certainly the first American woman to work in a pure geometrical mode. A woman of great style, she appeared at gallery openings in original dresses by Balenciaga and Givenchy. Her exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York in 1953 marked the end of this phase of her career; from roughly that moment on, she began, with great dedication, to continue the development of her images and to do her most important writing.

Working in near isolation in New York City for almost twenty years, Pereira has documented each intelligent step in the slow evolution of her images, a painstaking task of self-search and study, and has summarized her knowledge in a number of complex, pioneer books. They are *Light and the New Reality, The Nature of Space, The Transcendental Formal Logic of the Infinite: The Evolution of Cultural Forms,* and others, all privately published. (The Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., which republished *The Nature of Space* in 1968, now plans to republish another of Pereira's books, *The Lapis.*) These works trace, through her own artistic growth, the evolution of cultural forms in the West and then go further to explore the nature of consciousness. In *The Nature of Space,* she establishes each culture's contribution in clarifying a concept of space from the Egyptian to the present. Then in *The Transcendental Formal Logic of the Infinite,* she goes on to lay the basis for a new optic, one that rejects the traditionally held notion that the eye perceives an object as a solid and records it much like a camera recording an image. Pereira's new concept is very precisely expressed in this quotation:

> The structure of the new OPTIC demonstrates that we do not perceive solids as concrete mass but in a dematerialized form—as spatial imagery—as light is deflected on contact with solids and the spatial imagery is reflected or mirrored back in successive wave formations.

Underlying this definition of perception, Pereira's main assumptions are that the mind consists of light energy directed outward toward the object, and (Continued on page 183)

I. Rice Pereira in her New York white studio

CECIL BEATON

BY CECIL BEATON

Gustave Moreau would have been tempted to paint her as the Love Goddess of the Ephesians; Aubrey Beardsley might have drawn the canary-white tendrils weaving over the hourglass figure as a landlocked mermaid; but only the jewelled pen of Huysmans could have given adequate praise to this triumph of artifice. Yet, before this enigmatically smiling automaton even Huysmans would have faltered, for appearing through this spun-sugar-and-dross façade is a reality and a goodwill that breaks through the artificiality.

Mae West is a product of her own outrageous fantasy. She has not only created her own silhouette, colour scheme, and subaqueous flow of movement, but she has written the script of her life. It is a creation on a grand scale, and once having achieved this result, she can not, nor would she want to, alter it to suit changing times. In her belief in herself she is utterly sincere; it is no doubt the reason why she remains a phenomenon. She may have been through an eclipse, but she knew that time would come back into her favour, and wow!—it has!

For the movie of Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge,* for which she wrote her own lines, she insisted and got top billing, dances, sings, plays an agent for young men, and pulled off incredible driving scenes off camera. Her recently discovered old films have become a cult among a wide new public: Special "Mae West" festivals have been remarkably successful. The young people of today (the Prince of Wales among them) may not take her seriously on her own sex terms, and possibly find her witless as a performer, but they accept wholeheartedly her one-track effort to amuse. The football team of the University of Southern California has adopted her as mascot. From a huge, old-fashioned Rolls-Royce she emerges, dressed in the height of kitsch, for many of the University's meetings. In a recent talk to "her boys" on "The Cinema," they noticed that she spoke in the gentle, rather frail, voice of a timid child until she talked of her mother. Then she transformed herself into the character that her public loves with the undulating, more roughly sensuous voice that casually bids you to pay her a visit.

Mae West's Californian apartment is symbolic of her idea about herself. Everything is designed to flatter her psyche. Little or nothing is done to the rooms "behind the scenes": Ordinary skills of housewifery have no place in this palace; dust-ridden, discarded cardboard boxes and massage tables must remain where they are. But in the salon, where all effort and energy is concentrated, the low, pebble-dash ceilings are painted a pale primrose yellow to complement her hair: The off-white divans are a foil for her alabaster bosom.

Every detail has been attended to so that nothing shall look as it was originally intended: A pen is mounted with a white ostrich feather; the Kleenex are encased in a silver-beaded coffer; huge, heart-shaped pink boxes, adorned with faded cotton roses, once held chocolate creams; little feather dogs with pipe-cleaner eyelashes take the place of cushions; the lamps are converted from Edwardian china groups of amorous shepherds and shepherdesses. No matter that someone has placed a Victorian posy to hide the break in a vase. The white piano is adorned with eighteenth-century-inspired love scenes. A painting in an oval gilt frame represents a tapestry of a naked lady lying back among the alcove draperies and being admired by a wicked monkey.

On the mirror-and-white-and-gilt rococo-esque coffee table are earlier photographs, framed in silver wire, of the star in her rôles. From these over-touched prints one can not detect the real Miss West. And that is obviously her intention today; she allows us only to admire the beautifully preserved muzzle with the pouting, polished lips and teeth, the froglike nostrils, and the blue-and-black intensity of her lion's eyes.

She makes every effort to prevent us from seeing behind the mask. The hair now falls so that the jaw line, neck, and shoulders are completely shrouded. The heavy armour of her negligée seems separate from her torso, and although her skirts hang to a certain length, one has the feeling that her feet, encased in sabots, are high above the white nylon carpeting. To lie down in libidinous luxury accoutred in this way would be impossible. One would like to see more of her than she presents (and those who have been privileged to do so say that it is well worthwhile), but Mae West knows best; she has made a worldwide industry of her myth.

As Mae West stands reflected in her mirrors in a bower of Forest Lawn plastic flowers, surrounded by ex-muscleman, Chinese servant, makeup expert, wardrobe mistress, coiffeur, and the like, she instinctively demands respect. She chooses her words with care and talks little: She moves scarcely at all. When she turns her head from one side to another, there are gasps of admiration from all around the room. "Oh, Miss West, you have never looked so beautiful!" The empress responds graciously. Sensuously she strokes the yellow-white fronds of her wig with pointed fingers, makes another moue, and with a flicking of her heavy false eyelashes denotes her girlish pleasure.

It is perhaps a bit odd that this "sex merchant" seems to demand obeisance rather than intimacy. Certainly one is on one's best behaviour in front of her. I said: "I remember once in London at a party given by the Sacheverell Sitwells, you wore a long, white dress."

"Oh yes, with a white scarf over my head."

"And Lady Cunard, seeing you, said: 'Oh, there's Miss West dressed as a virgin.'"

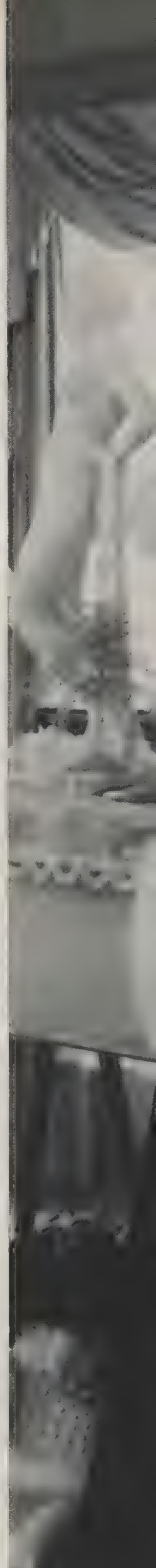
Miss West pouted and coyly lowered the eyelashes.

For the last twenty years Mae West has done little but look after herself, paying great attention to her diet of health foods. She has also given unflagging attention to her fan mail. When asked for a more personal souvenir than her autograph or a photograph, she sends clippings from her long, Chinese-y fingernails to her ardent, though unknown, admirers in Oxford, Peoria, or Hong Kong.

It is said that Mae West has few friends, but there are always people around her; they may not be her intimates, but they are dependent on her until, imperceptibly, they drift away.

UNCONQUERABLE MAE

A triumph of artifice, the dancing star of the movie "Myra Breckinridge."





I feel that I am particularly well qualified to write on this subject, since I have trained not one but two American wives. I have sometimes felt that if it were not such a time-consuming and intensely personal activity, I could have opened a successful school to train American wives, although in certain societies this would probably be called a harem, and legal problems might arise. I have found that the American wife wears well, travels well, and handles well, although maintenance costs are high. But, like any high-spirited thoroughbred, she requires careful training. My first American wife was six feet, two inches tall and still growing when I married her, so when I talk about training her I mean it in the sense that you train ivy along a wall, making sure that it climbs in the right direction instead of getting tangled. She had a violent temper and liked to throw things, but I soon got her over that by using a little psychology—I threw whatever she threw back at her.

I am fond of good food, perhaps inordinately so. but soon after we were married my first wife started fasting. She didn't fast to annoy

How to train an

me but out of some inner spiritual need, sometimes for three days, sometimes as long as a week. I enjoy eating in good restaurants, but I don't like to eat alone, so I would take her along, and of course she wouldn't eat anything. It would embarrass me to have her sitting there staring at her empty plate, so I would order a dish for her, too, and would have to eat her food as well as my own, because I didn't want any of it to go to waste. Imagine Jack Sprat having to eat both the fat and the lean. She was disappearing in front of my eyes while I was looming ever larger. Finally, I thought of a practical use for her fasting: I would rent her out to protest groups and she could go on a hunger strike for them. With her haunting, emaciated face, she could become a female Mahatma Gandhi. But around this time nonviolent forms of protest went out of fashion, and there was not much demand for a professional hunger striker. So that plan went down the drain.

I met my second wife in Paris. At our first rendezvous, she asked me to show her the Bastille. I explained that the Bastille had been stormed in 1789 and subsequently razed and gave her a brief *aperçu* of the French Revolution, its causes and consequences. We parted pleased with one another, I at her charming ingenuousness and she by the breadth and scope of my historical knowledge.

I began to train Nancy even before we were married. I had done my best to conceal from her the fact that I have a title, which I never use, considering it as I would an appendix or any other superfluous birthright. But somehow she found out. She called up the friend and matchmaker who had introduced us, Renata Adler, once film critic for *The New York Times,* and said with alarm: "I didn't know he was a count. I don't dig this kind of thing. If I'd known he was a member of one of those snooty families Proust wrote about, I wouldn't have gone out with him. I've always worried about having to put up with boring American in-laws, and now I am going to be saddled with these eighteenth-century types. No thanks."

Renata tried to reassure her. "He's lived away from his family," she said. "He's a journalist, he's seen the world."

Nonetheless, I had to prove to Nancy that there was nothing intrinsically reprehensible about bearing a title. Finally she capitulated. "I guess I'll have to do away with all snobbery," she said, "including reverse snobbery." When I took her to meet my various relatives, she said she found it hard to stay awake when she had to listen to recitals of genealogical charts. I pointed out that Americans usually say they never get to see the inside of a French house, while she was complaining that she was seeing too many. She has continued to insist that most of my relatives are boring, but they do not find her at all boring. We went to visit one of my elderly aunts, who said, as she served the tea, that she preferred oolong. I confessed that I was partial to Ceylon. "What about you, my dear," she asked Nancy, who said: "I've always liked English tea." "*Elle est charmante,*" my aunt said.

Before taking Nancy to the altar, I warned her that French law is based on the Napoleonic code. Though the law has since been modified in some ways, at that time it always gave the husband the upper hand. The wife, for instance, lives where the husband chooses. I told her that if I wanted to live in a tree house or under a bridge, she would be required by law to share my bed there. Also, I could legally open her mail, control her property, and prevent her from enrolling in a university or taking a job. If she did take a job and failed in her wifely duties, I could have her salary seized. In litigation between husband and wife, French courts still invoke "the presumption of sagacity" for the husband and tend to treat the wife as a legal minor. It is a credit to the American woman's optimism that Nancy was still willing to marry me after I had briefed her on my legal rights. Of course, she knew me well enough to realize that I would never abuse those rights. I like to win my small marital victories with the use of psychology, not legal weapons. For instance, when she wore a dress I thought was too short one evening, I told her: "That's a lovely dress, darling, too bad it wasn't finished in time for the party." She changed into something more *convenable.*

Nancy spoke fair French, but I wanted to make her alive to the nuances of the language and to stop telling people, when we had had a heated discussion, that we were *en chaleur,* which means "in heat." Above all, I wanted to teach her to pronounce her U's. The pointed French U is somehow unsuited to the shape of the American woman's mouth. Each morning when she brought me my coffee and hot croissants in bed, I had her repeat fifty times, "*turlututu, coup de pied au cul,*" which doesn't mean anything but has a lot of U's in it. But to this day she still pronounces *bu* like *boo.* A plastic surgeon told me he could change the shape of her mouth so that it would purse properly for the French U, but the cost is prohibitive.

Nancy's own name is difficult for the French to pronounce, but I taught her to say "*Nancy, comme la ville.*" This worked fine until one night at dinner she was seated with the celebrated French strategist,

BY SANCHE DE GRAMONT

AMERICAN wife

General Beaufre, a notorious fanny-pincher, who told her, "But I was military governor of Nancy," and seemed ready for a protracted siege of my wife.

I have also tried to instill in her a sense of decorum. America, contrary to popular opinion, is freer than France in the relations between the sexes. What in America will be considered innocent fun will in France be misinterpreted as the promise of more to come. At our wedding reception, one of my cousins whispered in my ear: "You had better keep an eye on her. She was dancing cheek-to-cheek with me." I told him that was an American custom, as common as apple pie, but I informed Nancy that hereafter I wanted to see daylight between her and her dancing partners. Changing dance fads have nicely taken care of that. I also warned her about an annoying penchant Frenchmen have for taking their shoes off and playing footsie under the dinner table. If this ever happened, I said, she was to stamp hard with her high heel on the man's shoeless foot, and it has on several occasions been my pleasure to watch her dinner partner suddenly grimace as he tries to stifle a howl of pain.

As part of my training, I have exposed Nancy to other forms of French gallantry. We were living in the Latin Quarter during the 1968 June riots, and one evening we were caught in the midst of a battle between cobblestone-flinging students and tear-gas-firing police. We ducked inside an open gateway and shut it behind us. Ten minutes later the sound of battle had abated and Nancy asked me to take a look. I am large and have an imposing presence; and when I opened the gate, I found myself nose to nose with a wild-eyed riot policeman holding an upraised club in his right hand. He pushed past me, and landed the club across Nancy's shoulders. When I told him scornfully that we were not demonstrators but residents of the neighbourhood, he beat a hasty retreat.

Unlike my first wife, Nancy appreciates good food and has developed into a first-rate cook, although when I met her she could hardly boil an egg. When someone asked her how she had made such rapid progress, she replied, "Self-defense." She reminded me that on the day we moved into our Paris apartment, I informed her twelve people were coming to dinner and suggested she fix something simple like rabbit. She asked me how to cook rabbit, and I said, "Just pop it into the oven." She bought a cookbook in which she found a recipe for rabbit three pages long. She laboured five hours to prepare the rabbit. Although my French friends ate heartily, Nancy noticed that no one had praised her cooking.

I told her that was a great compliment, for if there had been anything wrong with it they would certainly have let her know. I have taught Nancy that good cooking is largely a matter of attention to detail. For instance, when she makes a lettuce and tomato salad, I insist that she dry each lettuce leaf individually with a dish towel and peel and seed the tomatoes. The one thing she has not mastered is *beurre blanc,* but perhaps the great gourmet Curnonsky was right when he said no foreigner could ever make a good *beurre blanc.* It is one of those mysterious things, like pronouncing the U.

At first, Nancy had trouble shopping. Little old ladies who wanted one carrot or a cup of milk for the cat would push past her, and the shopgirl would ignore her. "Make a scene," I told her. The next day, at a fish store on the Ile Saint-Louis called Au Rouget de Lisle (a pun based on the fact that a *rouget* is a red mullet, *lisle* is an archaic spelling of island, and Rouget de Lisle is the composer of the Marseillaise), Nancy blew up. "I've been waiting twenty minutes," she said, "and if I'm not served instantly, I am never setting foot here again." She was, on that and subsequent days, waited on with dispatch. In fact, the proprietor began giving her free fish heads to make soup with. She came to understand that, in France, anger, like courtesy, is a useful form of exchange.

A matter no less important than good food is, I feel, that of children. The naming of children should be the father's prerogative. The mother brings the child into the world, and the father gives it an identity by naming it. I named our son Gabriel, because I was working for a newspaper at the time and the angel Gabriel is the patron saint of journalists, having brought the good news to Mary (in practice, however, the journalist seldom has occasion to report good news). Our ten-month-old daughter I named Amber, because I feel that the calling of courtesan is a noble one that has fallen on bad days; it is in fact a highly specialized vocation that has unfortunately been taken over by unskilled labour. (Remember Gigi, for instance, learning how to choose and light a man's cigar. I may be old-fashioned, but I think that is the kind of training it takes to be a courtesan.) In my family's history, there have been several famous courtesans, women whose power was great though unofficial. I would like Amber to uphold family tradition, and her name gives her a head start in that direction.

Let me say in passing that two is the proper number of children, particularly if you have a boy and a girl, for what else can you have after that? If will only be a repetition of one or the other. Nancy is in complete agreement with me on that point. One advantage of the American wife, for which no training on my part was required, is that she knows how to use The Pill, whereas in France the method of birth control still prevalent is what we call "the fireworks on the lawn," which can be trying for the husband. But this leads us to the subject of sex, one I would rather engage in than write about. Suffice it to say that I am not a typical Frenchman in this respect because I am more interested in passion than in proficiency, the moment of madness not the tedious lechery of the practised seducer. I have instructed Nancy that if she finds herself in the company of women who are discussing their sex lives, she must not join in, but should keep a mysterious Mona Lisa-like half-smile of satisfaction on her face.

To sum up, the *entente* of a married couple is based, like any elaborate ceremony, on a number of small observances. It has taken me five years to make Nancy lose the habit of joining thumb and forefinger in a circle of appreciation when a head- (Continued on page 183)



The Greek way of

Galanos

Galanos looks toward summer with a fresh far-seeing eye, and his Greek prints carry beauty of line to new softness, new proportion, and new length. Long crêpe kimono, chiffon midi dress, far left: a long yellow, gold, and amphora-brown robe dropped over a sleeveless smocked dress—and lots of little gathers at the corded neck, the corded wrists. Bonwit Teller; Dorcas Hardin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Long dress, long slash, left, and everything about it lengthening the look—the long slithery swish of purple, black, and white printed crêpe, the long glimpse of leg seen with every step you take. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Amelia Gray. Long shirtdress, long overskirt, right, covered to the wrists and open from smocked waist to hem—breezy marble-white figures layered on wine-dark red silk crêpe. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Ring by K.J.L. Turnouts in Tzaims Luksus-TSM silks. Coiffures by Alan Lewis-Freelancers.

*m*IDSUMMER
LIGHT DREAMS

The air is whirling with colour, left—pink, taupe, and turquoise chiffon swept out to feather-tipped wisps—a ravishing thing of dreams and tatters that changes shape with the wind. Shawl, skirt, and handprinted silk design by Zandra Rhodes.

Billowy clouds of chiffon and shirring, right, floating out in huge white poufs tinged with pink, black, blue—still more clouds blown back, trailing over the shoulders and away into the night. Long dress and handprinted silk design by Zandra Rhodes. Both turnouts, at Henri Bendel.


MIDSUMMER
LIGHT DREAMS

You might not even call them dresses or pants or tunics or words like that—Zandra Rhodes' handprinted chiffon designs are fantasy things that flutter and blow and wrap you in colour mixed of light, dreams, air. Chiffon tendrils blown to threads, far left, breeze out pink and blue and fragile over pantalooned beige chiffon legs—and for every far-flung tendril, a little pink feather dancing in mid-air. Slippers by Selva. Raggle-taggle chiffon, near left—gypsy shreds of swirling colour veiling the thighs, pinks patterned with turquoise drifting over the arms. Turnouts and handprinted silk designs by Zandra Rhodes, at Henri Bendel. Coiffures on these four pages, sprigged with curls the way Zandra Rhodes does her own hair, by Franklyn Welsh. And on every page makeup that might, like Zandra Rhodes' designs, have been mixed for some fortunate sylph to wear. Frances Denney calls this new collection Futura Five. There's moisturizer, foundation, lipstick, rosy gel, and bronze-y gel—but all you ever see on your skin is smooth clear colour, sheer as air. Not a trace, not even a hint of how it all got there.

PENN





Wear shirts. Wear skirts. Wear them the way men love to see them. The way Ann Turkel wears them here. With bright eyes, shiny hair, sunny skin, and a look that's just rolling in glow. Ann Turkel is the girl—ask any man you know.

$24 gives you great dash, *left*, for a little of your American cash—patchwork, calico, and leg-o'-mutton sleeves—and you've got summer hooked. Gregory shirt in Peter Pan cotton. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. John Nichols necklace. Ann's glow is a sheer drop or two of Almay's newest beauty brew—Near Nude Transparent Bronzing Gel—just made for tanning all the time it's on.

$40 goes a long, long way when it buys this black canvas midi skirt, *right*. Wear it the way Ann Turkel does here, unsnapped for a nice stretch of leg, with a black shirt-romper that costs **$24** and goes snugly underneath. Both by Anne Klein. Nylon shirt-romper. Skirt in Avril and cotton. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; O'Neil's; Shillito's; L.S. Ayres; The Denver; Frost Bros. Choker and belt by Yves Saint Laurent. Monet bracelet. Scarf by Ray Strauss. Pappagallo espadrilles. Both pages: straw hat custom made, Bergdorf Goodman (our own flowers). Coiffures, on these eight pages, by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.



More dash than cash

THE SHIRTS AND SKIRTS AMERICAN WOMEN LOVE

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



More dash than cash

LONG-SLEEVED SHIRTS AND MIDI SKIRTS, ALL FLING AND FLOUNCE

$40 starts a romantic gaucho look on its—and Ann Turkel's—ruffly way, *left*, with a black crêpe midi skirt flouncing out over tall black boots. More ruffles, those on the **$44** white shirt, peep out from under a breezy **$32** black crêpe cardigan. By Maxime de la Falaise for Blousecraft. Cardigan and skirt, in Celanese acetate-and-nylon crêpe (Bloomsburg fabric); shirt, in rayon-and-acetate crêpe. Lord & Taylor; B. Forman; Higbee's; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz; Miss Magnin. Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Yves Saint Laurent choker, belt. Boots by Palmroth of Finland. **$32** is the going price of snakes these days, the pet kind Ann Turkel sports *at right*—black-and-white chiffon ruffling from hip to calf. By Adelaar, in rayon (Helm chiffon). At Bloomingdale's. Great with a summer-bare midriff and black jersey top, **$38.** By Maxime de la Falaise for Blousecraft, in rayon. At Bloomingdale's. Turnout, at B. Forman; Stix, Baer & Fuller; The Denver; Sakowitz. Odyssey necklace.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



More dash than cash

LONG-SLEEVED SHIRTS AND MIDI SKIRTS ALL WRAPPED, FLOUNCED, PRINTED OR CROCHET

$14 is the goal to set for this white lace polo-player's shirt, *far left.* By Alice Stuart, in stretch nylon. Bloomingdale's. Put **$36** to one side for the rest of the team—the wrapped navy denim skirt. By Sloat; white-stitched cotton. Henri Bendel. Both, Joseph Horne; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stix, Baer & Fuller; The Denver; Sakowitz. Choker by David D. Thong-laced white belt by Calderon. **$26** lands you in Sunnybrook Farm country, *centre left:* puckers and flounces, ribbons and high button shoes; the cuffs end in breezy ribbons, so does the belt on the ruffly skirt—a match at **$26.** By Gayle Kirkpatrick for Pilot, of beige polyester and cotton. At Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Sakowitz. Belt by Elegant. **$275** and no regrets give you the cling, *left*—and sheer zing—that's the thing about crochet. Shirt and skirt by Adolfo, in natural silk and wool. Saks Fifth Avenue. Cerruti felt hat, at Best & Co. High boots by Herbert Levine. **$20** for an armful of wild flowers, *right,* on a ruffly beige shirt and, for **$26** more, another bright spill on the romantic flounced skirt. By Bill Atkinson for Glen of Michigan; Joseph Goldinger cotton. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Higbee's; Hudson's; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros. This page, wide-laced belts by Elegant. Natural straw hats, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

More dash than cash

SHIRTS AND MIDI SKIRTS
ALL WRAPPED, RUFFLED,
PLEATED, OR SLASHED



$11 for an adorable stretch of nylon lace, *far left*, to wear with beads and wide-laced belt, just as Ann Turkel does. By Alice Stuart. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston. **$40** goes the rest of the way—and that's quite a dash: a nifty navy denim skirt that opens in one big pleat. By Sloat. Henri Bendel. Turnout: Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Harzfeld's; The Denver. Necklaces: Calderon, Robert Originals, Odyssey, Monet. Medallion by Jack Gilbert. Belt by Calderon. **$75** and you're getting ruffled in the prettiest possible way–a white shirt, *centre left*, ruched with a running frill. Ann tucked the shirt inside a black-and-white cotton gingham gypsy skirt, **$60.** Both at Jax. Belt by Elegant. **$150** is what it takes to wrap up parties bright-way round, *near left:* this red silk jersey skirt swinging around Ann Turkel and a little matching shirt that's a cool **$80** cash. To order, Halston. Beads: Halston, John Nichols. Monet chain. Halston belts. Espadrilles: Grasshoppers by Keds. **$80** puts you in calico shaped close as a basque bodice, *right*—green and black with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and crisscross lacing from throat to peplum flounce over a navy cotton denim wrapped skirt, **$35.** At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston. Adolfo hat. Espadrilles by Pappagallo.



ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



BERT STERN

VOGUE PATTERN 7773

More dash than cash

MIDI WRAPS OVER MINI JUMPSUITS

The Aztec diamonds—all colours, all carats—wrap over a leg-flashing cotton midi, left; pocket it one side, sash it the other, or add a smashing snakeskin belt. Underneath, a short stretch of jersey jumpsuit just skinning over the body and shining red as a Mexican sunset. Vogue Pattern 7773. Skirt: ESP Fabrics. Jumpsuit of Enkalure nylon (Barbet-Stretchnit fabric). Ruza Creations choker. Monet bangle. Belt by Elegant. Have a midi cardigan, right, side-slit all the way up to breeze around in. This one—white, lineny, and made to wear openly over its own little brown panne velvet jump. Vogue Pattern 7767. Cardigan of rayon, nylon, and silk (Crown Fabrics). At Abraham & Straus. Jumpsuit of Majesty Textiles acetate-and-cotton stretch panne velvet. Ruza Creations choker. Monet chain. Dynasty watch. Bernardo sandals. Coiffures, these four pages, by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon. . . . Summer-brown legs flashing a good tan flash even better with a covering of Coty's waterproof Ultra Legs makeup. Pattern details, page 187.

VOGUE PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 7767

VOGUE PATTERN 7776
VOGUE PATTERN 7644

More dash than cash

NIFTY MIDIS AND FLOWERED SHIRTS

Zip goes a midi, left, blue denim zip-zapped halfway down the front--the rest cuts loose. Tuck in the shirt—a cotton field of flowers in red, blue, and brown with a long tie streaming *dans le vent.* Skirt: Vogue Pattern 7776. Dacron-and-cotton denim (Avondale Mills). Macy's, New York. Shirt: Vogue Pattern 7644. Lowenstein cotton poplin. Odyssey belt. Midi on a string, right--drawstring waist, yoked hip, with white flowers and stripes running all its lavender length. Blouse it up with a flowered shirt, tiny violet stars on white, gathered at the wrists and the on-off-the-shoulder neck. Skirt: Vogue Pattern 7777. Of Avril and cotton (Marcus Brothers Textiles). Shirt: Vogue Pattern 7650. Of Ameritex cotton-and-polyester fabric. Ruza creations choker. Monet chain and bangle. Wide laced belt by Elegant. Bernardo sandals....Feet going bare are into a good thing--Pretty Feet lotion working for smoothness and softness with every stroke. Pattern details on page 187.

VOGUE PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 7777
VOGUE PATTERN 7650

Jane Birkin
Serge Gainsbourg

MORE DASH THAN CASH —THE LONG LEGGY MIDIS AT MINI PRICES

Jane Birkin—the girl with the cat-green eyes and swishing hair. Young and happy . . . this year's girl. Laughing it up here with her best beau, Serge Gainsbourg. Both of them white-hot stars, hitting first in Europe, blazing now on college campuses across the country with their super first album, *Je T'Aime,* written by Serge, and their movies—*Slogan, Cannabis.* Jane's next picture, sans Serge, *The Movement.* . . . On these six pages, she's moving and grooving the kind of free and easy fashion that all modern girls adore—all at adorable little prices. . . .

$89 wraps it up, left, and just look at Jane and Serge rapping together, tied up in a tug-of-war—Jane's midi skirt is forest-green matte jersey slit open to show her long legs. With a deep-red jersey wraparound top and red jersey wrapping Serge. All: Maxime de La Falaise for Blousecraft. Of rayon (Style Trends fabric). Bloomingdale's; Miss Magnin. Cross by Bruce Rudow. Capezio boots.

$40 buys an Empire for Jane B, below: a soft black jersey midi, all décolletage with a little tie on the bosom. Of acrylic jersey. 499-Division of Kloss-Pruzan. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; Miss Magnin. Necklace by Danecraft. Battani patent boots. All of Jane's coiffures, these six pages, by Franklyn Welsh.

BERT STERN



BERT STERN

338 to nab the niftiest knickers, left: a little hem-holding from Serge while Jane wears the pants--camel-coloured mid-calf knickers tucked into snakeskin boots and ready to kick up a storm under a matching midi cardigan. Maxime de La Falaise for Blousecraft. Wool, nylon, and Angora (Tussah Fabric). Bloomingdale's; Hudson's: The Denver; Country Club Fashions. Michael Danyon choker. Capezio boots.

382 walks off with the pants, right, and a terrific cardigan to go with them—Jane lets it swing free and clear to show some bare midriff in between; Serge backs her up. Both in brown matte jersey. Maxime de La Falaise for Blousecraft. Of rayon (Style Trends fabric). Altman's; Halle's-Cleveland; I. Magnin. Sandals by Bernardo. Braided belt by Elegant.



Jane Birkin
Serge Gainsbourg

MORE DASH THAN CASH—
THE MIDI CARDIGANS
OVER KNICKERS AND PANTS


BERT STERN

Jane Birkin
Serge Gainsbourg

MORE DASH THAN CASH–
THE LEG-BARING MIDIS

$60 knitted up into the longest, slinkiest cardigan ever, far left: brown knit with buttons all the way to the ankles—Jane wears it mostly unbuttoned and bares a lot of leg with a little help from Serge. Maxime de La Falaise for Blousecraft. Of wool, nylon, and Angora (Tussah Fabric). At Bloomingdale's; Halle's-Cleveland; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Long Lucite pendant by Thomas Robbins.

$68 puts together a look to grab onto, left, and Serge grabs on. Midriff-baring green knit top and a kicksy green knit midi tied up in leather and unbuttoned from the thigh down. Maxime de La Falaise for Blousecraft. Wool, nylon, and Angora (Tussah Fabric). At Henri Bendel; Higbee's. Belt by Elegant. Capezio boots.

$50 for the kind of midi Jane loves, above: side-slit so she can poke a leg through and clingy-soft. In amber-coloured matte rayon jersey. Maxime de La Falaise for Blousecraft (Style Trends fabric). Henri Bendel; Higbee's. Thomas Robbins pendant.

a challenge to a great

HOW TO S-T-A-Y

One of the better-known under-five-footer beauties weighs exactly 76 pounds. How would she feel about, say, 78 pounds? "Panicky. I would starve myself until I got back to 76. And actually I'd like to be just a mite thinner. Perhaps 74 would be a good weight for me. . . ."

Weightlifting's the great American preoccupation, and with very good reason. One estimate suggests that 80 million Americans are overweight, and women score heavily in the count. . . . Since the beginning of the century there has been a threefold increase in the proportion of overweight people in the U.S. . . .

MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF WOMEN OVER THIRTY ARE OVERWEIGHT BY AT LEAST 10 PER CENT, AND THE PROPORTION RISES UNTIL LATE MIDDLE AGE.

By which time, according to the insurance companies, a great many of the obese drop out of the statistics for reasons of death.

Certainly American woman's great cosmetic enemy, weight may also be her mortal enemy. In addition to a shortened life span, the overweight are statistically proven more prone to aches and pains—and to such ills as arthritis, diabetes, high blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, varicose veins, kidney disease, hernia. They are four or five times more likely to have an attack of coronary thrombosis than people of normal weight.

In the face of such dismaying possibilities, why does the American woman keep getting heavier? For starters:

She eats too much and does too little.

Most doctors concur on that. "We not only drive the car two blocks to the drugstore, but we want power steering to turn the wheels on the way and power brakes to stop when we get there. We want a power mower to cut the lawn and an electric can opener to open our cans."

"We are a people at a state of rest unparalleled in nature, and obesity is part of the price we pay."

Thus wrote Dr. Grant Gwinup in his helpful book, *Energetics*, which proposes that we make a deal with ourselves, keep charts of our intake and output of calories, and handle our menus accordingly.

In an era of dizzying abundance, we like to be generous to ourselves and to others. We reward our children with sweets and calm our own jangles with cocktails. Every business or social lunch is a well-rounded feast, followed shortly by an equally glorious dinner. Nothing in the circumstantial line is working for us weightwise.

So: onto a strict diet we go, and faithful to it we are—for an average of three days. We cop out on our group-therapy reducing club and cancel our date with the psychiatrist who is teaching us self-hypnosis as a weight-loss measure. The guilt section of our mind is heavy with the thousands of pounds we have lost—and the many more thousand

The overweight American woman's crise is not "taking it off" but keeping it off.

we've regained.

Everybody can lose pounds. Everybody does. But how many people do you know who haven't gone right back to where they started from, strayed from the straight and narrow time and time again?

Could metabolism be the culprit? For a long time some authorities refused to believe that any obesity is metabolic in origin. In recent years studies have caused the medical men to give faulty metabolism more credit for its rôle in obesity. One doctor considers a disturbed metabolism guilty of at least 75 per cent of his clinically obese patients' weight problems, and his rather spectacular success with putting his patients on a deliciously interesting diet—and keeping them on it—led us to ask him to explain his reasoning.

****

Dr. Robert Atkins, New York internist and clinical researcher in carbohydrate metabolism, is attractively six-feet-twoish and reassuringly lean. His salt-and-pepper hair dips into craggy sideburns, and his mind delves deeply into the problems of overweight. Which indeed it must, since all 23 rooms of his black-brown-pumpkin New York office brim daily from 7:30 am to 6:30 pm with people striving to win the battle of Weight versus Them.

To Dr. Atkins it couldn't be clearer that disturbed carbohydrate metabolism is at the root of much of American obesity. Why peculiarly American? Because, the doctor will tell you, as children and adolescents we consume more sugar than any other national group, more in two weeks than we did in one year a couple of centuries ago. If we somehow manage to get through adolescence trim, our sugar-distorted metabolism thereafter begins to take its toll.

"WE SOW THE SEEDS IN OUR CHILDHOOD-EATING PATTERN FOR ADULT WEIGHT PROBLEMS."

The doctor pins a lot of blame for the American love affair with sugar on those thrilling cola drinks that started pouring out of bottles and from drugstore spigots around the turn of this century. "And now the very same soda-makers are adding sugar to the *diet* versions of their drinks," he said ruefully. "When they put sugar back in diet soda, they made the latter unconsumable by the very people who need it most. They took away their only palatable alternative to sweets."

Would just a smidgeon of sugar in a diet drink really hurt a girl? "Not, certainly, any normal person whose weight problem is minimal. But the clinically overweight individual is often a sugar addict. Sugar is to her what whiskey is to an alcoholic. It triggers the appestat, could set her mindlessly off on an eating binge, just as one Very Dry Martini might wreak havoc with a member in good standing of A.A."

The individual chemistry of each patient is what Dr. Atkins addresses himself to. No two bodies are alike, no two use food uniformly.

American enemy: overweight

10 LBS. THINNER

BY JEAN PIERSON

The trick is to find the perfect balance for each person. Therefore, a beginner's visit to his office involves several hours for testing. Multiple blood chemistries. Urinalysis. Electrocardiogram. A glucose tolerance test, which the doctor considers the key. "The obese individual usually has a disturbed tolerance for carbohydrate. We administer sugar, which is pure carbohydrate, and keep track every hour of how the body responds. From this, and from the clinical responses to a test diet, we determine *the critical amount of carbohydrates each individual should not exceed.*"

(What happened to the old basal metabolism test?—we asked. "Basically inaccurate. Can be –20 one day, +20 the next. We determine thyroid performance by tests which measure the amount of thyroid in the blood.")

Either diabetes, pre-diabetes, or the condition called, curiously enough to the layman, "low blood sugar" are what the glucose tolerance test discloses in at least 60% of Dr. Atkins's chronically obese patients. Hypoglycemia, the medical translation of low blood sugar, goes roughly thus.

Insulin is the hormone that burns sugar. Normally, there is an equivalent of only two teaspoonfuls of sugar in the blood, and this amount is essential to the brain and nervous system, for this is the only fuel they burn for energy. But if your pancreas, the organ that produces the insulin to burn the sugar, produces too much insulin, the *sugar* being made available to it *gets burned too fast.* Your mind and your nerves are the losers. And so is your figure, as we shall see.

What causes the pancreas to put out all this insulin? Sugar itself—any excess carbohydrate. Or alcohol. Stress and emotional disturbances join the guilty parties that work on your pancreas to up its insulin production. The obese person, burdened with her seemingly hopeless disfigurement predicament, is subject to more than her share of stress. Frustrated, self-condemning, she reacts to further anguish by ingesting compulsively an amount of carbohydrates that will refuel the whole reprehensible cycle.

Obesity is obviously one of the principal symptoms of low blood sugar. So is chronic fatigue. Headaches that seem magically obliterated by a good dinner. Reaching for a drink or a chocolate to get a lift after a difficult day. Spells of weakness and dizziness. Inability to concentrate. Allergic reactions.

Not being able to stay on a diet is itself sometimes a symptom of low blood sugar.

Armed with the results of his battery of tests, observing the patient every week, Dr. Atkins painstakingly weaves a diet into the fabric of her life. She must have a glass of Vermouth at 6:00 pm each day—or she will go stark raving mad? Very well. Even though wine has both carbohydrate and alcohol, that can (probably) be arranged—*later,* maybe in the second week of dieting. With a mental slide rule, the doctor determines that she can trade the half-grapefruit he allowed her for the wine.

There is too much emphasis, the doctor feels, on *losing* weight. "The patient walks into my office with the avowed purpose of *losing* weight. What she really needs and subconsciously wants to learn is *how to keep weight down.* If she just wanted to *lose* weight, she could go to a spa—or take diet pills" (with which, incidentally, Dr. Atkins will have no truck).

Changing an overweight patient's eating pattern on a lifetime basis is his goal. "And/or her sense of value," he adds. "She must put a greater value on remaining thin than she does on eating: must be motivated to *stay* thin—and practically panic at the thought of regaining lost pounds. . . . She has to *think* long-range, *think* about the consequences. 'Is the immediate pleasure of this dessert going to outweigh the six days of hard dieting I'll have to put in to take it off?' "

It is with the considerable help of Dr. Atkins that Vogue arrived at the 16-day diet outlined on page 184. It is by no means a universal panacea for overweight, nor is it for the woman with a unique weight problem. But for the normal woman who wants to shed ten pounds quickly—and keep them shed forever—this is a splendid way to start.

Note: As with any high protein, low-carbohydrate diet, if there is any existing (or suspected) health problem, it is imperative to discuss the diet first with your doctor.

SAMPLE SUPER SUPPER MENU

CONSOMMÉ

FONDUE BOURGUIGNONNE

Chunks of steak speared by fork and cooked in peanut oil.
Mustard mayonnaise. Béarnaise sauce.

GREEN SALAD

with French dressing

Glass of Burgundy

CHEESE CAKE*

Iced Coffee

VOGUE'S SUPER DIET

IT'S 16 D-DAYS THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

Keep you 10 pounds thinner forever.

It's a steak diet, lobster diet, shrimp diet.

It's a salad diet for the salad days.

It's an egg diet for eggheads.

It's a Cheese Cake* diet that can change your image.

It's as easy as pie and pie's* in it. It's a super you diet.

See the Super Plot,
Super Rules, *Super Recipes,

PAGE 184.

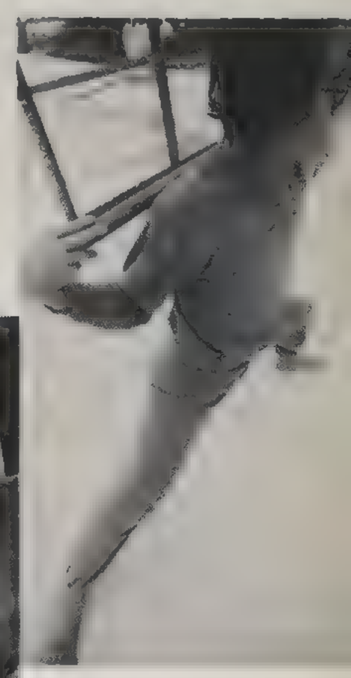


MEN REMADE

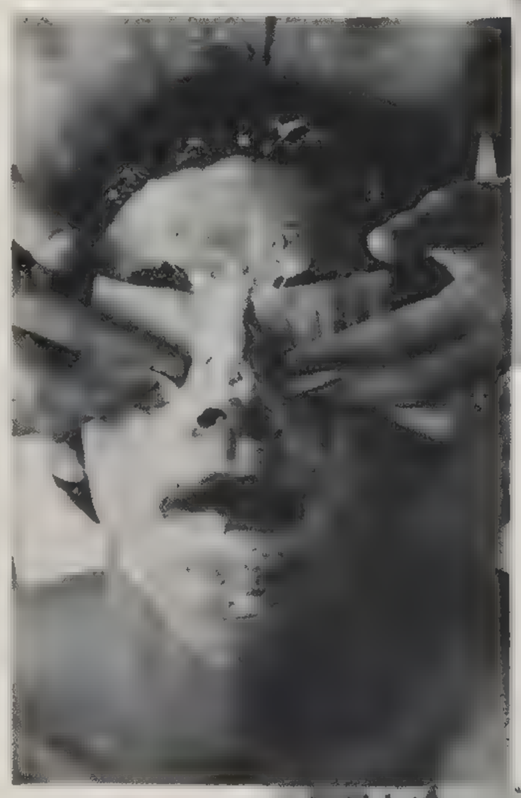
a week's action at a super men's spa



Rest between exercises . . .



Movements devised by Da Vinci . . .



Facials for skin tone . . .



Sumerian bath after massage . . .



Hurting muscles prove you're alive . . .



A great, lean lunch . . .

"My wife insists that I come back to the Golden Door for Men's Weeks. She says that I'm not fit to live with otherwise. I don't argue about it, because I wouldn't miss this for anything."

"I try to keep in pretty good shape, but I come back to the Door at least twice a year. This is my sanctuary, my way to 'Stop the World' for a week or two."

Speaking, two of the eighteen "Captains of Industry" for whom the super-luxurious Golden Door Spa in Escondido, California, is reserved for a total of eight weeks during the year.

A man who wishes to *"Get away from it all (and leave a certain unwanted portion of himself behind)"* signs on for one or two weeks during which time *"Output of exertion minus intake of nutrition equal loss of weight."* The small group of men are in the care of a knowledgeable staff of forty-five administering a well-planned régime for which the cost is approximately $100 a day. The tab is small compared with the cost of the usual resort hotel, and particularly so when the arriving visitor sees the really glowing air of well-being that each man has at the end of his week. Weight loss is sometimes spectacular, but more often the entire tone of the body, the clarity of skin and eye show the great benefit of a week of programmed exercise and rest. Perhaps the greatest benefits are cumulative—a new set of health and diet habits that become part of his life after a week here. *"The trick is to eat less, demand more of your store of physical energy. Then you can get on with the business of living to the fullest."—Mrs. Deborah Szekely, President and Founder of the Golden Door*

Many men first come at the urging of their wives who have been here during the women-only sessions. After that, however, they take over on their own. *"At least seventy-five per cent of the men return, some for every session. They are much more determined than the women, more motivated. And, they never want pampering."—Mrs. Ellen Roy, Physical Director of the Golden Door*

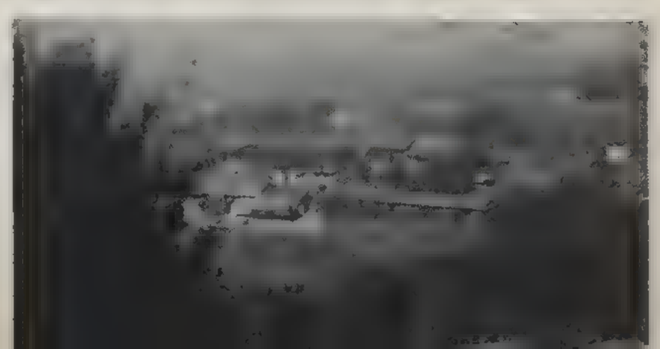
The atmosphere at the Golden Door is filled with that fine, American quality of luxury that despises pretension, demands the simple best rather than showy sham. The staff are all possessed of that quiet assurance that seems natural to the inhabitants of physically beautiful parts of the world. One thinks, for example, of the Swiss.

The Golden Door is set in a valley, some twenty minutes north of the San Diego International Airport, sheltered by low mountains from the desert to the left and the Pacific to the right. It is a ground-hugging assemblage of brick, wood, and glass buildings strung around a bright centre court of pools, fountains, dove cotes, and palm trees, flowering shrubs and bright clumps of flower beds. Just beyond the terra-cotta roofs rise the low humps of mountains covered with green from which rise outcroppings of biscuit-coloured rock that assume the shape of sea lions and dolmans.

To indicate the pattern of the week, herewith one man's log of a day at "the Door":

6:30 am The telephone. Five minutes to wash, stumble into a grey sweat suit. Get moving. Coffee in the lobby and sleepy men with rolled towels tucked into the necks of their sweat suits. Two Vitamin C tablets and off for the early morning walk *"to wake up, warm up the body"*—two miles through field and road behind the Door; slight mist and dew in the fields, incredible rinsed air. *"Don't look down, gentlemen, nothing happening on the ground, heads up, let's breathe the air,"* Ellen says, striding along in tangerine leotards and cap. Unaccustomed (Continued on page 190)

Mountain walks . . .



ROCK HUDSON, NOW

The vital, man-and-nature sort of togetherness which seems to flourish in Southern California leads some men to flock to California health resorts. Other lucky guys, to wit the newly mustachioed Rock Hudson, stay at the peak of form right in their own Beverly Hills backyards. Rock is on the scene now with two brand-new movies, *Darling Lili* and *The Hornet's Nest,* out this month; an album in which he sings Rod McKuen songs will be along later this summer.

PAUL PAREE

BEAUTY IN A BREEZE

summer helps—
quick and easy



PICK UP STICKS
for a quick-energy trip

Space Food Sticks—developed for the aerospace program by the Pillsbury Company, who are doing their noble best to produce foods that are beneficial-plus-appetizing, in the hope of improving diets of the nutritionally-naïve. These, in three flavours—chocolate, peanut butter, caramel. ...Dannon Yoghurt on a stick—frozen, refreshing, lightweight, another good-sense food (protein, calcium) that's delicious: raspberry with chocolate covering, pineapple with orange ice.... Proteined Pepsi—mix an envelope of Knox unflavoured gelatine with a 16-ounce bottle of new Diet Pepsi-Cola. Warm, to mix; cool in the fridge. (Item: the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture has found that the number of households with "good nutrition" *dropped* 10% from 1955 to 1965).

PLAY A LOVE GAME
for profit and gloss

Tennis, everyone—to keep bright-eyed, bouncy, firm. So says Vogue's tennis buff, who finds it a wonderful way to exercise and, next to swimming, just about the best way to keep waist, legs, everything, limber. Being also interested in staying as beautiful as she is, our tennis girl is devoted to Bonne Bell—an outfit that gives a lot of thought to helping the skin problems of outdoorsy people—and finds she is served well by their sunscreening makeup foundation, lip gloss, and now their new Lotion 2000, a moisturizer to slick over arms and legs to keep them glossy, smooth skinned, and smashing looking, especially with an all-white tennis turnout.

FOOT LIB
for sandal freedom

90% of us, says the A.M.A., have battered our feet to a national shame. Time, now, to demonstrate some better footwork, to reverse this statistic.... Get with a podiatrist at least twice a year, to forestall or relieve problems. Go in for salon pedicures, as European women do. Have a footbath twice a day, with a good rough-towel massage. Throw out shoes that cause damage. Tiptoe through tulips, or anywhere—walking on tiptoes strengthens feet. Try some true grit—Pretty Feet, a scrub-lotion that rubs off rough foot skin, and moisturizes. Or For Feet's Sake—a group of feet-helps that de-roughs, de-calluses, creams, refreshes. All steps in the right direction....After this dutiful program, a gleaming reward for fit feet—silver sandals, above, with ribbed straps over the feet, a narrow ankle strap. By Roger Vivier, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

SALT
should you or shouldn't you?

Extra salt in summer. We've all heard about this. It's tradition. And, maybe, cliché. Question now—do we really need extra salt, as pills or as sprinklings? Seems, according to doctors, the idea's been overdone since most of us use from five to twenty times more salt than we need anyway. Extra salt means extra water retention—not good for some heart conditions, high blood pressure, or overweight. On the other hand, insufficient salt—from, perhaps, excessive perspiration—causes loss of energy. For normal-health people, best not to go to either extreme about salt—suddenly using lots or none—any time of year, without first having a heart-to-salt talk with a doctor who knows your particular needs.

A new angle of the sun

Beamed straight at the face, opposite, its scintillation used a great new way—sunny-yellow eye shadow glowing over the cheekbones, on the eyelids, and mixed with a pale gloss for the lips. Under the brows and on the cheeks, tints of sunset pink. This solar brilliance, done in Rome especially for Vogue by Gil of Max Factor. Coif of ciré ribbons and braids, by Sergio Valente.

DAVID BAILEY





...p a lazy ocean—the dreamiest beach clothes

Beach clothes zapped with romance. Soft, wrapped, flowery, curvy—that's the spirit now. Especially great if one is spirited to Lyford Cay—a paradisiac place near Nassau—where these six pages were photographed. . . . Bouquets for a leotard, opposite, of crinkly nylon crêpe splattered with bluish flowers. Long sleeves, scooped neck—could swim, or just ornament a beach. By Cole of California, of Du Pont nylon; $30 at Saks Fifth Avenue. The big straw hat, resting, by Adolfo. After the sun is over, left, a long dress of red-white-navy plaid with a navy top, a shawl with plaid ruffles. By Cleopatra Broumand, of polyester and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric); about $115. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Nan Duskin; Swanson's. Renauld sunglasses. New sun protection: First Day Tanning Gel that saves winter-white skin from turning first-day red; by Eve of Roma.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

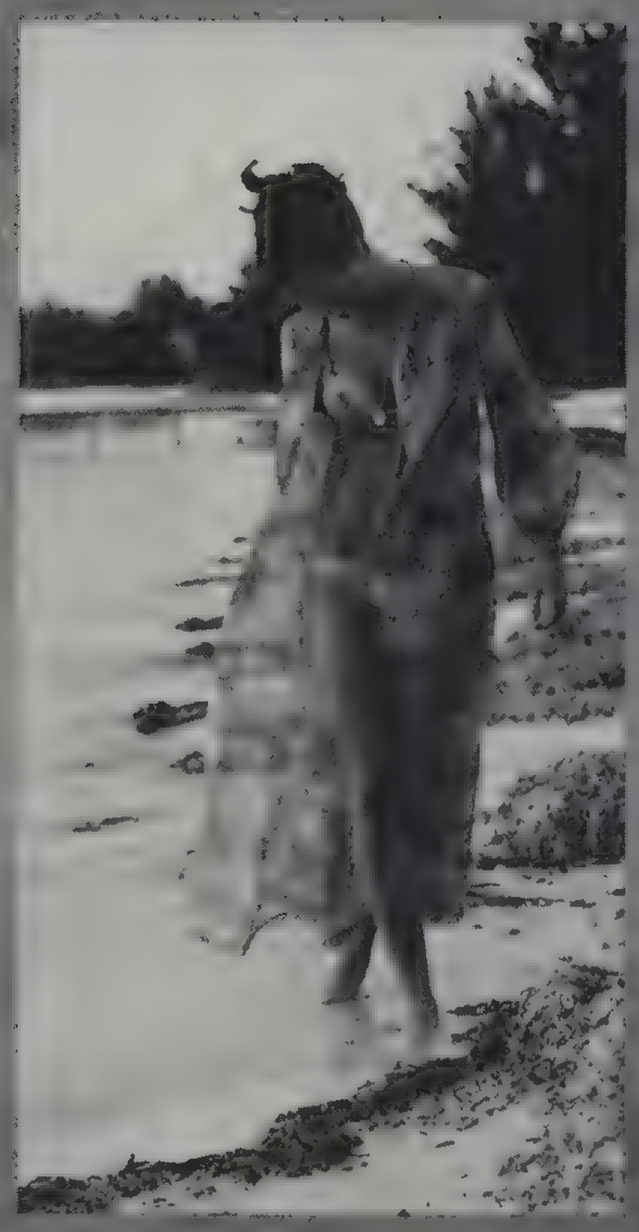


You can lead a girl to water—and here's the halter to do it—right into the luscious waters of Lyford Cay where Nassau's not far behind. White bathing suit, above, with crossed halter top, short culottes, pointed bareness between. Bandura bathing suit by Brigance Waterclothes, of nylon. $30 at Best & Co.; Sakowitz. For sun-times like this, a fine Italian first: Avanti Sole suntan spray that speeds a tan, sends tiny sun-attracting beads from a plastic spray bottle that does away with mess on hands—one of many smart sun ideas from the new Roman Sun Treatment Collection by Eve of Roma. Soft little suit, left, of clear yellow with Greek-boy lines—gathered top with narrow binding and straps, elastic waist. By Brigance Waterclothes, of Enkalure nylon. $30 at Best & Co.; Sakowitz. Japanese wrapanese, right, a white kimono with rolled collar and airy sleeves, wrapped here with a white obi (a printed sash comes with it). By Marilyn Hillman for Catalina, Dacron and cotton. $23 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Maas Brothers.

Up a lazy ocean—
pretty shapes
swimming,
a kimono-de-style



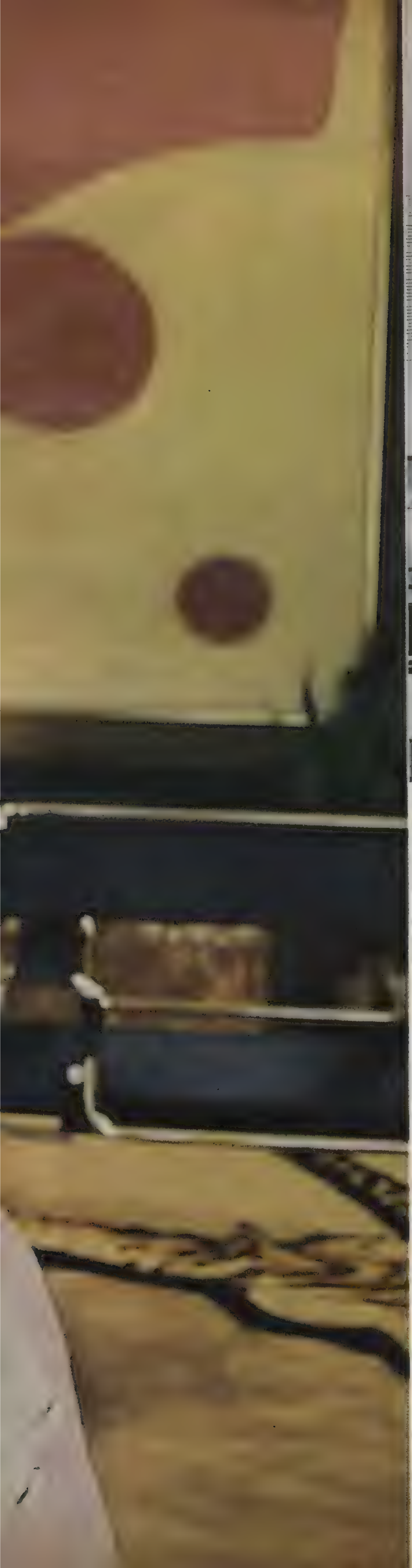
Dipping in and around the pastel-striped ocean of Lyford Cay, just a hop and a swim—some twelve miles of coastline—from Nassau.... A long camel wrapper, far left, to cover beach bareness—shawl collar, a sash to pull tight, two big pockets. By Hadley, of camel hair. $150, to order at Lord & Taylor. Little sheernesses, left—a gauzy caftan and tiny bikini, both printed in yellow-orange-blue. By Alexa, of polyester and cotton. Caftan, $20; bikini, $10. Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's, Michigan. Tie-on sunglasses, above, slightly raccoon and news in France—wide-edged frames and straps of dark-brown suède, with amber lenses. By Michel Wahl for Lanvin. Black maillot, right, with a deep slit held by a tiny ring. Peter Pan, designed by Oleg Cassini, of Antron nylon and Lycra (Milliken fabric). $26 at Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Hudson's; Dayton's; May D&F. Twining straps, far right—a black bathing suit that's just halter and pants from the front, connected by a crisscross at the back. By Geoffrey Beene for Roxanne, of textured Du Pont nylon and Lycra. $32 at Altman's. Hat by Adolfo.



PATRICK LICHFIELD

Up a lazy ocean—the prettiest bareness, camel wrapping, brown suède sunglasses







THE JOYOUS HOUSE OF THE WARNERS

DESIGNED BY AN ARCHITECT AND HIS WIFE FOR THE LIFE THEY KNOW BEST—THEIR OWN

In Montecito, California, Jack Lionel Warner, a well-known architect riding the upcurve, built this American success storey—a lean, low, handsome house that holds an impressive collection of largely American art, a flaunt of plants, and the quirky, attractive things assembled by a pair of imaginative, informed people. With its open-country ease, its lack of pretension, its confident mix of times and places, the Warner house is all about an American woman. Both Mr. and Mrs. Warner are rooted Californians; he five generations deep; she, the daughter of Robert A. Rowan, (Continued, page 174)

THE WARNERS, *above*, with their son John, seven, and four-year-old twins, Laura and Louise, in their living room with its Chinese black lacquer table, black-and-white Chinoiserie box of flowers, and curious albino tortoise shell propped against the wall: the whole, a calculated retreat from the outdoor dazzle of California. Behind Mr. Warner (and opposite, far left), a 1964 painting by Bridget Riley; visible through the door beyond Mrs. Warner, a Charles Hinman. In the background of the photograph, *left*, of Mrs. Warner with Laura, a Jules Olitski called "Juice." These paintings, like others in the house, are from the collection of Mrs. Warner's father, Robert A. Rowan.

HORST



A POWER PLAY OF AMERICAN PAINTINGS AT THE

JOYOUS HOUSE OF THE WARNERS

A GAME OF TEXTURES, *left*, substitutes for colour in the Warner living room. Above the eighteenth-century French marble mantelpiece, a head from a Ptolemaic Egyptian sarcophagus hangs in front of a Navajo rug. Chinese silk panels and a low Coromandel screen frame the fireplace. Mrs. Warner collects baskets—from French oyster to Taiwan pineapple baskets—fills many with plants and flowers.
Above: In the gallery, running almost the length of the house, *top*, a Kenneth Noland painting; *above left*, a Ron Davis, next to a French provincial wedding clock; and, *above right*, beside Mrs. Warner, a Frank Stella painting.

HORST



CALM GEOMETRIES AND
A FLURRY OF PLANTS AT THE

JOYOUS HOUSE OF THE WARNERS

(Continued from page 171) the president of the board of trustees of the vigorous Pasadena Art Museum. Their house, little more than a year old, spills serenity and care. The Warners understand minimums of colour, maximums of textures. In the living room—one glance catches surfaces of fur, leather, coral, stone, canvas, lacquer, earthenware, horn, bone, caning, glass, Lucite, chrome, wool, wicker, and wood. Mrs. Warner, who is mostly her own cook/maid/child-minder, has ten green fingers: For her, plants shine and grow, cut flowers slip into place. Her kitchen is a collection of still lifes: green-purple asparagus, yellow antirrhinum, bunched fresh watercress, Malmaison carnations, heaped lemons. She bakes her own bread. The house her husband built her is filled with affection, appreciation, almost with euphoria.

A PLACE OF FLOWERS, *above,* the house Jack Lionel Warner designed for his family is all cool geometries, the louvred doors and windows severely framed in dark brown, the white walls rising to a low shingled roof. Against this calm background the natural shapes of rocks, plants, and flowers seem as formal as the carved stone fruit baskets and terra-cotta pots. Benched and bowed, here, Laura and Louise. *Right:* The master bedroom is clued to a strong blue-and-white Verrières flower print on the bed cushion and chairs and lining the baldachin, a scheme reinforced by further blue-and-white patterns and a rug made for the Warners in Portugal. White piqué and canvas, yellow-green French wallpaper hold and crisp the blues. On the wall, a pen-and-ink drawing by John Altoon.

HORST



VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR

FASHIONS IN LIVING

EATING-ALL-OVER-THE-HOUSE IDEAS...

Mr. and Mrs. Ian C. Hart, and son Brett, lunch in the live-in garden of their San Francisco house. French iron chairs dot broad flowering terraces, tables are set up in the pebbled forecourt. This green-and-white table, Wedgwood Ivy china on a Brunschwig cloth, to order from Ronald James, 300 Sutter Street, San Francisco.



Committee work is fun with luncheon on a tray (right) in the sitting room. Clear Plexiglas tray, $35; Italian pottery covered soup bowl, $15; Pascoe crystal goblet, $3.50. Handpainted screen by Alan Winn, to order, $900. Afghan, $140; pillows, $15 and $35. All from Obelisk, 133 E. 56th St., N. Y. C. Below: How could a checkbook not balance at this super desk? To order, in any leather and colour. $1,300. Karl Springer, 201 E. 62nd St., N. Y. C.* Wedgwood Wild Strawberries china, and all accessories shown, Tiffany, 729 Fifth Ave.



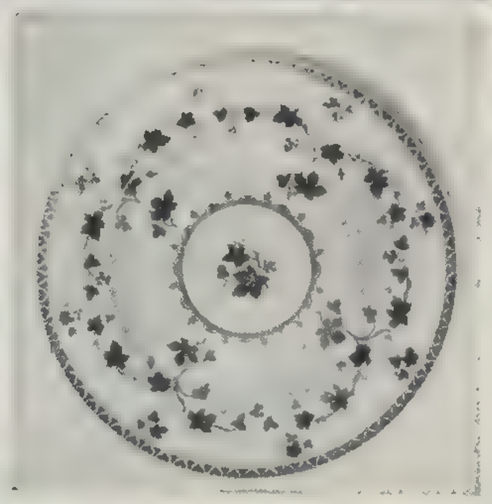
French wheeled dropleaf table (above) of handsewn leather and brass. Washable Plastique top. In 25 colours, $375 at Stephen Mallory Preferred, 964 Third Ave.* Fostoria Eloquence goblets, $4.75. Altman's; Porcelain d'Auteuil; Bistro; Georg Jensen. Checked gingham cloth and napkins, Tablerie, 1033 Third Ave. ***Peruvian picnic basket*** (far right), printlined, $45. Boutique de la Cuisine, 33½ E. 68th St. Lenox Rutledge cup and saucer, $10.25. Plummer-McCutcheon, 145 E. 57th St. Dansk tumbler, Facette, $4. ***A white ostrich leather library table*** (below), $800. The telephone table, $270. Both, to order at Karl Springer, 306 E. 61st St., N. Y. C.* Royal Worcester cobalt-blue-and-white china, Celestial. Plate, $33; pagoda, $200. Everything shown is at Tiffany.





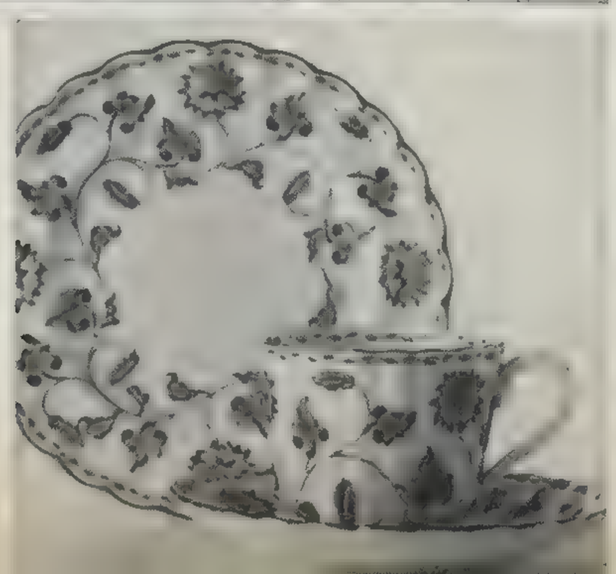
DAVID MASSEY

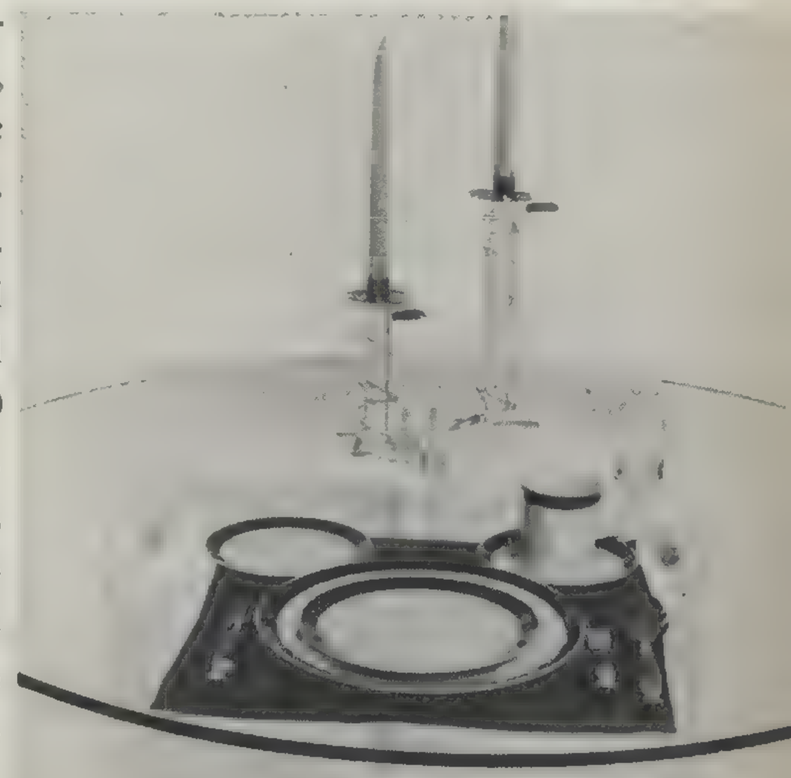






Red-and-navy woven patchwork rug (right) from Brazil, perfect as a terrace tablecloth, $75. Also from Brazil, the sisal rug, shown top left, $175. Both at Ronaldo Maia, 252 E. 62nd St. The French Montaigne goblet, $6.50; carafe, $8; and fruit dish, $16.50, are Baccarat crystal, 55 E. 57th St. ***Translucent china*** (above), Royal Doulton's Yorktown. Salad plate, $3.40. Plummer-McCutcheon, 145 E. 57th St. ***Steel-and-Perspex*** dining table (right), 45″ glass top, $870. The Perspex snake candlesticks, $70 ea. All at Albrizzi, 991 Madison Ave. Red Finnish place mat, $1.75. Rosenthal cobalt-bordered Linear Terzo china, $40 a place setting. Linear Largo goblet, $7. Blue-and-white china-handled flatware, Grill, $27 the place setting. All, Studio Haus, 584 Fifth Ave. ***Fluted china*** (left), blue-and-white, to use all over the house. Spode's Colonial Blue, $33 a place setting. Plummer-McCutcheon, 145 E. 57th St. Addresses given on this page are all in New York City.





MICHELLE VIGNES

*THROUGH DECORATORS

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Summer in the city–three moods...



1

CHARLES TRACY

2

BERRY BERENSON

3

Three independent American girls —going about their business...

1. Julia Schon—all hustle, get with it, walk the dog, wheel the baby, get some shopping thrown in. Julie wears her everyday costume—cream jersey skin tight shirt, $12. Henri Bendel. Pale taupe-y-colour cotton velvet pants, $10. The Different Drummer, 792 Lexington Avenue....

2. Roz Rubenstein is the totally interested, totally sympathique girl all the young jewellery designers, the leather crafters, go to see at Bendel's Roz, in the store's plant shop, in the same skin-tight tank top as Julie, $12; patchwork quilt skirt. Both, Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th St....

3. Patricia Cleveland takes time to dream—of being a great designer perhaps—in a shirt she made from strips of antique lace and a natural straw hat tied with a violet chiffon scarf she found at Serendipity III, 225 E. 60th Street.

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



JOEL SCHUMACHER

St. Tropez

1. The Berenson girls, Marisa and Berry, two talented, piquant, adorable human beings wherever they land for a moment in the world. . . . Here, snapped on a working vacation in the old, it's-seen-everything French seaport—the girls in their T-shirts, stamped with their names, done on the spot at Gérald de St. Tropez. . . .

London

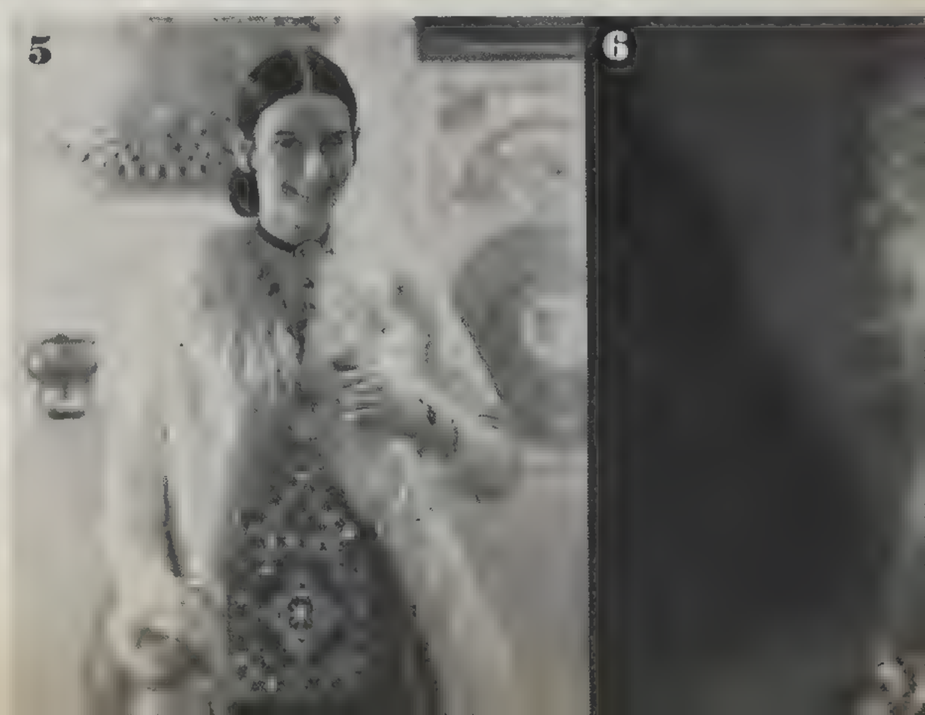
2. Ann Peto lives there, loves it and takes Milk Shake around with her wherever she goes. Milk Shake travels in an embroidered Indian shoulder bag, $7. Ann, in a splendid ankle-length hooded coat of red-black-yellow cotton, $15. Both found at Forbidden Fruit, 293 Portobello Road. . . .



PATRICK LICHFIELD

San Francisco

"The World of Peter Max" exhibition at the M. H. deYoung Memorial Museum brought out all the delightful girls of San Francisco. Here, a slapdash look at some of the more arresting girls. . . . ***5. Juliana Wolman*** wears her white Afghanistan shepherd's coat over midnight blue mirrored-embroidered tunic. . . . ***6. Sandy Pettit*** is all a frizz and a glitter—sequinned eyes, frowzled-out blond hair, fluffy violet feather boa. . . . ***7. Cathy Johnson*** wearing a pink-green-black-beige silk crêpe maxi skirt, pongee shirt, amber sequin bolero, garden-party straw hat. . . . ***8. Victoria Peck*** in granny glasses and granny's crochet cap and cape. . . . ***9. Who is she?*** Alas we don't know, but this day she felt like being the wizard—wearing his coat of black-sky blue, covered with bright-yellow stars and crescents. . . .



CHARLES BUSH

The great American looks, great wherever they may be—

MARY RUSSELL




3


4

3 and 4; Paris, Rome, New York, wherever, that's where you're apt to find the giant-sized, best-looking-ever brother and sister, *Pia and Gastone Rosselli.* Most of the time Pia's in Paris with her husband and two children, Gus is in New York where he's an on-the-rise actor.... What the Rossellis have got on here—clothes designed by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo.... ***3.*** Pia in silver-spangled black jersey, Gus in stretch second-skin shirt. ... ***4.*** Pia and Gus in Giorgio's tie-dye shirts. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . . ***More on next page.***




7


8


9

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Clasp it where the pulse beats—



1. The wrist, that's where he needs it—the throat, where she wants it. A man's wrist cinched with something important. . . . Brushed metal clasped with purple-and-black enamel triangles. By Sandor Goldberger. $8. A throat circled with a plaid ribbon centred with a black medallion. By Karin Peers. $8. **2.** Bead fringe moving with the beat—red, blue, yellow, white bead choker made by the Xhosa tribe in Africa. Imported by John Nichols. About $16. Both, Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th Street. . . . ***3.*** Finest silver cord, braided, fringed with lavender beads. By Joanne Eisenberg. $50. . . . Man's leather cuff. By Ronald Williams. $10. . . . ***4.*** His bracelets—Moroccan leather. $8 each. Her bracelets, of African beads. $4 each. Rings, ivory, tortoise, elephant hair. About $3 each. . . . ***5.*** Fringe of beads descending from a choker. Authentic African handiwork, imported by John Nichols. About $16. All, Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St.

CHARLES TRACY

WIFE TRAINING

(Continued from page 133)

waiter asks her how she liked a meal. I have taught her that a wife should always stand slightly behind her husband, except when walking through mine fields. I have taught her never to buy an article of clothing, not even a glove, that I have not inspected and approved. I have taught her never to contradict me in public, to laugh appreciatively at my jokes, and to take my side in arguments. The wife, in other words, should be the beacon that illuminates her husband, or, if you prefer, the setting for the gem. I can see that I have only skimmed the subject of how to train an American wife. I could go on and on, but Nancy is off addressing her local chapter of the radical feminist organization WENCH (Women Enslaved by Children and Home), and it is time for me to change Amber's diapers.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sanche de Gramont is the author of the book* The French, *published last August by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Back in 1948, his aunt, Elizabeth de Gramont, who in private life was the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, wrote an article for Vogue called "Proust's France." When Proust visited her father's country house, he was handed the guest book with only these words from the Duc de Gramont: "Just your name, sir; no thoughts."*

I. RICE PEREIRA

(Continued from page 129)

that the object in turn reflects back light from the sun. At the point of crossing, there is a simultaneous exchange of energy that creates the spatial image—the dematerialized object—which is brought back into the mind.

Pereira's paintings both test and prove those crucial assumptions. She establishes and makes explicit an essential light source deep in the space of the canvas. Then she creates geometrical sequences radiating out towards the viewer. These sequences are organized according to an original concept of number, proposing that number is "the harmonics of the power of form." In other words, Pereira organizes her forms according to the frequencies expressed through colour and geometry rather than according to the principles of traditional mathematics. The result is that the viewer becomes instantly aware of the object of her thought. The titles of her paintings, "Oblique Progression," "The Fourth Power," "The Circumnavigation of the Sphering of the Poles," reveal the content of the paintings as source material for her cosmology.

In view of this content, Pereira's painting can not be classed simply as twentieth-century geometrical art in the tradition of Kasimir Malevich or Piet Mondrian. Rather, it belongs to the tradition of the ancient geometricians who used the most basic elements of measure and proportion, i.e., light, space, number, and geometry, to create works that extend the mind into unknown areas of experience in an attempt to make "consciousness conscious of itself."

Pereira's primary objective in her painting and writing is to explore and to understand the nature of consciousness with the aim of establishing a cosmology of the infinite. Her particular genius has been to approach this complex and far-reaching subject through an analysis of the visual fact rather than in the traditional way through the postulates of physics or theology.

Such important thinkers as Sir Julian Huxley, C. G. Jung, Étienne Gilson, René Huyghe, and learned societies and universities abroad have had high praise for Pereira's thought and work. Nevertheless, her achievement has not been the subject of serious study in America and is all but unknown to art critics and scholars. This has serious implications, for fresh cosmological insights such as those she offers could conceivably help reverse the trend toward increasing cultural fragmentation.

The art world in its present state is, for the most part, unable to assimilate in a significant way this kind and quality of insight or the complex work that supports it. Most art historians, curators, critics, and even artists continue to treat art as style, rather than vision, and as information particular to and useful within the context of an established tradition. Even so, it is difficult to understand why Pereira's rôle as a source figure for some of the most recent developments in American and European art has been overlooked.

It is possible that Pereira's painting influenced some aspects of Hans Hofmann's later geometric style. In an odd way, she may have influenced the late sculpture or, at least, the conglomerate sculpture environment at Bolton Landing, New York, of David Smith, one of her classmates at the Art Students League. In addition, her early geometric paintings and the glass and plastic constructions of the 1940's anticipate the diagrammatic or systemic style in painting and sculpture of the last decade.

A case could be made for an even more generic relation between her work and that of such post-diagrammatic painters as Jules Olitski, Larry Poons, and Darby Bannard; for Pereira, using expressionist as well as geometric imagery, came to grips earlier than they with the problems of defining spatial extensions into the canvas and of creating a formal system that objectifies the actual surface of the canvas. Further, she had early developed techniques that have anticipated certain painterly and spray methods now in use.

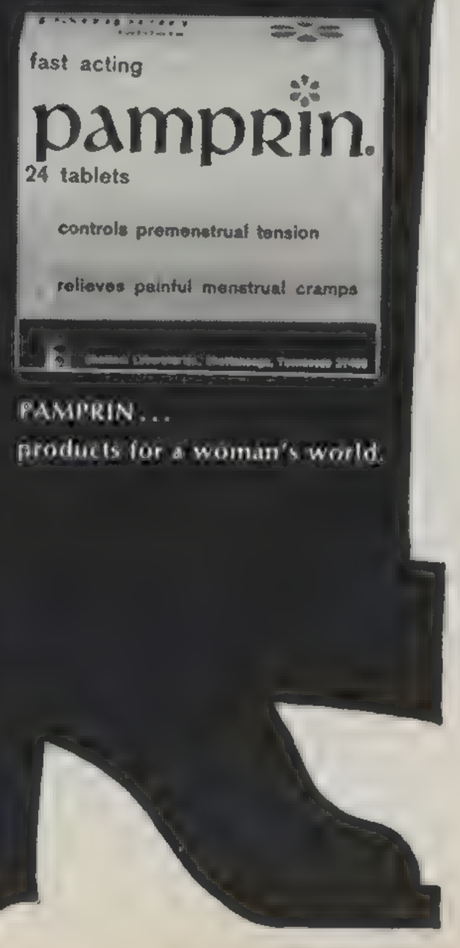
A detailed examination of her relationship to and probable influence on other artists would only further demonstrate that Pereira has been concerned with the same aesthetic and technical problems that have confronted several generations of artists. Her radically new and interesting solutions to them and in particular the cosmology that she has developed on the basis of her work will someday be recognized for what it is, a staggering contribution to American culture and a new age.

If you've got that-time-of-the-month puffiness, Elephant Pants won't hide it.

Even elephant pants can't really disguise that uncomfortable bloated look. The one that you get some five days every month, just before your period's due. It's "water-weight" gain.

For that, you need PAMPRIN.® It helps overcome a basic cause of pre-menstrual discomfort. PAMPRIN eases the pressures that often make for cramps and simple headaches. So now you needn't feel or look "unwell". Just take PAMPRIN. Isn't that a relief?

(P.S. If you have a friend who is a "Dumbo", tell her about PAMPRIN. Please...don't keep a good thing to yourself.)



PAMPRIN...
products for a woman's world.

VOGUE'S TAKE IT OFF / KEEP IT OFF SUPER DIET

THE SUPER PLOT

Here are the mechanics of the diet devised with the guidance of Dr. Robert Atkins, as discussed on pages 158-59. D-Days: 16 of them that can change not only your figure but your life. In the first four days, you can start right out with steak and salad vinaigrette; broiled lobster with garlic butter; soft-shelled crabs; chicken Rosemary; Eggs à la You. . . . In the next four days you add Homemade Cheese Cake; specified amounts of vegetables, cream, cottage cheese. . . . In D-Days 9 through 16 the plot thickens deliciously, as see below. . . . By D-Day 16 you should not only have lost at least 10 pounds, but you should have suffered not one hungry or bored moment. You should have *felt* better every day. And your appetite and metabolic system should have normalized to the extent that you'll want to stay on this diet—and *stay 10 pounds thinner* for the rest of your life.

D-Days 1 through 4

Anything on the following list
(and nothing that's not on the list)

MEAT

Steaks,
lamb chops,
hamburgers,
any kind of meat
in any quantity—
except meat with fillers such as bologna, sausage, hot dogs, meatballs.

FOWL

Duckling, turkey,
chicken—
anything with wings.
No stuffing.

DESSERTS

Gelatine with
artificial sweeteners
(e.g., D-Zerta).

CONDIMENTS

Salt, pepper, mustard, horseradish, vinegar; vanilla and other extracts; artificial sweeteners; any dry powdered spice that contains no sugar.

DRINKS

Water, mineral water, Vichy, club soda, MBT or other powdered beef or chicken broth, bouillon. Sugar-free soda. Coffee, tea, Sanka.

FISH

Caviar, salmon,
lobster, shrimps,
any kind of seafood.
including oil-packed
and smoked—
except oysters, clams, mussels, and pickled fish.

EGGS

Boiled, fried,
scrambled, poached,
omelette—any style.

SALADS

2 small green salads a day (less than 1 cupful) made of Super Salad Material listed right. *Dressings* with oil, vinegar, salt, dry spices, herbs, grated cheese, or anchovies . . . 1 sour pickle may be had in place of the salad.

BUTTER & MAYONNAISE

Butter, margarine,
oils, shortening,
pure mayonnaise in
judicious quantities.

CHEESE

4 oz. a day of any hard cheese. No cream cheese or cheese spreads.

D-Days 5 through 8

Now you may add daily: *Homemade Cheese Cake*, made according to recipe, next page. . . . *A Vegetable Serving*—one 4-oz. portion of any Super Vegetable listed right. . . . *Heavy Cream*—1 oz. a day in coffee or cooking. . . . *Cottage Cheese*—1 scoop a day.

D-Days 9 through 12

Now you may add *Oysters, Clams, Mussels* to seafood menus and start to use *wine* in cooking—and have a glass of dry table wine with dinner. Or you can trade the glass of wine for 1 *fruit*—a small portion such as ¼ cantaloupe, ½ grapefruit, ½ apple. . . . *Walnuts, almonds, water chestnuts* may be added to recipes. But no peanuts, cashews, chestnuts. . . . And you may now have *Unlimited cottage cheese*, or even that sinfully rich milk solid called Ricotta.

D-Days 13 through 16

Now you can have 1 fruit *and* 1 glass of wine or 1 2-oz. vodka, gin, or whiskey. And you may add *sour cream* to recipes.

D-Day 17

Survey your remarkable accomplishment. Make a decision about your future eating plans. Whatever: don't go back to old eating patterns if you want *to stay 10 pounds thinner.*

SUPER NO-NO'S

Put these out of your life (and your recipes):

Beans	Corn	Milk
Bread	Crackers	Potatoes
Candy	Ice Cream	Rice
Cereal	Ketchup	Spaghetti
Chewing Gum	Macaroni	Sugar

NO SLIP-UPS

One stick of gum can spoil the whole chemical drama taking place on your inner stage.

THE SUPER VEGETABLES

Artichokes	Kohlrabi
Asparagus	Mushrooms
Avocado	Okra
Bamboo Shoots	Onion
Beet Greens	Peppers
Broccoli	Pumpkin
Brussels Sprouts	Rutabagas
Cauliflower	Sauerkraut
Chard	Snow Pea Pods
Chinese Cabbage	Spinach
Crookneck or Yellow Squash	String or Wax Beans
Eggplant	Tomato
Kale	Water Chestnuts
	Zucchini Squash

THE SUPER SALAD MATERIAL

Black Olives	Lettuce
Celery	Onion
Chicory	Pickle (Sour or Dill)
Chinese Cabbage	Pimiento
Cucumber	Peppers
Endive	Radishes
Escarole	Scallions
Green Olives	Tomato
Leeks	Watercress

THE SUPER RULES

1. Eat all of the allowed foods you need to avoid hunger.
2. *Never eat when you're not hungry.*
3. Don't finish everything on your plate. ("Think of all the overfed people in America," Dr. Atkins suggested.)
4. *Take as much or as little water or calorie-free beverages as thirst requires.*
5. Frequent small meals are fine, but only enough to stave off hunger.
6. *If weakness results from rapid weight loss, salt depletion may be the cause. Take plenty of salt and no diuretics.*
7. Take a multivitamin pill daily.
8. *Check labels on "low-calorie" drinks, syrups, desserts. Only those with no carbohydrate content are allowed.*
9. When in doubt, leave it out.

HOW HIGH-PROTEIN, LOW-CARBOHYDRATE SUPER DIET TAKES OFF INCHES:

On this diet, you lose inches clearly out of proportion to pounds. Dr. Atkins' explanation: Fat is reserve fuel. . . . Fat begins to burn as soon as no ready fuels are available. . . . Sugar, starch, and alcohol are ready fuels. . . . A diet low in carbohydrate is the most efficient kind conceivable for burning fat off the body. . . . And, obviously, the diet that burns fat takes the inches off. . . .

DR. ATKINS'S CHEESE CAKE

Blend thoroughly together *6 eggs; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; 2 teaspoons vanilla; 4 teaspoons soft margarine or vegetable oil; 4 teaspoons sucaryl or equivalent.* . . . Then add *1 quart cottage or pot cheese.* Blend until very smooth. . . . Pour into narrow long pan, such as a loaf pan, to insure cake against falling. Top with cinnamon. Bake in preheated 350° oven 45 minutes or until firm. Turn off oven, leave cake there with door open for about 1 hour, then chill. Overnight refrigeration will add to the flavour. Extracts or No-Cal Brand syrups can be added for variety in flavours.

LEMON CREAM PIE

Dissolve *2 envelopes sugar-free lemon gelatine* in 1 cup boiling water. Add ½ *cup diet orange juice* and *2 teaspoons lemon juice.* Chill until firm. Then with blender or electric mixer, combine with *1 cup Ricotta cheese* (or cottage cheese) and *2 tablespoons diet orange marmalade.* Pour into meringue pie shell and refrigerate until firm.

MERINGUE PIE SHELL

Beat *4 egg whites* with pinch of salt and *1 teaspoon cream of tartar* (or lemon juice) until foamy. Add *1 cup granulated sugar substitute* gradually. Continue beating until stiff. Add *1 teaspoon vanilla.* Spread mixture on bottom and up sides of well-greased 9″ pie pan. Bake in preheated 275° oven until light brown and hard to the touch—about 1 hour.

DI BONAVENTURAS

(Continued from page 90)

about sleepovers (not during the week), television, bedtime (subject to change: In the event of something grand, even Betsey, seven, may stay up till ten-thirty and be put to bed by Andrea, who loves taking care of the younger children, and whose willingness Mrs. di Bonaventura is fearful of exploiting). Rules about advertising one's whereabouts and coming-home time are not subject to change. . . . Payment is made for special chores—e.g., running down to the grocer's for the cream that Mrs. di Bonaventura forgot to pick up. No payment for regular chores—walking the dachshund, setting and clearing the table, loading and unloading the dishwasher, et cetera. No cruel and unusual treatment of siblings. No entering the studio while their father is practising.

Nothing hard and fast on matters of appearance. "At certain ages," said Mrs. di Bonaventura, "to dress the way your friends dress is the most important thing in the world. If a child is allowed to feel part of a group and to go along with the codes, it's much easier for him to break away later. Individuality has a lot more meaning to a child who knows what belonging is like." The di Bonaventura children are free to choose their own clothes, and you hear hardly a word about Christopher's bushy long hair.

They are good-looking children, each in a special way; responsive and funny; and each with a small area of shyness that's immensely appealing. They look you in the eye and they shake your hand ("I don't like curtseying or bowing"). Christopher, who is on the Dalton football team, is working this summer as an office boy at the Paris *Tribune.* Andrea and Sarina, ten, study at The New York School of Ballet, and Betsey is longing to join them. And a doctor who is a friend of the family has arranged for Peter, twelve years old and wrapped up in science and medicine, to see an operation in operation. All the children once seriously practised some musical instrument and, had you dropped by the di Bonaventuras a few years ago, you would have been charmed by the musicales with their father.

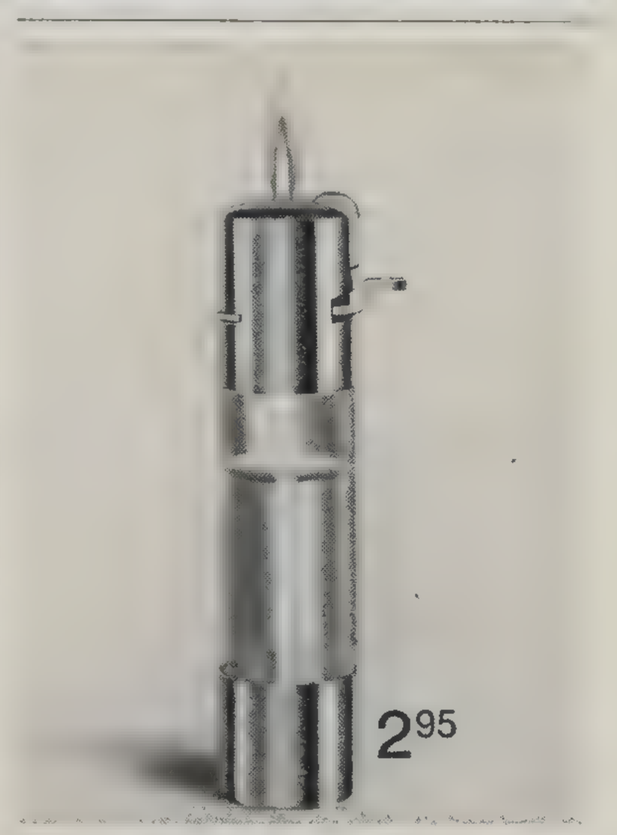
Mrs. di Bonaventura is not particularly dismayed that they no longer play. "You can't force children to cling to what interested them *then.* The point is to encourage exposure to what interests them *now,* and to give them the time they need to find something that does." She doesn't confuse a child's frequent changes of interest with fickleness; she respects all change—in children, in parents, in mutual relationships and private goals—as the natural structure of family life.

The di Bonaventuras are continually changing, growing. They stay fluid. As his concert career becomes increasingly successful, Anthony di Bonaventura is more and more often on tour. And last year, as though to prove that a family can be in a constant state of change without being in a state of revolution, Mrs. di Bonaventura went back to school. At Sarah Lawrence College in the Center for Continuing Education, she is working towards a degree in Early-Childhood Education, with the eventual plan of teaching in the New York public schools. . . . Sara di Bonaventura is, if she does say so herself, "pretty good with children."

NOTE: *In the March 1, 1970, issue of Vogue, the cover was mistakenly credited to Bert Stern. The photographer was, in fact, Patrick Lichfield. We deeply regret this error.*

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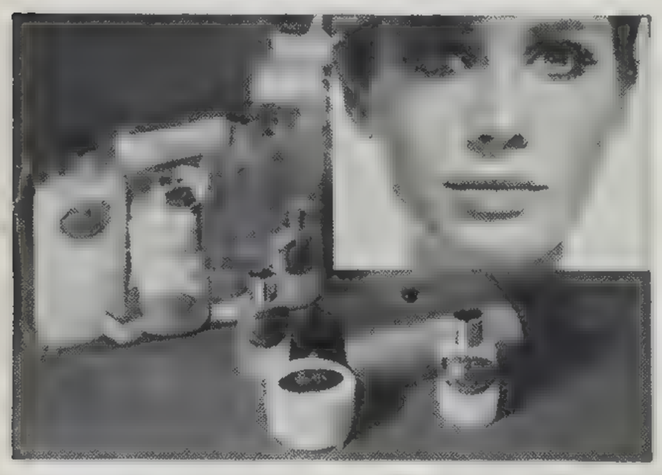
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ENCOUNTER GROUPS

(Continued from page 111)

"I'm the only person in this room who can actually feel"

which is enhanced in group settings." He added: "Sometimes people can be hypnotized into a state of *manic* euphoria, requiring hospitalization or medication. Sometimes they experience extreme anxiety or act out intense sexual responses." Dr. Kline also told me some analysts use "sensory hypnoplasty," which means having their patients work with clay "to intensify experience and help them go back to painfully repressed episodes. There are many inherent dangers in this very rapid regression." I worked with clay in one group session, and found the experience exhilarating—maybe because I admired and trusted the man in charge, as I did the one who led me on the "body trip." But what if somebody a shade less stable than I fell into the power of group leaders a shade less principled and skillful than they?

10. Groups are anti-intellectual. Frequently, dismayingly true. In their zeal to reconnect the intellect with what they call "gut-level feelings" some groups dismiss all abstractions. In an Atlanta group my heart went out to the schoolteacher who, when he exclaimed, "I think this is a lot of weird crap!" was instantly reprimanded, "Don't say think, say *feel!*" I felt sorry, too, for a girl named Elaine when someone said, "There's Elaine over in her corner *thinking* again. That thinking! It'll get you in trouble every time!"

Polysyllables are pounced on like danger signals of cancer. I was scolded at different times for using "nuance," "gregarious," "touché," and "verbosity."

I thought George Steiner was overdoing it a bit when he told his Esalen audience that "no great innovative thinkers have *ever* sat on the floor," but he had a point when he later asked, "What's the point of self-discovery if there's nothing, or very little, there to discover? Having them go even deeper inside themselves only shows them what *bores* they are. It would be better if they would memorize poetry or learn a language or play chess or listen to music or study butterflies." Dr. Silvano Arieti, a New York psychoanalyst, told me that "only the most primitive of emotions do not need a cognitive counterpart. Only with full understanding can we get to the emotional core of things."

11. The groups cheapen real emotion. Sometimes true. "The techniques that are supposed to foster real intimacy sometimes destroy it," another psychiatrist said. "Some of our new colleagues who try to gimmick it through in the area of 'instant intimacy' are guilty of this. What they do may not be *dangerous*, but it isn't more than entertaining. It doesn't expand the mind or soul."

"It's too bad," said a behavioural scientist, "that some people feel obliged to hug and be affectionate when they don't really want to and that others can't unless they're given official permission."

A nervous young man in one group I was in went around the room asking several people, including me, if we loved him. I said I did, but later regretted not having answered "*Love* you? How could I? We've just met. I wish you well, sure, and I have sympathy for you, but don't mix that up with love."

"Touching," as the humanistic psychologist Dr. James Bugental said, "can be a way of *not* relating."

12. The groups lead to emotional élitism. They can indeed. A woman at a human potential party in New York announced, "I'm the only person in this room who can actually *feel.*" When I removed my shoes during one California encounter session, somebody said "*Well!* What would the people in your office think if they could see you *now?*" as if nobody in my office or elsewhere east of the Donner Pass ever went barefoot, admired a sunset, or stopped to pick up a pebble.

Sometimes group people can be insufferably condescending. "I know where *you're* at," they might say. "You're where I was two years ago. Don't worry, you'll come out of it." And some attach grand significance to trivia—"You *say* pass the salt, but I *hear* you saying you feel neglected."

13. The groups have ridiculous jargon. Oh wow, there's a certain amount of holistic, heuristic truth in that, man. It's out of sight the way they rap on about how you should get in touch with yourself. When I get some air time, I'm going to lay on you my story about a group that was nurturant—*very* nurturant, and growthful, too. When you like get down to Nomenclature Gulch, and integrate all your connects, when you ask where someone is, you don't mean what city or what room. Cognitively speaking, you've got to get your top dog and your underdog together.

Fishbowling through the inputs of the golden glow period, we clinicked and critiqued about process, and shared. I'm glad I shared that with you, Bambi, I feel comfortable about your being here. I'm like glad you're part of our multidisciplinary, task-oriented, in-service training, and my level of unconditional positive regard for you is high. I think you're reely together. I reely resonated when you said that about the change agent winging it in the cousin lab. Let's try to be alive and find out where it's at and actualize. Let's have a minimumally evaluative triad about the *Zeitgeist.* Let's work it through and have a lecturette about feedback. And above all, after we've dumped, let's stay in touch with the feeling.

14. The groups may get to be a cult. Get to be? Few deny that they already are. "A fanaticism," said Claudio Naranjo, a Chilean therapist, "could develop around the goodness in this movement. An authoritarian preaching environment could develop around the perfectly defensible enthusiasm."

"We can't let it be just an emotional Maine Chance," said an Eastern seaboard patron of the movement. "Unless it's kept in the mainstream it's sure to get cultish and faddish."

15. The groups are pointless. This is the harsh judgment of, among others, a San Diego therapist. "I get tired of hearing them moan 'We're not a *group* yet,'" he said. "What they don't seem to know is that every man damn well *is* an island, and every man's problem is to find his own way by communicating with other islands, sometimes by submarine and sometimes by causeway. If he tries to do it by subjugating himself to the group, he'll relinquish his personal identity."

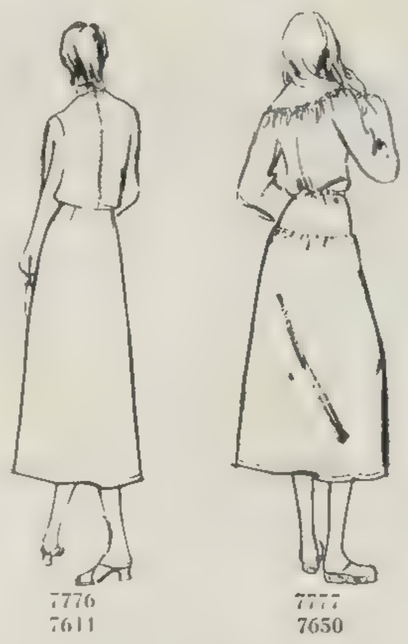
16. The groups may produce feelings of exalted communion and love of mankind, but these feelings aren't valid because they don't last. Of course such feelings don't last; how could anything so ephemeral be expected to? That they occur at all, however, gives value to the movement. So does the ability, which wisely run groups can teach, to recognize emotions once denied or concealed, and new ways to change. Just because you're a grownup, a group axiom has it, doesn't mean that you have to stop growing. Nor need you—or should you—express every newly unearthed feeling: Some are better merely examined. The art is to tell which to act on and which to file. Once it is unlocked, the door between your emotions and the cosmos need not be kept yawning open. It can be left ajar.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 148-151; other views, yardages, details)



Left: Wrapover midi skirt and short jumpsuit. Vogue Pattern 7773. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10 skirt: 3 yards of 45″ fabric. For size 10 jumpsuit: 1¼ yards of 60″ fabric. $2. In Canada, $2.20. *Right:* Midi cardigan and short jumpsuit. Vogue Pattern 7767. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10 cardigan: 3⅜ yards of 44″ fabric. For size 10 jumpsuit: 1⅜ yards of 55″ fabric. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.



Left: Denim midi skirt. Vogue Pattern 7776. Sizes 23″ to 29″ waist. For size 10 (24″ waist): 2½ yards of 46″ fabric. $1. In Canada, $1.10. Long-sleeved blouse with attached tie. Vogue Pattern 7644. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10: 2⅝ yards of 44″ fabric. $1. In Canada, $1.10.
Right: Flowered midi skirt with drawstring waist. Vogue Pattern 7777. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10: 2¾ yards of 44″ fabric. $2. In Canada. $2.20. Flowered blouse with elasticized wrists and neck. Vogue Pattern 7650. Sizes small to large. For size small: 2⅞ yards of 44″ fabric. 75c. In Canada, 85c.

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JOAN PAYSON

(Continued from page 93)

Whitney, a man who in 1924 paid $2,041,951 in income taxes in a time when income taxes were slight. Only Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller paid more that year, the year Joan was married to Charles Shipman Payson of an old family from Portland, Maine. A few years later, Payne Whitney died, leaving an estate that was calculated at $239,301,017.

In New York, Joan went to Miss Chapin's classes, Barnard College, and Brown's Business College and grew into a merry, cherubic woman with blond hair, hordes of pets, and priceless art collections. Her brother, John Hay (Jock) Whitney, became the publisher of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, co-owner (with Joan) of the Greentree Stable, and one of the financial backers of the film *Gone With the Wind*.

Joan possessed the Midas touch, too, having been one of the original angels for *Life With Father*. But even on afternoons when Greentree champions like Tom Fool were making track history, she would sit with a portable radio pressed to her ear listening to baseball games. She attached baseball names to the animals that carried the Greentree Stable colours—pink and black, chosen by Mrs. Payson's mother from a favourite tea gown—to the post. At one time or another, she named her horses Hall of Fame, Jolly Roger, Shutout, One-Hitter, Third League, and even Gashouse Gang, in tribute to the rollicking St. Louis Cardinals of the nineteen-thirties.

Joan Whitney Payson followed the superstitions of baseball and theatre people, too. No hats allowed on beds; and if her team seemed to be on a hot streak while she was eating chocolate bars or ice cream, she kept on eating them until the team had cooled off. And whether they were hot or cold, she kept crossing her fingers to invoke good luck.

"Mother used to take me to the ball park all the time," she said. "We would even go to Brooklyn when the Giants were playing there. She was the greatest fan around. Once she wanted to vote for Joe DiMaggio in a box-top contest. I didn't know about it, but she told the cook to feed our children Wheaties and save the box tops for her."

For years Joan Payson was a minority stockholder in the Giants, then she tried unsuccessfully to buy the club before it left her in the lurch by moving to San Francisco. Finally, she attempted to retain one share of stock as a memento and even crossed the continent to attend opening day in San Francisco after all her manoeuvres had failed to keep the team in New York. By then, the only solution was to create the Mets.

"The first time I met Donald Grant down in Florida," Joan Payson said, "we started talking baseball. He said he always had wanted to run a team, and I said I always had wanted to. It was just one of those things you say at a dinner party."

But in 1961, one of those things you say at a dinner party came true. She bought 85 per cent of the stock in the new team in town, hired George Weiss and Casey Stengel on the rebound from the Yankees, and put Donald Grant in charge as chairman of the board. The emotional and financial gap in New York baseball now was closed. And, while Grant kept an eye on things in Shea Stadium by climbing to the farthest outfield seats in the fifth tier (and sometimes singing "O Canada" in French when the Montreal Expos appeared, because he had been born in Montreal), the new queen of diamonds reigned happily in a full house of men.

When she travelled about on the trail of her horses or her baseball team, Mrs. Payson went in her personal Pullman car, Adios II. She always took two or three pet dachshunds along, and made certain that the Mets' insignia had been sewn on everything in sight, including her felt turtle. At games, she would sit next to the home dugout in either a floppy straw hat or a blue-and-orange baseball cap and would record things on a scorecard through a highly personal system that defied even George Weiss, who once looked over her shoulder and said with a shrug: "I can't understand any of it."

When she was asked once how large were her shareholdings in the Mets, Mrs. Payson replied with a kind of innocent wonder: "Oh, I have no idea. I think it's 80 or 85 per cent." When asked how much money she had spent on the team, she replied with equal innocent wonder and truth: "Oh, I have absolutely no idea of that." When people seemed intrigued by her rôle as the mother of the Mets and the only woman president in the big leagues, she said simply: "I can't imagine why anybody would be interested in me now." And, in the lean days when Stengel was adding his soaring syntax to a losing cause, she said with sincerity: "If only I knew what he was talking about."

But beneath all this open-faced diffidence, there always stood a woman of extraordinary scope and busyness. Her interests, attentions, and kindnesses are uncountable. Among other things she and her brother founded the North Shore Hospital on the original Whitney estate on Long Island. She contributed $50,000 in the depression years to the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee. She financed and directed the Children's World at the first New York's World's Fair, a project that Grover Whalen called: "the largest, most elaborate children's entertainment centre in exposition history."

She is still a director of the North Shore Hospital, the New York Hospital, and Saint Mary's Hospital in West Palm Beach, Florida. She had been a trustee of The Museum of Modern Art in New York, and is an owner of the Palm Beach Gallery and of the Country Art Gallery in Locust Valley, Long Island.

She has done it all with elegance. Mrs. Payson's houses are filled with masterpieces by Goya, Matisse, El Greco, Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Corot; and she drives to Shea Stadium in a Bentley. But she has done it all with an incredibly common-man touch, moving in low key from one activity to another for the joy of it, clapping her hands for the home team, averting her face when the visiting team threatens, joining the quartet in ballads and ditties like "Louisville Lou."

"I'm old-fashioned," she said, describing her taste in art. "I buy new things, like living artists, but I don't 'get' the mod-mods. My husband just loves Winslow Homer, and I guess we now have more Homers than anything."

Some of the paintings follow the Paysons as they rotate through their houses, depending on the time of year and the sport in season. They have an apartment in Manhattan; "the main house" in Manhasset on Long Island; a place in Mr. Payson's hometown of Portland; another in Hobe Sound, Florida, where they spend two-and-a-half months a year; the Greentree horse farm in Kentucky; and "my mother's house" in Saratoga, New York, where they go each August.

One painting that does not follow the Paysons is a portrait of George Washington. It hangs in the White House, in memory of their first child, Daniel Carroll Payson, who enlisted in the Army as a foot soldier in 1944 and, at eighteen, was killed in the Battle of the Bulge.

There are four other children, three girls and a boy, and much of Joan Payson's life now is built around them and their families. They are Sandra, Lady Weidenfeld, who lives in London; Payne, Mrs. Henry Middleton, of Rome; Lorinda, Mrs. Vincent de Roulet, wife of the American ambassador to Jamaica; and John, who lives with his wife in Portland, Maine.

They are a close family, given to frequent visits with pets, bicycles, and other domestic paraphernalia and given to such card games as bridge, canasta, or gin rummy (with sliding stakes). But whatever they do, there in the centre of the circle is Joan Payson, finessing the grandchildren at cards with that girlish glee and living up to her broker's observation that "she would rather win thirty-five cents at canasta than make a $1,500 trade in stocks."

The "family circle" mood carries over these days into the activity that has put the Paysons

most clamorously into public view: the Mets. With them in their tumultuous stadium, the mistress of Manhasset seems best able to lavish her money and her warmth on the greatest possible number of young people at the same time. And the Mets, who lost 737 games in their first seven years, responded last season by rocketing from the bottom of baseball to the top at odds of 100 to 1.

But the picture of Joan Payson that came into focus as they won the pennant was this: riding to the "royal box" in an orange-coloured cart usually used to transport relief pitchers from the bullpen to the diamond, climbing a short flight of steps to the front row, sitting there in a grey-checkered suit, spooning ice cream out of a cardboard cup, and beaming before a national television audience at her young Mets.

"Last spring, she said, "I didn't think they'd turn around and win. So I made plans to be in Europe visiting my daughter in September. Then, when they did get into first place, I just sat there crying with the tears coming down my face."

J. C. Martin, a catcher from Virginia who had pinch-hit a two-run single the day before, walked by toward the dugout; she put down the wooden spoon, clapped her hands, and called: "Hi, J. C." Then she turned aside and whispered, "I don't know what his initials stand for, do you?" She was advised, "Joseph Clifton," and seemed relieved.

"All I wanted to do," Joan Payson said, reviewing the long haul to the top, "was to bring a National League team back to New York after the Dodgers and Giants left. The National League fans are fanatic. It's been too exciting for words."

When the caravan reached Baltimore for the World Series last October, there she sat, a few feet from her boys, and by now it had become too exciting to watch. Donald Grant borrowed Bobby Pfeil's extra third-base glove to "protect" Mrs. Payson from line drives, and Charles Payson bravely bet thirty-five dollars on the amazing ones, and everybody had a ball. But when Brooks Robinson batted in the ninth inning with the winning run on base, Mrs. Payson could stand the suspense no longer. She turned and hid her eyes with her scarf, quailed while the crowd let loose a mighty roar—certain that Brooks had struck a low blow—and finally peeked onto the field to see young men in Mets' uniforms pummel one another over their first victory ever in a World Series.

Then Joan Payson clambered down from the front-row box and walked slowly through the tumult toward the runway behind home plate, as she had done dozens of times before. But this time, she wasn't entirely sure if she was glad or sad. It was a long time since her mother had kept score for the Giants in her social-engagements book because "for mother, racing and baseball *were* social engagements." It was a long time since she had swapped houses with Cathleen Vanderbilt: "My mother told me it was the house I had been born in. Then Cathleen was living in it, I had a chance to get it, and I was just delighted—I'm sentimental."

Now she was one of the last of the line of people who became involved in sports—as in everything else—because they were sportsmen first and businessmen second. And as the nineteen-seventies arrived, in an era of runaway commercialism, the line had faded almost away. But to the mother of the Mets, life with a baseball team held all the values—and pathos—of life with a family: pride, humbleness, elegance, simplicity, tragedy, comedy, failure, triumph.

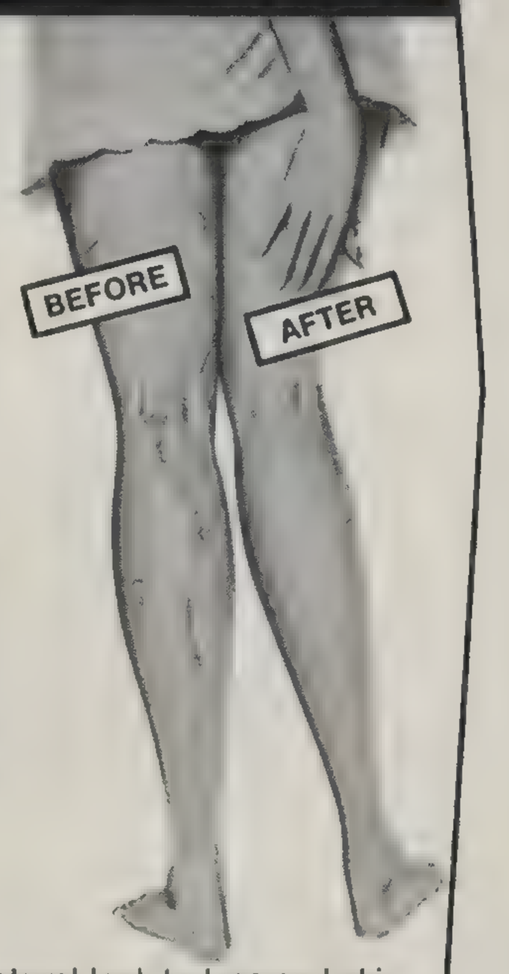
"In the old days," Joan Payson said, with feeling, "it wasn't funny, the way people think. It broke our hearts."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A constant chronicler of Mrs. Payson and Her Team, Joseph Durso counts as Pepys to her baseball favourites with three hit books:* Casey, The Days of Mr. McGraw, *and recently* Amazing: The Miracle of the Mets, *published by Houghton Mifflin. On the staff of* The New York Times, *Mr. Durso lives with his wife and four sons in Locust Valley, Long Island, his base near Shea Stadium, home for the Mets.*

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(Continued from page 161)

feeling of blood and oxygen coursing through the body. Invigourated rather than sleepy. Back to the Door. Weigh. "One guy last week dropped twenty pounds and three inches around the waist." Steam, then breakfast.

In the dining room, stacks of *The Wall Street Journal, Los Angeles Times,* one-half grapefruit, poached egg, half-slice wheat toast with honey, coffee.

"Next, wake-up exercises to limber the body."

8:00 am In the bright white exercise Lanai, with walls open to the grass, palms, and flowers, a wall of mirror to check one's progress and "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head" on the phonograph to keep one alert, sit-ups, bends, turns and twists.

"Wake-up exercises are the only ones in which all the group is together. For other classes, no more than six men, to tailor a program to the individual."

9:00 am Quick shave, then a facial. Lie back in a reclining chair in a cool white room. Vague hiss of a heater somewhere. Feet and hands are slathered with creamy pink salve to soften skin and calluses for manicure and pedicure. A thick white cream on the face. Smells exactly like after-dinner mints. The slim brunette girl kneads the skin, fingers pat, stroke, massage the neck and temples. Half-asleep, then cluck of ice cubes in water, "This is very cold, now," and a wet icy towel wraps the face. It's done. Very clean sensation. Very nice.

"Then, Da Vinci. Leonardo Da Vinci worked out a series of dance exercises to develop a body along the lines of perfection in his eyes. These were employed by the troops of the Duke of Sforza's army. While he is working through Da Vinci, no man can worry about the stock market."

10:20 am First, a funny little march to the music, but within a minute the instructor begins a seemingly impossible series of extensions, lifts, and twists which each man imitates with varying degrees of success. Thirty minutes later, after the first Da Vinci, the camaraderie that is to be so much a part of this week comes into its first flower. No one can resist a comparison of aches, self-reproach at having waited so long to get back into shape.

"Now, if a muscle hurts, it's proof you're alive, a good hurt."

11:00 am Time now to rest for awhile in the brilliant sunshine, then at 11:20, Spot Reducing. "This does more for me than anything else" says a man with back trouble. *"Back trouble is the most common ailment of men over thirty"—Ed Markus, Gym Instructor.* Exercise for the back (as well as bursitis, a spare tire, and general stiffness and tension) : Use a broomstick, or wooden dowel approximately four feet long. Clasp hands at each end of stick. Stand with feet apart, place stick at back of neck, and bend sideways from waist, twisting upper torso from side to side. Continue for three minutes. Then work with ten-pound dumbbells: a short series of presses and curls. Some lifts with weighted pulleys, a few sit-ups, then, *"the hardest training you can give the body"—Ed Markus.* "Not many of the boys on my team can keep this up for three minutes," says the manager of a professional football team. The gruelling exercise? Feet slightly apart, hands on hips, stand on balls of feet and jump in place. That's all. Jump in place. According to the gym coach, one minute of jumping is of as much value as fifteen minutes of jogging.

"The Herbal Wrap draws toxins from the body. Linen sheets are steeped in a hot decoction of herbs, applied as a compress."

11:40 am Wrapped in the hot sheets, there is nothing but to drift off to sleep while shedding toxins. Sun slants through glass doors to the courtyard as one is unwrapped and showers before the Water Volleyball game.

"Water Volleyball is a great exercise because you move every muscle against the resistance of the water, and it's fun!"

12:00 pm Water Volleyball is incredibly spirited, too, as the men fight like prep-school demons in the game, churning the pool to a white froth in the action which must be stopped by sharp whistle blasts for lunch.

1:00 pm Masses of orange tiger lilies, green glass plates and tumblers on maize straw mats, bamboo-handled flatware in the sunny dining room. Food is kept to a healthy, sensible sufficiency. Hamburger patties, perhaps, a cooked vegetable and lean salad. Iced tea or Fresca. The menu varies from plate to plate, as each place card is marked in pencil "hi-pro," "bland diet," "light reducer," and so on. Conversation is lively and loud. With all this talk, meals are turned into the sort of leisurely affairs they were in old-fashioned novels about happy families.

2:00 pm Steam, then a massage under the open sky in the courtyard with walls sheathed in aluminum to catch the sun. Now, a sunbath in the Sumerian bath, a shallow terrazzo pool derived from one used *"In the Valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, in 5,000 B.C. A shallow indentation just large enough for the human body to lie flat, filled with four inches of water. To the usual benefits of sunbathing, this system has a greater effect on the circulation and metabolism."*

3:20 pm Back in sweat suit and walking shoes for the afternoon walk, this time up the mountain to a point high above the Golden Door, along a road bordered by wild rosemary that drenches the air with clean scent. From here, one can look far in the distance to the Pacific Ocean sparkling like a silver sheet. One senses that his great feeling of oneness with the world has partly to do with the beauty of place, much to do with one's growing physical well-being.

4:40 pm Yoga Lessons now. *"Even if we dismiss its spiritual aims, Yoga can bring a blessing to your body. Yoga does not bunch and tighten the muscles, but makes them long and taut. It encourages the body to move freely."—Marian Sarkisian, Yoga instructor.* The slow deceleration of the day continues. The movements are relaxing in the sunny late afternoon room. The instructor's voice is almost hypnotic, the perfume of incense in a small brazier and the scent of a sprig of rosemary inhaled as an aid to deep breathing mark a stretch of almost suspended time.

5:20 pm No program now . . . write letters, have a sauna, rest.

"In the evening, break the speed of the day. Have a Baptism wash —hot then cold shower . . . put on clean, comfortable clothes, take a short brisk walk for the circulation. Then have a drink —a vegetable juice cocktail, or wine on the rocks—and a truly sensual dinner. Enjoy the food, the family. Dinner is our Love-In."

6:30 pm Everyone has changed into sweaters and trousers for the cocktail hour. "Virgin Mary" or rumless Daiquiri, and a mammoth tray of iced slices of raw vegetables is eaten in a matter of minutes. Candles and an excellent dinner. At 8:00, a movie in the living room, or for some, cards and talk in the lobby. Pots of hot herb tea, then, well before eleven, off to bed. For the first few nights, many have trouble getting to sleep. "I'm tired, but not sleepy, and don't miss the sleep in the morning. Something to do with purifying the system, I suppose," one man says. "I just lie in bed, dreaming."

Indeed, at the end of the week, it all seems like dreaming, except that one carries away the results. A suit that is too big, better posture, a new outlook on almost every facet of life, a new self-assurance and carriage, movements that are freer and looser. Jowls seem erased and everyone looks somehow taller. One man jokes, "You know, I must have spent thousands putting on the fat it's just cost me seven hundred to drop."

By Camille Duhé, *Vogue's man on the spa*

FANNIE LOU HAMER

(Continued from page 126)

Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (MFDP), founded by her in 1964 because Blacks were not allowed to join the regular state Democratic party, she has been the moving spirit behind the many voter registration campaigns that have seen a dramatic increase in the number of Blacks registered in Sunflower County since the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

With the Congressional elections coming up this fall, she is, at present, preparing another large voter registration drive. She and her staff of recruiters will be concentrating this time on the plantation workers, among whom the fear of physical and economic reprisal is greatest. Mrs. Hamer understands that fear, for both she and her husband were fired in 1962 from the plantation where they had worked for eighteen years because she had registered. Moreover, she admits this fear will remain until these workers are offered other alternatives to their present life. "They need," she said, "to see something concrete, something that touches and is gonna change their lives. Only then will they act."

In the hope of creating these concrete alternatives, she has embarked on her two most ambitious projects to date. In line with her credo that some measure of economic independence is a prerequisite to building political strength in the Black community, Mrs. Hamer has—again with the help of the local section of the National Council of Negro Women—bought in the nearby town of Doddsville an old building which is being converted into a garment factory. Scheduled to open shortly, it will initially employ twenty-five women who will first be taught how to operate the machines.

Part of this project also includes a day-care centre for the young children of these women. The centre, named after Mrs. Hamer, has already opened its doors. With toys and games for the toddlers and a roomful of white-painted cribs for the babies, it is perhaps the brightest, most immaculate and hopeful place in the whole of Sunflower County.

On an even larger scale is the Freedom Farm Cooperative launched by Mrs. Hamer last year. Its stated objective is to purchase large tracts of land—over six hundred acres eventually—which will be used for both housing and raising vegetables. The plan also calls for the building of a plant to pack and can the beans, okra, potatoes, and corn that will be grown. Working along with her on this venture are a Black board of directors drawn from all over the county and her indispensable right-hand man, Joe Harris, an astute young businessman—one of the new breed of Black men to be found now in the South—whom Mrs. Hamer calls "Mr. Sunflower County" and loves like her own son because, as she puts it, "He cares."

With the blueprint for the plant already drawn up and an option taken on the first seventy-two acres of land with money raised by Harry Belafonte and an organization called Measure for Measure in Madison, Wisconsin, the project is at least underway. An additional $400,000 is urgently needed to continue the work, and Mrs. Hamer is appealing for contributions from all those who might be interested in helping.

The Cooperative will mean houses, jobs, a new security, a new dignity for many in the Delta. It will mean food—a huge vegetable bank, as Mrs. Hamer describes it, that will offer an improved diet to the poor Blacks of Sunflower County—"and," she adds, "poor whites as well."

"Because hunger," she continues with increased passion in her voice, "has no colour line. And I'd walk a mile for any man who is hungry, Black or white. But then you see I love people. They're my weakness. And what I'm really trying to do, when you get down to it, is to wipe out hunger."

This theme recurs endlessly in her talk, based it is clear on the memory of her own childhood when the sole food for the day often consisted of "bread and a slice of onion with some salt on it, beet tops, and the skins of potatoes."

As the youngest of twenty children in a poor sharecropper's family, she recalls having her feet wrapped in rags to take the place of the shoes they could not afford. She remembers trudging beside her mother across the bleak Mississippi landscape scavenging the cotton fields after the harvest was in for enough of the leftover scraps to make into a bale to buy food. It was a childhood that denied her the education she longed for and left her to this day with a pronounced limp—caused by a fall as an infant—that she insists could have been corrected had proper care been available.

With the long years spent working on the plantation after her marriage, it seemed Fannie Lou Hamer's life was set to follow the pattern of her parents' and she would be trapped by the same exploitative system that had kept them impoverished. And then one summer night in '62 at a meeting in a Ruleville church she heard for the first time the freedom songs and young people from the North talking about the right of the Black man in Mississippi to the vote. . . . When the request was made for volunteers to go to register the next day at the county seat, her hand was the first one up.

Her life from that night on has seen her move in a dramatic ascendancy from the cotton fields of the Delta to national prominence as the first Black woman ever to sit on the floor of the U. S. House of Representatives when, in 1965, she challenged the right of the Mississippi delegation to represent her and the hundreds of thousands of other Black people in that state.

Mrs. Hamer had paid, however, some heavy dues along the way for that single moment in history. Under constant threat of death while working as an organizer for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) in the early '60's, she was forced to live like a fugitive for months. At one time night riders shot into the house where they believed she was staying. Arrested and jailed in Winona, Mississippi, in 1963, she was beaten so savagely she has been left with chronic injuries. And there were the countless threatening phone calls, the abusive letters, and the reprisals taken against her husband who was unable to find work for some time because of her activity.

Recent years have seen a decrease in the intense harassment and danger of that earlier period, perhaps because Mrs. Hamer has demonstrated she does not scare easily. So that now when she is not travelling, she lives a relatively trouble-free life attending to her work and surrounded by the people who matter most to her. There's her husband of thirty years, Perry "Pap" Hamer, a huge gentle man who is employed by the

(Continued on page 192)

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FANNIE LOU HAMER

(Continued from page 191)

Headstart program, hauling the children to and from school. The respect and affection he and his wife have for each other are unmistakable. "I love," Mrs. Hamer said, "all 225 pounds of him. I just like to look at him, do things for him." There are her two grandchildren who have lived with her since their mother, the oldest of her two adopted daughters, died three years ago.

In addition—for the first time in her life—there's a new house, financed with a loan from the local bank and built at the insistence of her friends and neighbours who felt "that maybe if I had someplace decent to live it would mean they would, too, one day."

But although the house is new, it has already assumed the familiar, warm ambience of the old run-down three-room frame house on Lafayette Street where she and her family lived for years after they were turned off the plantation. There's certain to be a kettle of greens and hock meat simmering on the stove back in the kitchen and a roomful of friends, relatives, and neighbours up front. Some come to discuss their problems, seek her advice, inquire after work. Others, just to sit and chat awhile. They bring gifts: a sweet-potato pie, a platter of fried perch, a roast chicken nesting on a deep bed of dressing in a pan. And they express their affection for her in words as well: "This is a lady who will take a back seat and push you on," said a young mother for whom Mrs. Hamer secured a job in the Headstart program. "She gave me confidence in myself."

It is also always open house for the scores of out-of-town visitors. And there is an especial welcome for the young Black field secretaries and recruiters for the various civil-rights organizations. Her faith in these young people is unshakable. She looks to them to bring about a consolidation of the Black movement North and South. And she staunchly defends those groups such as the Panthers who are termed extremists: "The Panthers," she said, "are our children. I might have had a son who was one. And they never struck first. They just believed in Black people defending themselves. I tell you I was just sick to hear of twenty-one of them being killed, and nothing done about the Klan and the White Citizens' Council!"

The repression of the Panthers, the recent death of the young SNCC worker Ralph Featherstone whom she knew and calls, "the most nonviolent young man in the world ('he was incapable of carrying a bomb')"; the assassination of Dr. King whose portrait hangs in her house; and the murder of Malcolm X whom she regarded "as a truly great leader because he was 'of and for the masses of Black people' "—all these events have brought about a profound disillusionment with American society in general.

"America is sick," she said flatly. "The Man is on the critical list. And do you know what's the worst part of the sickness? It's that America has destroyed the ability of people to love. That's right. People in this country are afraid to love.

"But the Black man still has that. With all the hell we've seen we're still a loving humane people. Take me, I don't hate anybody. I know some white people believe I would treat them as they have treated me, given the chance. But that's not so, because living here in the South I've seen what hate can do. How it destroys. How it eats away at a society. . . ." She paused a moment, profoundly saddened; then: "I feel sorry for this country."

Perhaps because of the disenchantment Mrs. Hamer has come to feel, she has, like an increasing number of Blacks, expanded her vision to take in the larger world of darker peoples. "We've got to hook up with all the other non-white peoples of the world. We need them if we're going to make it." She recalled the trip she made to West Africa in 1964, describing how she openly cried as she walked the streets of Lagos and other cities: "Because I saw my mother and grandmother in so many of those faces, and yet I couldn't say a word to any one of the people there, didn't know the language."

She speaks, too, of a later visit to the Slave Mart in Charleston, South Carolina, where she saw the advertisements ("There was one said 'Crippled but a good breeder.' "), the stump upon which the slaves stood to be sold ("They keeps it nice and shellacked") and the hanging tree. "They has robbed us of our heritage, stolen our names, and stripped our men of their dignity. . . . I'll say it again: America owes us a debt."

The voice trails off, the anger slowly subsides and for a moment as she sits slumped in the worn-leather armchair she appears almost too weary to go on. But given the fact that she is Fannie Lou Hamer, who embodies the indomitable spirit of a long line of Black women, she is soon again talking with her old forcefulness—this time about the many activities that will fill the months immediately ahead.

This second half of the year will be a busy one for Mrs. Hamer. She's to be featured in a movie on the civil-rights movement of the 1960's. Twice a week will find her at Shaw University in Raleigh, North Carolina, where, since the fall of last year, she has been a guest lecturer in Contemporary Black Studies. And there will be the usual speaking engagements at colleges across the nation. Of the young white activists-radicals she encounters on the campuses, she said, "I can communicate with them, 'cause these kids are against the hypocrisy in the country, the same as me. They're saying we want to straighten out this mess."

This busy schedule will take her many miles from Sunflower County. But she never stays away long. For the Delta is her base, the centre of her arm of the Struggle. "I ain't going nowhere. I'm staying right here in Mississippi and face whatever they're big enough to throw at me." And you know she means it, for she is, in the marvellous beauty and power of her person, the tree planted by the water in the old hymn. And she shall not be moved.

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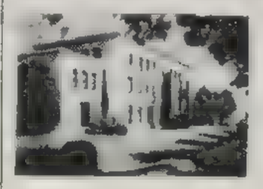
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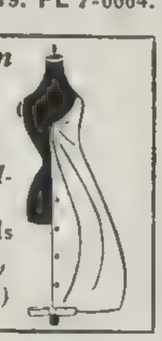
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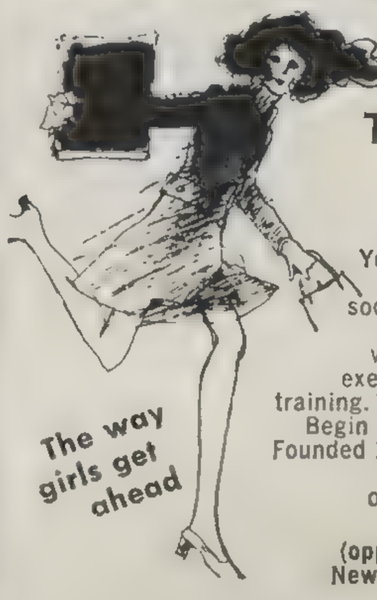
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AMERICAN FAMILY

(Continued from page 87)

spiritual or religious dimension. It is not really known how or why this association occurred. Religious leaders may have felt that the legal contract needed to be reinforced by a spiritual one, or perhaps the mystical quality inherent in love seemed to be Godly as well as human. The Christian sacrament and the Jewish covenant of marriage have made the bond feel binding for many couples over the centuries.

Legal, practical, and religious justifications for marriage and the family must be understood within the context of the basic nature of man and woman, which, in many instances, can appear to be illegal, irrational, and unholy. For instance, if we use fidelity in the broad sense of the word as a criterion for successful marriage, statistics indicate that a very low percentage (somewhere between 40 and 50) of marriages turn out to be successful. The majority of married couples stay together (about 70 per cent), but a minority succeed in doing so without breaking legal and religious rules. Men and women do not appear to be naturally monogamous. Today's young, because of their wide exposure to psychological ways of thinking in school and the mass media, are aware of such facts and figures as well as of theories about human behaviour in a way that no other generation has been. In addition, many of them have pledged themselves to an intellectual and behavioural honesty of unusual depth and degree. They are challenging the truth of such concepts as "lifelong happiness in marriage," "whom God hath joined together," and "true love lasts forever." Too often they see lived out by their parents or by those of their friends a marriage similar to the following:

John meets Mary in his junior year in college. She is his roommate's sister and they spend a number of weekends together during the summer. From the start they feel that they are in love. Both have had several previous romances involving chasing and being chased with very brief interludes of mutual love, but this is the first time that a relationship has remained exciting for an extended period of time. Both see each other in exaggeratedly favourable terms. This is obvious to their friends but is well known to be part of being in love. They become engaged at Christmastime and are married in June shortly after his graduation. Within a few months they see each other realistically without the sentimental distortion created by courtship love and still like each other very much. During the first year of marriage they have been subjected to considerable pressure from their parents and married friends with children to start a family of their own.

Finally, John and Mary yield to the pressure and without thinking very thoroughly or deeply about it, they decide to have a child. Pregnancy results in some drifting apart and the adjustment to having a child in the house brings further points of difference to the fore. John falls in love with someone else. After marriage counselling for both and psychoanalysis for John, things are on the track again. Then Mary falls in love with someone else. Guilt and retaliation result and there is serious trouble again. This time John and Mary try to solve it alone, without professional help, but their solution is to have another baby to "bring us together." Instead, Mary becomes ill after this pregnancy and John simply can not cope with her illness and a new baby. The rift widens and ends in a quiet divorce after seven years of marriage.

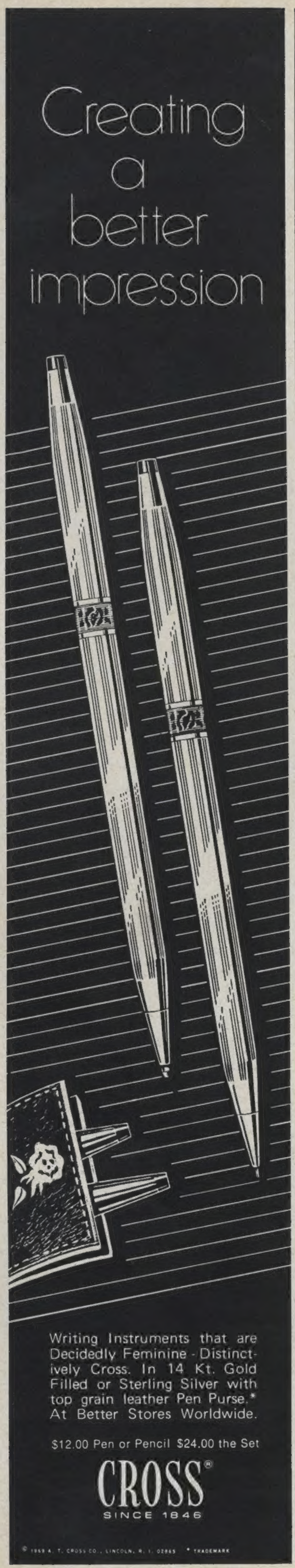
In such a case there were no obvious mistakes made at the start. Everything was done by the rules of etiquette, but human nature sabotaged established custom. Clearly, an acceptable and a workable moral system must be a compromise between what is seen as ideal and what, given the foibles of human nature, it is possible to achieve. In designing such an ethical framework, first consideration should go to what is best for the child, since he is the innocent victim or benefactor of such a system. The child has no choice but is involuntarily thrust onto a scene that he played no part in preparing. If we start with the child in our thinking about morality, we must look first at what has been learned about the factors that both contribute to and detract from healthy physical and emotional development.

Careful studies made of children separated from their parents during the bombing of London during World War II and those of children raised in the communal dormitories of the kibbutzim in Israel, as well as research done on the backgrounds of delinquents, have pointed up the value of continuity and of intimacy in bringing up children. Both in Russia and in Israel it has been found that adults who were separated from their parents in early childhood tend to be less creative and imaginative and also less capable of establishing emotional relationships in depth with others than adults who were raised in families.

Conscience is developed mainly in the years from two to twelve and is determined by the discipline and the setting of limits administered by the elders in their environment. Values (the relative importance of one person, idea, or form of behaviour compared to another) as well as feelings about good and evil are internalized at this early age, and research has shown that this internalization process is inhibited by a frequent shift of authority figures and is furthered when there is an intense emotional interaction between adult and child. In other words, in an institutional setting in which relationships between children and parental figures are diluted by a high ratio of one to the other, conscience development is more likely to be defective than in a family setting where interaction is more intense.

Much has been written about identity and its importance in today's fractionated world. Knowing who you are and what you stand for is a source of security and stability, and the lack of these qualities is responsible for much of the alienation, disorganization, and depression seen now

(Continued on page 196)



YASMIN AGA KHAN

(Continued from page 95)

Meeting Yasmin Aga Khan for the first time, one doesn't know what to expect. One thinks of the charismatic parents—one a dashing Moslem prince, one a famous movie star. The half-brother who now, as Aga Khan, is the spiritual leader of millions of Ismailis. The links with Hollywood, with Europe, with Islam.

What one finds is, quite simply, "Yaz"—a modest, quiet-voiced twenty-year-old, curled up on a sofa in a fellow student's apartment in Boston, holding a small grey kitten on her lap. Her hair—light brown with reddish gleams—is typical American college girl (long, straight). She wears floppy pants, a loose pullover top. No makeup on her creamy skin, or her velvety-brown eyes. . . . Her face warms and brightens when she smiles: then, the sudden flash of white teeth recalls her mother's smile.

When we saw her, Yasmin—a freshman at Bennington—was on the winter work period that's obligatory for all Bennington students. She was teaching at the Kingsley School, in Boston, and sharing an apartment with an art-student friend named Ginny, a former schoolmate at the Buxton School in Williamstown, Mass. Sipping tea and nibbling cookies, Yasmin talked, politely but reluctantly, about herself. About her four years at Buxton, where she skied, played soccer, and took the lead in the school dramatic production her last year—playing Polly Peachum in *The Beggar's Opera.* (She was smashing, too, according to Ginny.) About summers on the Costa Smeralda with her brothers, Karim and Amyn. About watching her mother's movies on *The Late Show.* About her own interest in music: she has studied piano and singing, and "might want to be an opera singer." . . .

Only at Ginny's urging did Yasmin show us the present she'd been given that morning by the children at her school. It was a big, round, paper Smile Button, adorned with the usual beaming face; the command, "Smile"; and the words, "Miss Aga Khan for being the nicest thing to happen to Kingsley since Christmas."

AMERICAN FAMILY

(Continued from page 195)

in adolescents. Healthy identity formation can only occur as a result of identification with the characteristics of elders whom one respects. Again, it has been shown that the intimacy of the family provides a climate that promotes the formation of identity, while the shifting and diluting of personal interaction, which occurs in multiple divorce situations or institutional settings, tends to cloud the young person's sense of self and to diffuse it in a manner that may lead to lifelong feelings of confusion and self-doubt.

An international conference of sociologists, convened several years ago, was probably correct in its conclusion that with all its deficiencies the family is the best of all the known and tested environments for raising children. What then is to be the influence of the new morality and the women's liberation movement on the continuation and perpetuation of marriage and the family? The new morality predicates a total sexual relationship on love, no longer restricting it exclusively to marriage as was professed by the old morality. Originally, the assumption was that sex before marriage was to be childless, and indeed most of the "mini marriages" of the early 'sixties were, but this kind of coupling has now extended to commune living. Here, childbirth, while not encouraged, is certainly tolerated. In the commune, where the unrealistic expectation of lifelong togetherness is even more temporary than in some marriages, the ingredients for healthy development of the children are almost certain to be lacking. Nor will the liberated woman, with her reluctance to be domestic or to be limited by legal and contractual restrictions she believes biased on a male slant, be likely after she is married to provide the kind of family climate described by the experts as most nurturant for healthy personality growth.

If both these new elements in our culture are going to lead to further disruption in family relationships and consequently increase the number of children who are emotionally unstable, we have reason to be unhappy. Of course, not many women by actual account are active in the women's liberation movement or live in communes, but their attitudes toward present standards of behaviour exert an influence on many. To counteract this, some change in attitude on the part of the present young grandparent generation might help. More pressure than is reasonable is often put on young couples to have children. Family tradition or family honour add to an inner need to prove masculinity or femininity, and this combination of pressures may force a couple to begin a family for reasons that make success in providing a healthy emotional climate unlikely. Today, when our population has almost reached its tolerable maximum, it would seem more appropriate than ever to urge hesitation and restraint on the young in regard to childbearing and to encourage the living through of love relationships without marriage and without children to their usual unromantic conclusion. We can also support the women's liberation movement as a way to counteract the population explosion. Rather than go out of our way to provide more day-care centres for working mothers, we should encourage these ambitious women to work full time and not have children.

Our rational unsentimental youth culture may be threatening the traditional concept of marriage and the family by calling them institutions that do not serve the best interests of society at large. If society responds by narrowing the definition of marriage to include parental rôles only and at the same time by increasing the strictness of the contractual tie, a change may come about that will represent the most innovative and beneficial contribution made by our new younger generation.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Graham B. Blaine, Jr., is Chief of Psychiatry for the Harvard University Health Services.*

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